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JACK LONDON

WHAT HE WAS, AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED

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PART I. JUST JACK LONDON

The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—not achievement for the world's applause, but achievement for my own sake. But personal achievement with me must be concrete. I'd rather win a water fight in the swimming pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under me, than write the great American novel.

THUS spoke Jack London about his own ambitions. When he died, at forty with his life's best prime opening before him, he left a measure of personal achievement that has been equalled by few. It was not exactly the concrete thing he liked best, nor did he write the great American novel. But he had won for himself an acknowledged place in American letters, and won for himself as well a fame that went beyond the boundaries of his own land and his own language. Incidentally he had turned out an amount of literary work that in sheer quantity is appalling, when one considers the few years he had to do it in.

To have written so much before forty would be a good day's work for a bookish man early and late at his desk. To have lived so much before forty would have been experience enough for the average mortal. To have written so much and yet lived so much as Jack London did before forty, is what makes Jack London unique as a man and as a writer.

Almost half of his years were spent living "in the concrete" as he would have called it, living a life of severe manual toil or of vagabondage at odds with the Powers that Be. During these years writing was impossible. He had neither the education nor the time for it. He just lived. And he began to live at an earlier age than most men. Later, he went on living but he began to write about it as well. It was a double effort, a double expending of the life forces. Small wonder then that Jack London is dead at forty, leaving behind him a heritage of life experience and of literary values either of which would have sufficed to make him known.

Thirty-three volumes altogether bear his signature. Of these twelve are collections of short stories, thirteen are books devoted to a single tale or novel each, and eight are books of non-fiction. Two new novels, dog stories, are already in printing and shortly to appear serially. Add to this the facts of his life as he himself tells them. Born of the

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working class, "my place in society was at the bottom," a newsboy at ten, oyster pirate at sixteen, after that sailor, longshoreman, roustabout, a worker in canneries, factories and laundries, between whiles doing odd jobs at mowing lawns, cleaning carpets or washing windows. Then, sickened by the eternal round of toil, he became a tramp; "begging my way from door to door, wandering over the United States and sweating bloody sweats in slums and prisons."

All this before he was eighteen. But through it all the boy retained his power of thinking. "I was scared into thinking by what I saw in the cellar of society." It is a rather high quality of brain, which, only half-awakened by scanty teaching, could yet remain awake and growing during all the brutal actualities of such an existence. At eighteen he realised that if he did not rise from the cellar he would die in the murk and the slime. The thought was not attractive. Also the boy realised that it is not by selling his muscles only that a man can rise. The seller of muscles cannot go far, and is early worn out and tossed aside. The seller of brains has a commodity the value of which increases with years and which offers the only way up and out.

> I resolved to sell no more muscle and to become a vendour of brains.

Then came several years of struggle to gain an education, working at hard manual labour the while to pay for tuition. His early beginnings of literary work fell in these years, the eagerly devoured books unlocking the door of self-expression. But beyond a few school prizes, literature seemed to have no rewards to offer the youth to whom immediate financial return for his labour was a cruel necessity.

Back to the trail he went, his mind immensely enriched, his mental outlook a thousand-fold increased, his powers of observation keener than ever before and his zest of life, the quality that above all others *is* Jack London, sharp as a two-edged sword. This time the trail led to the frozen North, to the perils, the sudden death and sudden fortune of the Klondike. Out of this last experience, plus his better equipment for self-expression, came his first literary success. After that fortune was kind. Jack London had arrived. He could now give his time entirely to literary work if he so desired. His amazing energy and the habit of hard work came to his aid and made possible the enormous quantity of his writing. There is no denying that quality is sometimes sacrificed to quantity. There is much repetition and similarity of plot and incident, much turning the same theme over and over again. There is frequent carelessness of style, too, always attendant on too great an output. But somehow, when one reads Jack London's stories much and often, one gathers the impression that Jack London did not write so much simply because he could always sell what he wrote. One feels instead the continual urge of self-expression.

Mrs. London wrote a story of the *Snark's* famous voyage and called her book *The Log of the Snark*. In it we get many delightful glimpses of Jack London the man, seen through the eyes of one who loved him as much as he loved life. She says once:

> Jack has the delightful characteristic of wanting to share everything in which he is interested—his amusements, his books, or the thing he is studying.

Here in a sentence is the explanation of Jack London's amazing literary fertility. Life was such a delight to him, all life was so full of interest, that he wanted to share it with the whole world.

Few writers have been able to obtrude the personal equation into all their work as strongly as has Jack London, without giving the reader moments of desire for a more objective point of view. In fact it is where he does try to be objective (with one or two rare exceptions) that Jack London's work becomes weaker, less strong to hold us. Where he attempts to get absolutely outside of life and his own view of it he achieves

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his most signal failures, because then he is trying to portray something that he does not really know nor understand. He poured himself so completely into every phase of life that he did know or understand, that he cannot help showing it to us through his own eyes. He always shows us life as he sees it, not necessarily as it is. But life as Jack London sees it is such a wonderful, glowing, pulsing, colourful thing, that he gives us a rare gift in helping us to see it that way.

As illustration of this quality contrast for a moment in your mind some picture of tropical seas and islands, some story of the destiny of white men amid savages as portrayed by Joseph Conrad, and a similar picture as painted by Jack London. Putting aside for the moment all questions of literary craftsmanship, the great point of difference lies in the objectivity of one writer and the intense subjectiveness of the other. Back of the one picture stands a man whose life's experience must have been full of interest, but somehow the figure of the Polish gentleman who became an English sailor and then an English writer plays no part whatever in the wonderful tales he tells. We see and enjoy what he has done, with no conscious thought of the personality of the man who did it. His personality does not impinge on the range of the camera at any point. But when Jack London shows us the same scenes we are conscious always of his hand holding the glass to our eyes, we feel his own delight in the picture enhancing ours. Conrad is undoubtedly the greater artist, but there is something very heart-warming about the way Jack London shares everything with us and wants us to enjoy his enjoyment. It has a ring of sincerity in it like clear gold. And therefore, as Jack London is always looking over our shoulder when we read his stories, it is pardonable, in writing about Jack London, to linger a little longer over the personal equation before passing on to a more critical estimate of his work. One may be ever so severe and impersonal in one's literary standards, but it is impossible to quite lose interest in this man over his work. The following picture, from his wife's pen, of how Jack London did his literary work even during his wanderings, will be a fitting close to this more personal part of the present article.

> "Any old place I can hang my hat
> Is home, sweet home to me,

one tramp sang: but with this glowing young tramp of mine, this peripatetic Jack London, any old place he can hang his writing elbow on any old table is good enough for him . . . no matter how alluring the situation, how novel, how exciting, at nine of the clock down he sits, peppers the plain before him with little note pads, some already scribbled, some blank, squares his manuscript tablet, selects an ink pencil from the half dozen that we keep filled, reads over the previous days' thousand words and then, with a little swooping bob that seems to shake him free of all eternal bother, and a busy wise little smile, he settles for two hours of creation . . . of bread and butter, he will have it. Sometimes he looks up, with a big smile in his eyes and says to me, "Funny way to make a living, isn't it, Mate-Woman?"

Part II. Jack London, the Teller of Tales

It is as a teller of tales that Jack London will live in literary fame. His emotional radicalism, born of his life's history plus his temperament, impelled several books to which we will return later. They count in the sum of Jack London's development, but they do not count as much, nor will they live as long, in the hearts of those who love a good story as will the many good stories Jack London has given us. It is as a writer of fiction primarily that we must judge Jack London and in his fiction the short story bulks largest both in quantity and quality.

His Short Stories

In *The Road,* the narrative of his hobo days, he tells us that it was in this tramping that he served his apprentice-

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ship in short-story writing. The successful hobo must be an artist in impromptu story-telling. He must gauge his audience the moment the kitchen door is opened and be able to tell just the story that will bring about the desired meal or cast-off clothing, in every case. It made a realist of him he says. "Realism constitutes the only goods one can exchange at the kitchen door for grub." During this experience the awakened imagination learned to know its own power and he tells us of his real enjoyment in the creations of his own fancy. One touching figure in particular (used on maiden ladies of susceptible natures), of the married sister in San Francisco to whom he was trying to win his way, really got to be a live person in his mind. In fact he does use her afterward in *Martin Eden*. But to return to his short stories. London's imagination, exercised during his tramping days and educated through proper self-expression when the opportunity for study of books offered, found full and free reign in these innumerable tales pouring out continually from his pen. The very sketchiness and evanescent quality of his continually changing experiences made the short story the most natural thing for him to write at first, and among his earlier books even those in which one story occupies a whole volume, cannot properly be called novels. They have nothing of the technique of the novel about them. They are merely short stories in a longer form. The same ability to see one slice of life and see it keenly, deeply, and thoroughly, which is the very essence of short-story writing, is shown in stories of varying length from the single tragically complete episode of the sneezing lion which is merely one part of *The Leopard Man's Story,* to *The Call of the Wild,* which fills a whole volume. Whatever other lacks, judged by strict standards of workmanship, Jack London's short stories may have, they all do give a complete picture, they all leave in the mind some one unforgettable incident or some one unforgettable character.

Among so many it is hard to choose some that can be called the best. Twelve volumes of collections of short stories there are, the majority of them stories of the North, of greed of gold, of toil unceasing, of heroism, of hardships and of sudden death amid the pitiless snows. Others deal with more or less conventional man in more or less conventional surroundings. A later group of three or four books lingers under southern skies amid blue seas or the howling of tropical storms, amid gentle gold-coloured peoples or head-hunting cannibals. All of these, however, have one thing in common. They are almost all of them stories of man's battle with the elemental forces of nature, with wild storms or wilder savages. There is eternal conflict but it is almost always conflict of man with something external to himself, the conflict of man against the big, unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral natural forces. A few stories only, deal with the conflict of man with his own nature, the battle of man to win his own soul or keep it regardless of things outside him. And, strange to relate, one of the very best of such stories that Jack London has ever written is placed amid the barbaric surroundings of the farthermost North, amid snow and gales and cold that chills the lungs until death's hand is felt on one's shoulder. This story, "A Day's Lodging," in the collection *Love of Life* (which book by the way contains more stories of a higher level of excellence possibly than any other collection), portrays the eternal triangle, a subject of which up till then Jack London had been very wary. And he handles it with a strength and power that are remarkable. John Messner, taking shelter from the hideous cold in a hut amid the snow, shares it with a couple who arrive a few moments later. They turn out to be Messner's runaway wife and the man for whom she had left him. For the sake of this woman both men had left good positions amid the richness and ease of sunny California. The woman is the vampire who has sucked the soul of the second man

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dry and remembers that there are still unexplored depths in the nature of her first husband. Forced into contact with him in the narrow room she reaches out for him again. Shuddering to his very heart he feels her power stealing over him, weakening his manhood as it did before. He knows of only one way to loosen her hold, he must make himself contemptible in her eyes. He must make her hate him. He offers to relinquish his right in her once and for all to his successful rival—for a large sum of money. Under the woman's angrily gleaming eyes he weighs out the gold dust carefully, then leaves the hut and struggles on through the snow to the nearest water-hole in the ice. He breaks the skim and pours the gold into the black stream, then goes on through the night and the cold. The picture has a lurid power that many of the more colourful incidents in the other stories cannot excel.

In his latest collection of short stories, published only a few months before his death, *The Turtles of Tasman,* Jack London has essayed a similar theme in the final tale "The End of the Story." But here the machinery is too elaborate, the intention too obvious and the treatment obvious, also. It would not compare with the first story. Two more stories in *Love of Life,* the one which gives its title to the book, and another, "The Unexpected," rank among the highest of any of Jack London's short stories. There are some very vivid bits of portraiture in "Children of the Frost" and the keen humour of "The Passing of Marcus O'Brien" (in the book *Lost Face*) as well as the rollicking humour of the dog story "That Spot," in the same volume, measure up well.

"Finis," in the latest volume *The Turtles of Tasman,* has been much spoken of since the book appeared. It is a grim sardonic story of useless murder and bloodshed, but it lacks motivation and therefore falls short of absolute tragedy which must have the element of the inevitable in it. We do not understand why Morganson needed to kill to return to the towns. Without understanding his reason for not merely asking help of passing travellers, the tragedy of his doing reaches no higher plane than the tragedy of any maniac's murderings.

"Samuel," the closing tale in *The Strength of the Strong,* has an epic sweep of tragedy, of man in conflict with unknown and uncomprehended fate, blind destiny, that makes it notable. *The Strength of the Strong,* in the same volume is a little bit of sociological instruction in fiction form, which is more effective than many non-fiction works on the beginnings of industrial civilisation.

Of the three volumes of short stories which deal with life in tropic seas, *South Sea Tales, A Son of the Sun, The House of Pride,* the second is possibly the most satisfactory. All the stories here are connected by the personality of David Grieve, as firmly outlined and interesting a character as Jack London has ever given us. *Adventure,* another South Sea book, is a continuous tale, but that, too merely, could hardly be called a novel, as it is a series of pictures, and incidents, centred round a man and a woman as principal figures.

THE NOVELS

Four or five volumes with a single tale in them have been counted in with the sum of Jack London's novels. These are the books of which we have already spoken, as being merely short stories of longer volume. They are *The Call of the Wild, White Fang, The Game, Before Adam,* and *The Scarlet Plague.* The first is Jack London's best known book and one of his first great successes. Some personal anecdote somewhere tells us that it was written in a sort of revolt against the then fashionable animal story which showed the animals thinking, acting and talking as human beings would. But from whatever source inspired, this story is the most perfect example of the best sort of work Jack London can do. Incidentally it is one of the finest dog stories written. Buck is a real dog and

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the things that come to him are the things that might come to a real dog. His soul-evolution also is quite plausible. For given circumstances that foster it, it will take less time for a civilised dog to return to the primordial brute than it would for a man to make the same change. Jack London has tried it with a man protagonist a number of times, but neither Humphrey Van Weyden in *The Sea Wolf* nor John Pathurst in *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* are as interesting as Buck. Jack London does not care as much about the man in civilised condition as he does about the dog, and his men are more interesting when we get them at an advanced stage of the evolution.

White Fang is a good dog story, too, but the taming of the wolf into a civilised dog does not seem to give us the same thrill as the reverse process does. Possibly because most of us are at this end of the game and therefore the other end is the more fascinating. *The Game* and *Before Adam* deal with subjects that have interested Jack London a number of times, sketchily, as if preparing to do something bigger later. *The Game* stands on its own feet better than the other book does. As an inside picture of the trade of prize fighting it has much merit and the tragedy at the close comes with a shock which proves to us how strongly the book has held us.

In the longer novels Jack London has given us some of his best and some of his poorest work. The first was the very best. None of the later novels and few indeed even of the short stories have reached the sustained pitch of strength and excellence shown in *The Sea Wolf*. It wins rather than loses in a re-reading, the best test of a book. The woman in it is colourless, and Humphrey Van Weyden is more of a theory than a man, but the tensity and wonderful handling of the situations, the easily flowing virility of the style, and above all the fascination of the central character, Wolf Larsen, make this book the high-water mark of Jack London's ability in the earlier stages of his literary development. In re-reading it just now the writer of these lines recalls as fresh as if to-day, the shock of delight caused by the casual remark of a Danish literary friend to whom she spoke of the book some years ago. "There really was such a man as Wolf Larsen, you know. I'd heard of him before I read the book, and I met his brother Death Larsen myself once."

It matters not whether the real Wolf Larsen has been faithfully portrayed or not. The Wolf Larsen of the printed page is a character unique in his compelling power and fascination. Reading it now the thought lies near to compare the tragedy of the striking down of Wolf Larsen in his prime with the early death of the man who imprisoned him in the book for our delight. Wolf Larsen, too, lived to the full with every moment and used himself up in doing so. Wolf Larsen is the culmination of mere animal joy of living plus a brain, which has always been the theme that most interested Jack London.

Which brings us naturally to the next most notable fact in Jack London's literary ability, that his power to portray men was far greater than his power to portray women. Or possibly we might say that he never or very seldom essayed the portrait of a type of man whom he did not know well. He knew many types of men and they nearly always sufficed for his stories. He did not know the Humphrey Van Weyden and John Pathurst type very well, and he had not much respect for them. He did what he appeared to think fate ought to do with that kind of man. He made them over into the strong primitive man he liked, but he acknowledged at the same time that they won out by reason of their brains. He acknowledged also that by reason of these same brains they could not be won by the sort of woman he had met himself in his adventuring life and hence knew best. He had to take women for them from their own world, of which he knew little and cared less. And this sort of woman he knew very slightly. He idealises her but he cannot

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make her convincing. Neither Maud Brewster nor Margaret West, in all the space that is given them in the compass of two long novels, are half as real as, for instance, Li-Wan the Indian maiden, who is really a white woman and who swims into our ken in one short story and swims out of it again, or as Edith Nelson, the English lady's-maid who faced the Unexpected and conquered it.

The Little Lady of the Big House is a novel in which the author endeavours to make a woman the principal character. Here again he fails. Paula Forrest is too largely a creature of the imagination to be convincing as a real woman. Saxon, the little working-girl heroine of *The Valley of the Moon,* is more alive and yet even she has very unconvincing moments. If it is a short fleeting glimpse only that we get of a woman, the moment for instance that we see Teresa in "A Day's Lodging," we have a picture that has warmth and colour. She may remain for a little while longer on the canvas if she be a half-breed, an Indian or a woman of the underworld, or some of the women who float through the mining camps of the North. Summing it all up, Jack London has given us no big woman character that could for a moment compare with any of a dozen men who are the protagonists of the shorter or longer tales.

There is a similarity about the men but within the type they vary strongly in degree. Wolf Larsen stands as the ideal of the type, and yet the men who win out in the end are the men who have had the advantages of thoroughness of education and of even development of brain. In the North as in the South, brains win out. But in most cases it must be brains plus trained and hardened muscles. The weakling who goes under does it because he does not know how to live, because either his brain or his muscles were incapable of the perfect development.

And above all the men who win out in Jack London's stories do so because they have a keener zest of living than others, because they live with all the power of their being. What they demand from the world is the opportunity to live and in the measure that they get it they are the successful ones. Now apparently Jack London, like many another writer, does not see his way clear to make the mere joy of living, the mere animal zest of life the motive power of a woman's actions. He made one attempt at it in Paula Forrest and there is a glimpse or just a hint in the more successful, possibly because sketchier character of Freda, the Russian dancer of the Klondike. But to be able to exercise her joy of living Paula Forrest had to be surrounded by wealth and luxury, so that she is nothing more than an idle woman who drifts through the days with occasional dabblings in horse breeding and stock raising.

Of course it *is* a difficult problem to express that joy of living in a woman's life, even in the actual every-day world. She has to have riches back of her or some great artistic ability. In the one case her vitality is excused on the ground of eccentricity, in the other case forgiven because of her art. So the problem was too great even for Jack London, but had he had more time he might have worked through to it. For Paula Forrest is decidedly a beginning in that direction. And Polly in "The Turtles of Tasman," belongs in this class, too. We do not see the end of the road in her case, we see only its youthful beginning. In her father, Tom Travers, we have the end of things, the man who is dying when he should be his best, who is a wastrel and a vagabond, a wanderer over the face of the earth, but a man who lived with every fibre of his being and who drew all hearts to him. The brother in this same story, Frederick Travers, is the successful man, successful materially, but he has not *lived.* When his niece Polly says to him, "The English have a saying that a man has not lived until he has kissed his woman and struck his man," Frederick Travers realises that he has done neither. His marriage was one of expediency only,

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and he has been absolutely conventional in all the facts of his life.

Right here we come upon a phase of life that Jack London does not know or knows very slightly, for it does not interest him as a subject for romance. This is the phase of the industrial battle that means the clash of brain on brain in the struggle for power and supremacy in the money world. A little hint we get in *Burning Daylight,* the hero of which is the least convincing and least alive primitive man that Jack London has ever pictured. And as unconvincing is the battle for commercial supremacy in money circles as shown in that novel.

There is reason for this, to one who understands Jack London's point of view. He saw the other side of the commercial battle first, that side of it that means exploitation and oppression, crushing out the lives of hundreds of human beings cut off by monopoly from opportunity. Seeing it this way first he saw it only as something cruel, wrong and unnatural. And it did not interest him as a phase of the joy of living. He turned to find this joy rather in what he calls the concrete things. One does not realise it so much until one comes to this story, "The Turtles of Tasman," with the contrast of the two brothers, Frederick and Tom Travers. Frederick Travers must have had some keen enjoyment in his commercial battling to become the successful man he was, there must have been moments of keen anxiety with the relief of victory coming to end suspense, that all makes for living even in the sense which Jack London means. However, we cannot quarrel with this lack in one who gave us so much. We merely state it as a fact.

With his keen appreciation of untamed, elemental, natural forces as man's antagonists in the great battle of life went hand in hand its natural corollary, the ability to describe a landscape well. Whether it be the frozen North, the softer outlines of the temperate zone or the wonderful colours of tropic sea and sky, Jack London has so absorbed it into himself that he can give it to us as he saw it and make us feel every last ohm of the enjoyment it afforded him. He is not a landscape artist in the sense that Eden Phillpotts is, for instance. He does not take time from the action to describe a landscape and lose all sense of anything else in its beauty as Phillpotts seems to do at times. But Jack London has never lost the beauty of any spot of the earth's surface, or the sense of its harshness or cruelty when it was harsh and cruel, and he tells us of it naturally and simply. To him it is always a part of the story, just as natural forces are so often the true protagonists in his tales and the humans merely their puppets. As is natural, it is the wilder or more unusual landscapes that interest him just as it is the striking and out-of-the-usual character or situation that appeals to him. He has moments now and then of thrills even at nature well groomed and trained for man's uses and enjoyments. But there must be something big about it. It must be the wide acres of intensive cultivation in California, or great groves of immense trees or something that is bigger, more powerful, more complete, more fruitful than the ordinary, usual every-day landscape of the temperate zone. Jack London does not belong in that class of artists of whom a French painter spoke when he said, "The man who cannot find enough to paint for a whole lifetime within four miles radius of his home is not a true artist."

Jack London's radius was wide, but all the world was his home. The commonplaces of life as he had first known them were sordid and ugly. They did not appeal to his imagination in any way. He wanted to get out of them and away from them. He speaks of having been made a realist by the necessity of invention forced upon him in his tramping days. But as a matter of fact Jack London is not a realist in the formally accepted use of the word in literary criticism. His was the eye and the soul that longed for romance, that longed for the unusual, the thing that was not obvious and was not every day.

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It might be cruel, it might be brutal, but it was not sordid, it was not ugly in the petty sense. He could theorise and glowingly paint the wrongs of the oppressed and the exploited, but he could not painstakingly dissect them for fiction nor could he spend pages in a soul-vivisection. He has tried that in a few later works, but without much success.

Jack London's evolution in craftsmanship has been an interesting feature of his work. The first stories were big, sketchy, painted with broad brush-strokes, full of light and colour in splotches, hitting the eye like some of the modern Spanish school pictures. And yet *The Sea Wolf,* which dates from a comparatively early period, is careful in detail and painstaking in workmanship. But it is still big. There is still more imagination and action to crowd the picture waiting in the back of its creator's brain, he does not need to spin it out through fine writing, through phrases that are of value only for themselves. This period came later. It does not show as much in the latest short stories, for in these Jack London's rich imagination still supplied him with what he needed, but the later novels seemed painfully padded at times. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* moves very slowly. It must be acknowledged, however, that in this case the slowness may be justified, for it does aid in the impression of the endless monotony of life on a sailing ship. *The Little Lady of the Big House* and *The Valley of the Moon* are endlessly padded with detail, and pages of them fall heavy. Jack London is always at his best when there is action, inevitable action to be painted, or the stress of man in the face of such action.

And all this time we have not spoken of one of the later novels which is possibly the most striking of all of them and the one which is most different from anything else that Jack London has done before, *The Star Rover.* Here indeed, we find a new field for the man whose feet had hitherto been firmly planted on the earth and whose heart beat in tune with the primitive forces of nature. The subject is not a new one, the story of the man whose soul wandered back over the ages and picked up the threads of former lives, has been done by others. But the sudden spring out of the here-and-now into the realms of pure imagination was an unexpected one for Jack London to take, although it was hinted at in one or two of the later short stories. In bigness of canvas, in epic grandeur of treatment there is something about this book which differentiates it from anything else in the long list of Jack London's works and yet it is somehow a book which might have been foreseen, for all through it there laughs that one quality of riotous joy of living which always will be the memory Jack London's admirers hold longest. With the joy of living crushed out of him by a straight-jacket in the prison, the one-time professor's brain went soaring through the past and there resumed the glorious battle for existence that was denied him by man's cruelty in his present state. The book is a strong arraignment of prison conditions, too, but not for that will it be remembered.

Part III. Jack London the Radical

The third group of Jack London's books, the non-fiction group, is inspired largely by his emotional radicalism. Two of them, *The Cruise of the Snark* and *John Barleycorn,* lie outside of this classification; *The Road,* the narrative of his hobo days, touches it in spots only. The others, *When God Laughs; People of the Abyss; The Iron Heel; The War of the Classes* and the short articles in *Revolution* are all directly a product of Jack London's own particular brand of socialism. He called it socialism, but it really was just emotional radicalism, for it lacked even the wavering lines of a constructive policy that more scientific socialism claims to have.

The books are wonderful bits of writing and they count for very much in the line of Jack London's development. They are documents in his soul evolution, but they are not documents of any value in the solution of world problems.

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Had they come twenty years earlier than they did come, the undeniable facts pictured in *The People of the Abyss,* for instance, or in *When God Laughs,* might have had sensational effects. But the thing was being done constantly by sociologists, by economists, by people who made a business of writing or speaking on just such subjects. The average reader of fiction who might not read a work on economics, certainly would not read a book of that kind by Jack London when there were so many stunning stories by Jack London that would please him better.

Jack London's own life experience plus his ability to think (or rather to feel), and plus his ability to express what he was feeling, inspired these books at a time when the subject was new to *him.* He depicts emotionally and magnificently, but when it is a question of the big world's problems and not merely an individual problem, it is the constructive policy that is needed and London has nothing of this to give. The truth of which remark is shown by the fact that in fiction, which was his own true field, he has come at the last to propose only a return to nature, a back-to-the-land doctrine, as a solution for society's ills. But the sincerity that is back of a book like *The People of the Abyss,* may carry the pictures of facts as they are, to the minds of some who are still so much asleep that they need waking up.

Time and time again, in his true portrayal of conditions in Alaska, of the building up of the mining camps and the towns and cities that grew out of them, Jack London has happened on lessons in economics which he has passed by without recognising them; he has walked unheeding past the beginnings of the monopoly which alone can bring about the conditions he deplores but has not recognised it because there was none of the industrial slavery he knew so well immediately connected with it. He has, therefore, never had any real understanding of economics but only a great, deep and sincere sympathy with the victims of wrong economic conditions. In fact the little story, "The Strength of the Strong," is a better lecture on economics, on the economic foundations of civilisation than anything contained in all Jack London's essays on radicalism or on socialism. And he leaves us in doubt as to exactly how far he is willing to follow his own conclusions.

Part IV. Jack London's Life Philosophy

Jack London's life philosophy is so strongly expressed in all his works that what we have said about them has been practically a criticism of his life-philosophy, or of his personality, for the two were one and complete. It would be best, then, to let him tell in his own words, where he has spoken of himself and not through some imagined character, of what life means to him. He has written a little article in the book *Revolution* with this title—What Life Means to Me—but while it gives a very good description of the outer circumstances of his life and his mental evolution, it does not give that more intimate outlook on life which we do find everywhere as the keynote in his work. Several quotations from *The Cruise of the Snark,* where he allowed himself some idle chatting about things in general, seem to me to express the real Jack London much more than his conscious radical preaching. As an excuse for the proposed voyage of the *Snark* he says:

> This trip around the world means my moments of living. Bear with me a while and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man . . . a bit of vitalised matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat and blood, nerves, sinew, bones and brain, all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible and frail . . . a bit of pulsating jelly-like life. It is all I am. About me are the great natural forces . . . colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, unmoral. They

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are the cyclones and tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloudbursts, tidal waves and waterspouts, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coast and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea or to death. And these insensate monsters do not know that tiny sensitive creature, all nerves and weakness, whom men call Jack London and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being. In the maze and conflict of these vast and draughty Titans it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them.

This is the keynote of the best of Jack London's fiction. He places his mortals in such a position and lets them fight it out. When the fittest survive, nature will have worked out her own purpose. Another time he says:

The ultimate word is I LIKE. It lies beneath philosophy and is twined about the heart of life. When philosophy has maundered ponderously for a month, telling the individual what he must do, the individual says in an instant I LIKE—and does something else and philosophy goes glimmering. Philosophy is very often a man's way of explaining his own I LIKE.

And again:

Life that lives is life successful and success is the breath of its nostrils.

Somewhere hereabouts, when we have the sum and substance of his story-telling in our minds, we will find the real Jack London.

RUSSIA'S TRIBUTE TO BELGIUM

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

Thy spirit lives, although thy flesh is crucified,
O Belgium, the land of holy agonies.
What matters it, the ruin of thy airy steeples,
And of thy faithful sons the bloody destinies?
—(From a poem entitled "Three Crosses," by Zinaida Hippius.)

It is a Russian writer who has been the first perhaps to attempt to cast Belgium's martyrdom into the mould of art. We refer to Leonid Andreyev's play, *The Sorrows of Belgium,* which was published early last year and speedily translated into English. Whatever the scenic and literary value of this somewhat precipitate drama may be, it surely is one of the most significant literary tributes that have so far been offered to the heroism of the "great little country," to use the expression of a Russian poetess. In perfect keeping with the best traditions of his national literature, the Russian playwright raises his voice on behalf of an "injured and insulted" nation. What Andreyev sends to the Belgians, is Russia's dream, a dream of justice, of inner conscience, and of God's judgment. "What, save our dream," says he, "can we send to the noble nation and its noble King? What save a dream of justice and God's judgment can we send them, lacerated by war, driven from their homes?"

This quotation comes from a kind of poem in prose contributed by Andreyev to the Russian version of *King Albert's Book,* which has been edited by Hall Caine as "a tribute to the Belgian King and People from representative men and women throughout the world." Among the other Russian contributors we find men like the novelist Alexander Kuprin and the scholars Paul Vinogradov and M. Tugan-Zaranovsky. All these utterances have in common a reverence of Belgium's bravery and a belief that, in the words of Professor Vinogradov, "it

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I. I. NIVINSKY. DEDICATED TO DEVASTATED BELGIUM. SAINT SEBASTIAN

will arise out of the ashes, like the Phœnix, in renewed vigour and splendour." The most remarkable address to the Belgian nation is written by Dmitry Merezhkovsky, the distinguished man-of-letters and the foremost religious thinker of modern Russia. We quote it from the original *King Albert's Book:*

To the Belgian People,

We do not say to you: have courage. No courage could be greater than that which you have shown. But we do say: have faith. Your sufferings have not been in vain; they have awakened the conscience of the peoples. Henceforth your land drenched with the blood of your sons, shall be a Holy Land; henceforth your cause shall be the

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cause of Humanity. To wipe away the tears from your eyes, to heal your wounds, to restore a hundredfold that which has been taken from you, this the peoples have solemnly sworn, to this they have pledged their honour, and this oath will be kept. We desire no solace while you remain desolate, we desire no victory until you have conquered. In the days when the victors triumph, the first crown shall be yours; and Humanity shall bestow it upon you. All nations shall make way for you and in the forefront you shall enter the Promised Land.

These utterances are truly indicative of the attitude of Russian society toward the country which Solomon Reinach has called the Thermopylæ of Europe. The sorrowful epopee of Belgium's self-defense and devastation has deeply impressed the Russians and has endeared to them her "fair visage, marked with ecstasy and sadness." Millions of cheap prints and pamphlets have carried the tale of Belgium's high deeds and unspeakable woes to the remotest corners of the vast country and have penetrated even into the muzhik's "izba." At the same time there awoke a new interest in Belgian culture, which before the war was not generally distinguished in Russia from French civilisation. As a result, the Russians discovered, among other things, that wonderful book of Charles de Coster which Camille Lemonnier called the National Bible of the Fleming and which Romain Rolland compared to Cervantes' immortal tale. Nowadays de Coster's *Til Ulenspiegel* is more popular in Russia than it ever was in its mother country. Books have their destinies.

The various phases and incidents of Belgium's tragical struggle form the subject of a goodly part of the poetic output which has been, directly or indirectly, brought into existence by the Second Fatherland War, as the Russians sometimes call the present war, the First Fatherland War being the campaign against Napoleon (in 1812). Many of these poems devoted to Belgium, have appeared in general periodicals and also in the *Belgian Book,* which was published in Petrograd last year, to serve "as a token of reverence for the small nation who has lit the world with the light of spiritual beauty." Young and old, gifted and giftless, classicists and futurists, devotees of the strict metre and triumphant vers-librists—all have united to create the Russian version of Belgium's great legend.

In the February BOOKMAN *Mr. Yarmolinsky is to contribute an article on "Russia in Arms," in which he will discuss Russia's literature resulting from the War—war sketches, fiction and drama—the Prohibition Movement, religious changes, the diffusion of democratic ideas, and the signs of a regeneration of Russia. During the coming year Mr. Yarmolinsky will prepare for* THE BOOKMAN *a number of papers upon the various phases of Russian national life, as well as some articles on Russia's contemporary men of letters.*

"The Best Fifty American Short Stories of 1916," by Edward J. O'Brien, to appear in the February BOOKMAN, *will give the author's reasons for his selection and his personal opinions regarding the stories.*

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THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

I

KAMINI ROY

As SHAKESPEARE is the greatest poet of England of all times, so Kalidas is the greatest poet of India of all ages. In India Kalidas is proverbially called "The Master of Poets." And it is singular that the master poet of Germany, Goethe, immortalised our great poet by writing a little poem in eulogy of this oriental poet's drama, his masterpiece — "Sákoontalá." The poem reads:

Wouldst thou the life's young blossoms and
the fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is pleased, enraptured, feasted, fed,—
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself
in one sweet name combine?
I name thee, O Sakoontala, and all at
once is said.

This poetic introduction of *Sakoontala* from Goethe popularised Kalidas in the West. Even so, the eulogistic introduction of W. B. Yeats to the *Gitanjali* introduced Tagore to the Western world most auspiciously both for the poet himself and for the great country he calls his Motherland.

This Motherland of ours has not only nurtured many men poets, but has also nurtured many women poets of distinction. Some of them rank very high in the scale of pure poesy and superior craftsmanship. One summer evening, I was sitting on the roof of a New York apartment house with several American and Hindu friends. The night was quiet, and the stars were shining bright against the blue sky, and we were discussing India's poets and their poetry. Of a sudden one of my countrymen looked at the sky and in a rapturous way began to recite:

Bishal gagana majhe ek Yotirmayi tara,
Taharai lakshya kari chaliachi abiram,
Ghana ghora tamojala jagat hayacha hara
Parabashi atma mama chahe se alokadham,
etc.

The entire poem translates as follows; but it must be confessed that in translation it loses much of its profundity of rhythm:

There shines a luminous star
In the vastness of the sky,
And I am travelling on the path of life
Keeping my gaze fixed on that star as my goal.
The world is lost in dense darkness
But my soul-guest
Wishes for that realm of light.

I am continuously travelling
To attain that realm of light,
And I do not know where I stand,
And whom can I ask
Whether I am making any progress or not?
Wherever I go in this wide world of ours
That star is always there;
Then after what have I been running all the time?

Had I sat still before the cottage door,
That luminous star
Would never have appeared before my eyes,
I have run, I have run,
And now I find myself
On the lonely shore of the great Ocean
I am not yet certain
If I can attain to that realm of light
Even if I roam to the end of space.

I am thirsty, and yet
I am keeping on my journey
On the face of this ruthless earth.
Shall I stop here now?
Some time and somewhere
Heaven itself will take
The earth by its arms
And all darkness will disappear
In the great Ocean of Light.

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The recitation over, I said: "This sounds like Tagore." "No, no," said the reciter, "This is more sublime than Tagore's things. This is so subtly sublime. This is much better than Tagore's poems."

I could not quite recall the name of the author of this poem, so inquired with curiosity. "This is not a man," replied my friend, "she is a poetess." "Kamini Roy," of course, I said "Certainly," was the emphatic answer.

Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Kamini Roy is the greatest. Three years after the birth of Rabindranath Tagore, in 1864, there was born in the province of Bengal and in the small village of Basanda in the District of Barisal a child in a comparatively wealthy family. And this child was Kamini, daughter of Chandicharan Sen, a novelist and the translator of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

As a child Kamini was wont to listen to her grandfather reciting Bengali and Sanskrit poems as she sat in his lap, and soon she learned them by heart and the family used to entertain their guests by making her recite poems. The rhythm and the melody of these verses affected the child strangely. She would smile and dance rhythmically as she would recite the poems. She behaved as if she had quite unexpectedly found something she had lost long ago.

Her mother gave her the first lessons in reading and writing. And the child was then only four. She showed extraordinary zeal for study. Other children in the village objected to study, but Kamini used to be annoyed if any one disturbed her in her studies. And after every lesson she was in the habit of reciting the hymns to Sarasnatu, the Goddess of Learning:

Tang Tang Saraswati
Nirmala barana
Ratna bibhusitaw Kundala Karanay,
etc.

In the vernacular school she always captured the highest places in the examinations, and she was so efficient in mathematics that her teacher used to call her Lilabati—the most famous woman mathematician of ancient India. She spent hour after hour in her father's excellent library studying and thinking, and quite often she was noticed looking out of the window and dreaming dreams of something she felt but did not quite know. And soon she began to write poems. She was then only eight years old. Her father was as happy as a skylark to notice the unfoldment of a poetic soul in his daughter. But in recognition of her genius and to nurture her poetic impulse he presented her with Kirtibash's Bengali Ramayana and Kashi Ram Das' Bengali Mahabharatta —two of India's greatest epics. She read the books over and over again and was intoxicated with the rhythm of these two marvelous books. Soon she memorised the best passages of them both. And this precocious poet was changed altogether.

She was trained at home for a while by her scholarly father, who taught her English, Bengali, Sanskrit and history and geography, and beside the regular lessons she was asked to study the sacred books of the different religions, and she memorised many devotional songs and poems from them all. At twelve she was sent to a boarding school in Calcutta, and at the time of her departure, her father said to her: "Remember, Kamini, that your life has a mission; you are born for a great purpose." Kamini remembered that, and it cannot be contradicted that she has fulfilled the mission of her life.

Kamini matriculated at the age of sixteen, and at twenty she graduated from the Calcutta University with the highest honors in Sanskrit, competing with thousands of young men of the university.

Soon she was offered the position of the superintendent of the Bethune College for girls. Her father, however objected to her accepting any position. Mr. Sen did not believe in studies for increasing the earning capacity, and he said with annoyance: "I have educated

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my daughter so that she may increase her fund of knowledge, and to make her enjoy the pure joy of knowledge. I shall never allow her to use her education for mercenary purposes."

Several of his friends remonstrated as follows: "Your daughter is of a wealthy family, so no one would ever think that she is teaching to earn a livelihood. But there are many women in India who can and who should be self-supporting, but they dare not work for lack of stimulating examples. So if your daughter sets an example then it would be good for the community at large."

Mr. Sen was won over and Kamini accepted the position of a professor in the Bethune College in 1886. And in 1889 her first book, "Alo o Chaya," that has immortalised her, was published against her wish. Most of the poems of this famous little book were written between the age of sixteen and twenty-one. Kamini's father and friends begged of her to have the poems published in a book form, but she would never give her permission; she felt, and she still feels, that poems are the expression of the conviction of the poet's own soul, meant only for himself and for whom he sings. To publish one's own sentiments in a book is to waste the aroma of the thing that makes for poetry and that which makes poetry a sacred expression of the human soul.

At last a few of her friends conspired and stole several of her poems and handed them over to Hem Chandra Bandopadhya, in those days, the most famous and most beloved of all Bengali poets. Hem Chandra read the poems with more than usual interest and was so highly pleased with them that he wrote a splendid criticism: A translation in part reads: "I have enjoyed reading these poems. At times the thought is so deep and sweet that I have been simply enraptured by them. To tell the truth, I have read very few poems like these in Bengali. . . . Truly, I have been exceedingly charmed by the depth of their thought, the simplicity of their language, the purity of taste and their all-round beauty."

While reading and writing this criticism, Hem Chandra did not know who wrote those poems. When told, he was jubilant with joy that it was a Hindu woman who gave our literature such a treasure. At last Kamini was induced to give her permission to publish the book, and the permission was granted on condition that the name of the authoress should not appear. In her later books, too, she simply signs "The Authoress of 'Alo o Chaya.'" So in none of her books her name appears, but every one who can read or write in Bengal knows the name of Kamini Sen, now Kamini Roy.

The changing of this great poetess' name is associated with a story of thrilling romance. While in College Kamini Sen fell in love with a young man by the name of Kedar Roy, a high British official in the Judicial Department. He, in the beginning, was a great admirer of her poetry, and when he met her, he was so highly impressed with her personality that it did not take him long to fall in love with her. And he was indeed fortunate that his love was promptly reciprocated. This spontaneous love soon deepened, but for more reasons than one their marriage was deferred. Both suffered tremendously. And the expressions of Kamini's feelings are scattered in the pages of "Alo o Chaya." She thus sings of "The Tale of Love":

Why, why in this world of ours
Are the tales of pain
And the pain of disappointment
Entwined with love?
Why so much sighing,
Why so much shedding of tears
And why, why are there heaps of thorns
On the path of love?

In the vast plain of life
When one soul seeks a mate
With impatient anxiety,
And when wandering far and wide
It finds another wanderer after its liking,

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KAMINI ROY, THE HINDU POETESS

Then why, why fate stands in the way of
their union?
Why insurmountable obstacles stand in
front of them,
And they are forced to go each other's way.

Or why one offers itself
At the feet of the other
And the latter does not cast a glance at the
offering
Even in mistake,
And without mercy
Tramples it under his feet?

When will that blessed day come
In this world so full of disappointments
When one soul won't have to cry for another
all the way?
And there will be absolutely nothing
In heaven or earth
To stand in the way of the union of two
souls
That are willing to be made into one.

Listen again to her musings on "The History of Love":

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THE HISTORY OF LOVE

In the inmost chamber of the human heart
Love walks in gentle steps
Like a bride.
If its own gentle music reaches its ears,
It recoils in bashfulness like a sensitive plant.
It startles and tries to run away
From its own shadow
And myriads after myriads of flowers
Blossom at her each step.

In its empty home
And in friendlessness
Love weeps all the time
And she weeps for she has none
Whom she can call her own.
So in implacable loneliness
Love sings tragic songs.

She wore a garland of flowers for her beloved
And quite unknowingly
Thorns became entwined with it,
And she did not dare pull the thorns off
Lest the garland would break.

Devotee Love has ceased to cry
She has cried so much
That the fountain of her tears
Has run dry.
In the pool of her sorrow
Exquisite lotuses have blossomed
And the autumn sky is bedecked with stars
The zephyrs blow in the evening
Laden with the perfume of the lotus blossoms
But love discovers the death of some one.
Some one has truly expired
And on her funeral grounds
Has gradually risen a beautiful temple.
The priest of human benefaction
There devoutly worships the Divine Beloved
Of the universe.
He makes the world ripple with love and liberty
And a halo illumines his face,
And a divinely sweet music
Emanates from his lips.

Undoubtedly of all of Kamini Roy's poems her "Andhare," ("in Darkness") is the most popular. Every educated Bengali man or woman, knows at least the first stanza of this poem by heart. And I have found that it is impossible even to mention her name without reciting, these lines silently or loudly:

Andharer Kitanu amara
Dudanda andhara Kari Khela
Andhakare bhenga jai bhul
Jiban ar marawner mela.

The poem which opens her most popular books reads thus in translation:

We are the insects of darkness,
And in darkness we play for a moment or two,
In darkness disappears
The foil of life and death.

We know not from where we come
And whither we wend
We are born and we die in ignorance
And in wonder we pass the days of our life.

Here and there in the wilderness of life
We see a few streaks of light,
Who knows whence they come?
And who has ever come in touch with Cause?

If in wonder we have to wander
As long as we live,
Then come, beloved, come this way,
And let us wander by that streak of light.

If we can climb up
That ray of light, so much the better,
And if we can't, what's the harm?
We shall die in the halo of the light.

In the dark wilderness, beloved,
Let us enjoy the rays of light
However faint they may be
Come, beloved, let us play in the light.

Like Tennyson's "All things were born and all things will die" and "Nothing was born and nothing will die," this "In Darkness" has an antithesis in the next poem, "In Light." The poem translates:

We are children of light
And in light we meet for eternity.
In light we sleep and we awake,
And in light we play the game of life and death.

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I lose myself
In this infinite light
And in this unbearable dazzling halo of light
I roam like a blind person.

We are the children of light
Then why are we afraid of it?
Come, beloved, come let us look round,
There is nothing to be afraid of here.

In this boundless ocean of light
If this little light goes out.
Let it go out, beloved,
Who can tell that it shall not light up again?

Kamini Roy has several children, and when she became a mother, she gave up writing poems. When asked about the reason for this departure, she once said smilingly: "I am so busy now nursing these living poems that I have neither the time nor the inclination to write poems for publication."

Her life at present is consecrated to the good of her family and her Motherland. Her patriotic poems are exquisite and inspiring. Poetic and patriotic to the core, an ideal wife, a model mother, Kamini Roy is a living example and a mine of inspiration to the rising generation of India.

In his second article in this series, "The Women Poets of India," Mr. Roy will discuss the work and personality of Sarojini Naidu, a native Hindu who not only has won the highest distinction in her own country but who also has written a few of the best lyrics in English literature. This article, which will appear in the March issue, will be illustrated with two interesting portraits.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore contributes an article for the February BOOKMAN— *an essay upon what is probably the greatest of the Hindu classics: Kálidása's "Sákoontalá." This essay, appearing in English for the first time, is expressive of Tagore's interpretation of Eastern thought and is written in his most graceful style.*

Kálidása, the author of "Sákoontalá," is supposed to have lived and written about the beginning of the Christian era. The heroine, Sákoontalá, is compared in Tagore's essay to Miranda, the heroine of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Both heroines were brought up in seclusion, without any influence from the outside world. The story is a fanciful romance of the love affair of the heroine, Sákoontalá, and a great Indian king, Dushyanta. The story, like Tagore's "Chitra," is taken from the great Hindu epic, "The Mahabharata." This is the best drama of India's greatest poet of all ages. Tagore's essay analyses the story and gives the inner meaning in comparison to the life and love of Shakespeare's Miranda.

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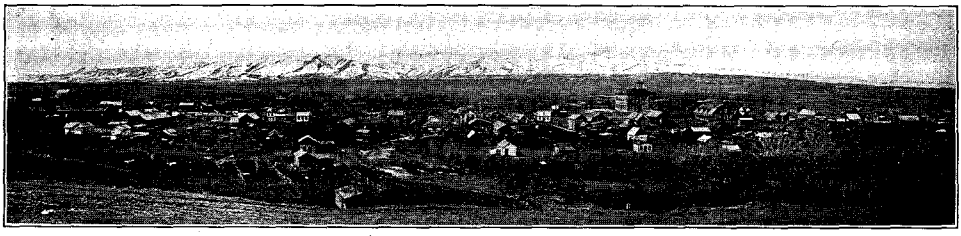

BUFFALO AS OWEN WISTER SAW IT

SOME SCENES OF "THE VIRGINIAN"

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

YES, it is true; they did switch the babies at the ranch-house dance, even as Mr. Owen Wister narrated it in *The Virginian*. The scene of the famous incident that has had a whole nation laughing for a decade and a half was Hank Devoe's ranch on the south fork of Powder River in Wyoming. Since book lovers have made a shrine of a House of the Seven Gables and preserved the shack where "Tenessee's Partner" lived, may they not even thus tardily admit to the jealous circle of literary landmarks this log-and-'dobe ranch-house squatting in the sage-brush of the old Cattleland? The House of the Substituted Babies!

It was Frant Osborn, a hare-brained cowpuncher with a rich imagination, who turned the trick. In Johnson County, Wyoming, the old-timers will still tell with reminiscent pride of Frant Osborn and the babies—old Frant Osborn, who used to "carry his load of poles so high, wide an' handsome! He rode with the L X Bar outfit, did Frant, and in the winter of Eighty-nine, or maybe it was Ninety, he and a bunch of the boys from the L X Bar home ranch on South Fork rode over to Hank Devoe's ranch to cut in on the dance. They must have stopped at Barrel Springs stage house, because when they hit Devoe's they were prime—yessir, fair in bloom. And nobody knew until afterwards why Frant didn't dance much and why, when folks did see him ducking out of the lean-to shed, he looked so all-fired mysterious. No, they didn't know until they began to see his work! The Waterburys, for instance, they rode eighteen miles back home on Red Fork with a baby belonging on Meadow Creek; Mrs. Jim Bliss, on Dugout, didn't get her Jim Henry back for four days—and him teethin', too."

So runs the truth, embroidered perhaps by Johnson County's infatuation for the old free days before wire fences came to parcel the great range. Frant Osborn later drifted out of the country and joined the Northwestern Mounted Police—too many wagon tracks in Johnson County to please his untrammelled spirit. But all the old-timers along Powder River believe Mr. Wister gave Frant no more than his due by immortalising him together with his epic joke.

Indeed, Johnson County credits Mr. Wister with a sense of humour passing the average Eastern visitor's admittedly scanty endowment. "He made it funnier than it really was," the native critics aver; and this is high praise from a community jealous of its own inimitable talent for story telling. *The Virginian* carries far with these people, who fancy themselves and their neighbours walking through the virile pages of the novel. It is right—the only Western story ever written that is "right'way through," say they. It is right because Mr. Wister got his material from men who were living the life portrayed in his narrative. He always had a note-

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book with him, this writing fellow who came out to visit Dr. Amos W. Barber, in the early Nineties; whether at the Occidental Hotel in Buffalo or out on the Barber place, every night before he rolled into his blankets he would sit down and write a lot of stuff in his notebook—fill pages with things he had heard.

"Of course, him being a kidney-foot, some of the boys used to load him up with pretty tall ones"—this the confession of an old cattleman and thief taker himself credited with being the prototype of Frank Spearman's *Whispering Smith;* "and he takes 'em all down in his little notebook. But when his story comes out we see he's onto us all the time."

Perhaps in this category of "tall ones" falls the Virginian's master-tale about the "frawgs" of Tulare, polished and faceted by Mr. Wister's art, or the tragedy of Em'ly, the hen who lived a parable.

Whatever timber Mr. Wister may have found to his hand for the architectural adornments of *The Virginian,* the solid core of the story—the character of the hard-riding, swift-shooting young Southerner who masters a Vermont heart and conscience—is Mr. Wister's own powerful creation. None of the folks in the Big Country can identify the Virginian, however sure they may think themselves to be in tabbing Trampas and Steve and Judge Henry. "There was a fella' come from Virginia once," they say; "name was Zang T——, and he was a pretty likely boy until he joined in with the rustlers who were running the Hat brand, then he took up with the Hole in the Wall gang and finally was shot by a pal down in Utah after mixing into a train robbery. So *he* couldn't be the Virginian. No, this Wister must have got the Virginian right out of his own head."

Trampas all the Big Country knows. He was a gambler and short-card man whose real name easily suggests the fictitious. He used to deal monte and faro in Casper when that town was the nearest railroad point for Johnson County's freight wagons; but he sifted out of Casper in the early Nineties, and nobody knows what became of him. Steve, the one-time saddle companion whom the Virginian was forced finally to run down in the cottonwoods and hang for

THE BOY SALOON

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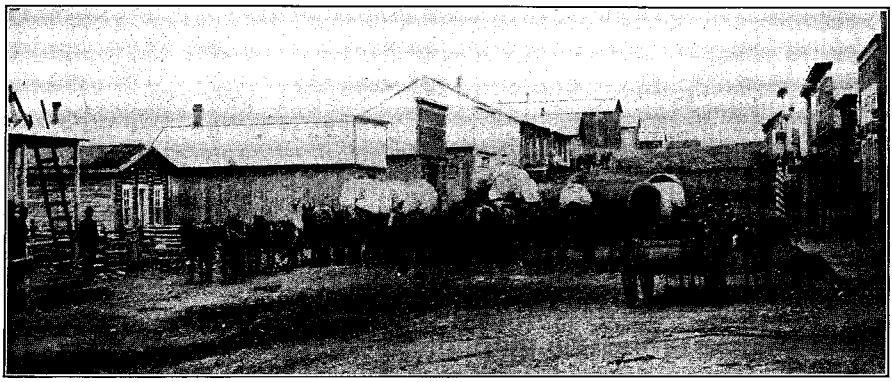

WHEN BUFFALO WAS A FRONTIER TOWN

a horse thief; him the wise ones believe they have identified infallibly. The real Steve, whom Mr. Wister met and talked with, was one of the cowmen who "went wrong" in the feud that culminated in the war of '92 between cattlemen and rustlers, and he was killed at K C ranch. Many of the survivors of those bitter times insist Steve's prototype was guiltless of "rustling."

And Lin McLean's wife—she of the earlier sketches which Mr. Wister published under the title, *Lin McLean*.. Not only did the writer tell with fidelity the grim story of her suicide in the deserted army post—Fort McKinney—but he described her funeral in detail almost photographic. Just one thing he omitted to tell: that she was buried face down —and why.

When Mr. Wister visited the country of *The Virginian,* as now, Buffalo was the only town "in the splendour of Wyoming space," which is Johnson County. Then it was an "inland town" far off the railroad; now a single track is tardily creeping toward this last outpost of the old frontier—may even be bringing its engine hoot to Main Street before this is published. The original Buffalo carelessly laid itself down from hill crest to stream and up to hill crest again, along the dust of the old military road up from the Union Pacific. Until the railroad brought a boom to Sheridan, forty-odd miles to the northward, Buffalo was the largest and livest town in northen Wyoming. There the freight wagons from a hundred miles south distributed their supplies for the great cattle outfits which ranged from Powder to Yellowstone, and there during the winter season hundreds of cowpunchers, idle and bursting with raw spirits, played the game of life Mr. Wister has pictured for us.

Giving Buffalo no alias, this is the town *The Virginian's* creator saw and knew, even though at the time of his visits the rawness was wearing from it. Then, as at present, Main Street had many smaller punctuation marks to creature joys—the Cowboy Saloon, the Fashion and the Capitol; but the heaviest exclamation point of all was the Occidental Hotel. It still stands, though neat brick has supplanted its log-and-clapboard façade, where Clear Creek brawls under Main Street bridge. Here, legend has it, Owen Wister met and chummed with Henry Smith, a popular though deservedly notorious horse thief since passed over. Quick, the Occidental's present host, even will show pilgrims the spot under the big silver poplar by the stream's side where the Western bad man and the Eastern tale writer used to sit and yarn.

It was the Occidental Wister selected as background for his story's swift climax. Thither the Virginian brought

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Molly Wood from the Bear Creek schoolhouse, and it was alone in her room there the Vermont girl heard the three shots which signalised the working out of a man's code beyond even her love to sway or alter. Modern Buffalo—the town with the prim electric lights along the cement sidewalks and the hoot of the engine whistle at its borders—displays on its picture post card racks a photographic reprint of the old log Occidental. "Where the Virginian Got His Man" is the legend across the bottom.

THE PERSONALITY OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

BY BAILEY MILLARD

FROM Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, from St. Paul to San Antonio, the fiction of Harold Bell Wright is in greater popular demand than that of any other novelist. For months the printing of Mr. Wright's latest book, *When a Man's a Man,* has taxed the capacity of the largest fiction factory in Chicago, over five thousand copies having been sent out and sold daily.

Clamouring for more and more of the Bell Wright romances, the consumers of this literature, which include all classes of people from bootblacks to college deans have kept the retail book-dealers of most American cities renewing their orders from week to week. The manager of a San Francisco book-house who bought and piled up in his shop a huge stack of the latest Wright novel said, "There, I guess I've got enough copies of *When a Man's a Man* to last a year?" But the pile was gone in a little less than three weeks. Here and there a public library is found with a whole bookcase devoted to Wright. Sometimes as many as twenty copies of a single Wright novel are kept in circulation by one library.

An American railroad president made a voyage to Japan, and when somebody asked him what reading matter he was taking along he said: "Oh, I'm pretty well fixed in that line. I've got a copy of every one of Harold Bell Wright's books. Three of them I've read already, but I'm going to read them again."

Young girls are devouring the Bell Wright fiction, and so are their mothers. Young men love the Wright heroines and so do old ones. When it comes to public favour as fictionists, Chambers, Tarkington, Parker, and the Williamsons—popular and prolific as they have been—now find themselves in the cold penumbra of eclipse. Aghast they stand when they are told that over seven million copies of the novels of Wright have been printed and sold. Of all best-sellers Wright is king.

Curious to know what manner of man is Harold Bell Wright and what are his private ideas and philosophy of life, the present writer went to Southern California to see him. San Diego, where the novelist was found on a bright warm November day, was making him its guest of honour, and the society ladies were flocking to the Café Cristobel to see "the lion." The cameras were clicking as he entered one after another of the pretty mission buildings of the exposition, and predictions were made—and they came true enough—that at the Barbara Worth Theatre that night, when *The Eyes of the World* was to be given its first film production, there would be a thousand of people turned away. "Harold Bell Wright day," as the proud San Diegans called it, was a howling success, Mr. Wright was pull-

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hauled by lion-hunters and reporters. He was called upon for speeches which he good-naturedly made, and altogether it was such a day of hero-worship as the Florentians gave to their great story-tellers in the Golden Age.

When it was all over and the recipient of these honours was able to give THE BOOKMAN an hour, the first question plumped at him—one that nobody would have dared to ask Kipling or Wells—was,

"Mr. Wright, to what do you attribute your wonderful popularity?"

Without a second's hesitation the author replied: "That's an easy one. Take one of those modern skyscrapers such as they are building in Los Angeles. Say that that building represents a novel. Some builders of fiction go in for all manner of architectural filagree, scroll work and fluted columns. I pay no heed whatever to those things. My work—and I say it with all modesty—is the structural steel, the anatomy as it were, and this I clothe with what I call life. If you put the solid bones in your story, have real ribs, and real femurs and real tibias, you have a real groundwork to build upon. With such a groundwork, there is no difficulty in fiction-writing, provided you use good understandable English. People will recognise this instantly and you will be a successful novelist."

Brown as a berry, over six feet high, slim, erect and with a grey eye as alert as an Apache's, Mr. Wright looks less like an author than any man of that class I ever have met. He laughed when this fact was mentioned to him and said:

"Over in Arizona Old Bill Halsey said something of the same kind not long ago. He came into camp where I was doing some work and toward evening he asked one of our men who it was that occupied that tent up on the hillside. He was told that it was my tent and that I was at work in it.

" 'Oh, that book-writin' feller!' he observed. 'Wonder if he'd care if I went up an' took a squint at him.' "

" 'Why, you've been talking with him all the morning,' " was the reply.

" 'What! That chap in the corduroys? Wal, if I was out gunnin' for book-writin' fellers I'd never take a shot at him.' "

Nor does Wright look much like a preacher, and yet he has been one; nor like an artist, and yet he has painted the mountains and the plains and still sees things with an artist's eye.

He was born in Rome, New York, forty-four years ago. As a boy of fifteen he worked in a bookstore in a Middle Western town and for his salary had the privilege of reading as many books as he could lay hands on. His tastes were catholic. He read Buffalo Bill, Shakespeare, Browning and Mrs. Southworth. Then he read Ruskin and decided to be a great painter. With his brushes and tubes he went out into the Ozark Mountains and began to paint pictures.

One night he went to a schoolhouse to attend "meetin'." The minister failed to appear. Some of the congregation had come from long distances and they did not want to go away without a little spiritual uplift of some kind. So one of the deacons sidled over to the young artist and said, "You look like an eddicated man, will you preach to us?"

Wright said that preaching was not exactly in his line, but that he would make a stab at it.

"I thought," said the author, "that I could do almost as well as a minister I had heard a few Sundays before, who announced as his text, 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its Saviour wherewith shall it be salted?' So I mounted the rostrum and preached. It was Thanksgiving Day. I asked them what they were thanking God for. Was it that they were church people and not like the ungodly? Was it that they had some particular creed and that they felt that anybody not of their faith must surely be damned? 'This,' I said, 'makes a mockery of religion. You are wondering now what denomination I belong to—not whether I am a good

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GEORGE STERLING AND HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Christian. Your different churches are always fighting each other. They worry more about the acceptance of their particular articles of faith than they do about their own salvation.' Then I told them what I thought they should be thankful for—for health, for food and shelter, and most of all, for the gospel of Christ as he preached it, not as the churchmen say it should be preached.

"They liked my talk, although I upbraided them so severely; and they kept me preaching to them all winter. I was my own janitor and paid for the lights.

"I kept up my painting and was beginning to make a little something out of it in a commercial way, but somehow I was drawn to my new-found work of ministry more than to anything else. The Christian Church at Pierce City, Missouri, wanted a pastor, and I was offered the position at eight dollars a week. I accepted the call. I was not the graduate of any college or any theological seminary, but I had a profound conviction that a man should be of some use to the world. My sermons were simply worded and were plain food for plain people. I believe they did quite a lot of good. Man's ministry is work. Whatever he can do that is best for the

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whole life of the race, that he should do with his whole heart.

"After a while I received a call from a church at Pittsburg, Kansas. At about the same time I received the best offer I had ever had for commercial work as an artist. I hesitated. It was a great temptation to give up the ministry and continue at my chosen profession of painting. I felt that the fine offer I had received would be a good stepping-stone to higher things in that line. I knew that the pastor whose pulpit I was asked to take had been living under an assumed name. I felt that the congregation needed me, so I turned my back on art and assumed the Pittsburg pastorate. I never have been sorry for my decision. In some way I began to feel the impulse to write, and during the five years I was at Pittsburg I scribbled a great deal. I don't exactly know why, but my writing took the form of fiction. At first it didn't satisfy me at all, and much of it was never offered for publication. When any literary aspirant asks me now-a-days what is the first essential for the production of fiction I say with all honesty, a great, big waste-basket. I tell her, too,—it's generally her—that an empty waste-basket is a literary rebuke."

While acknowledging that his novels are sermons, Mr. Wright denies having put himself into any of them as hero or other character; and yet the preacher in his first story, *That Printer of Udell's,* reminds one of him in his ideas as to Christianity and in his general outlook upon life. Like Ralph Connor, Mr. Wright likes the hero parson, and he has put him into all of his Ozark "life stories." One recognises in the Reverend James Cameron who "wished to see Christians doing the things Christ did" a strong reflection of the character of his creator. The author of *That Printer of Udell's* loves to lay stress upon the idea that in most churches the religion of Christ is so far forgotten that it rarely enters into the life of the communicants. In *The Shepherd of the Hills* and *The Calling of Dan Matthews,* and in other Ozark stories, he brings this fact out with much force, as he did in his own ministry. All his Ozark characters have more or less to do with church. Dick, the printer, wants to know if it is necessary to "join those canting hypocrites" in order to be saved; but parson Cameron's words bring him around. Hope Farwell, of the "Dan Matthews" story, who has pronounced ideas of churchianity as against Christianity, makes Preacher Dan see that the individuality of the minister should not be lost in the church. On her account, because the elders do not like her and people are talking about her, Dan resigns his pastorate, but becomes a better servant of God than ever.

In such portrayals as these of the lives of simple, wholesome people who get away from cant and convention lie the strength of Harold Bell Wright as a fictionist. That vast mass of humanity known as the common people, whom Lincoln concluded God must love because He made so many of them, make up the bulk of this author's public. And it is proof of their sincerity, as well as his own, that in the language of the street they "eat up" his work.

"After my first novel, *That Printer of Udell's,*" Mr. Wright told me, "the stories came crowding in upon me, I could hardly keep my mind off them, they clamoured so for attention. I wrote *The Calling of Dan Matthews* with one hand and *The Winning of Barbara Worth* with the other. After my first novel, my publishers and readers kept crying for more, and I had to work like a slave to keep up with them. So busy was I, in fact, and so little concerned about the social or money part of the game that it was some time before I realised what a lot of friends and what a pile of lucre I was making. One day I received a statement from my publishers and stared at it in amazement. I took it to my wife, who is a very matter-of-fact woman, and said to her: 'Frances, do you notice anything peculiar about these figures?' 'No,' said she, running over the statement with a calm

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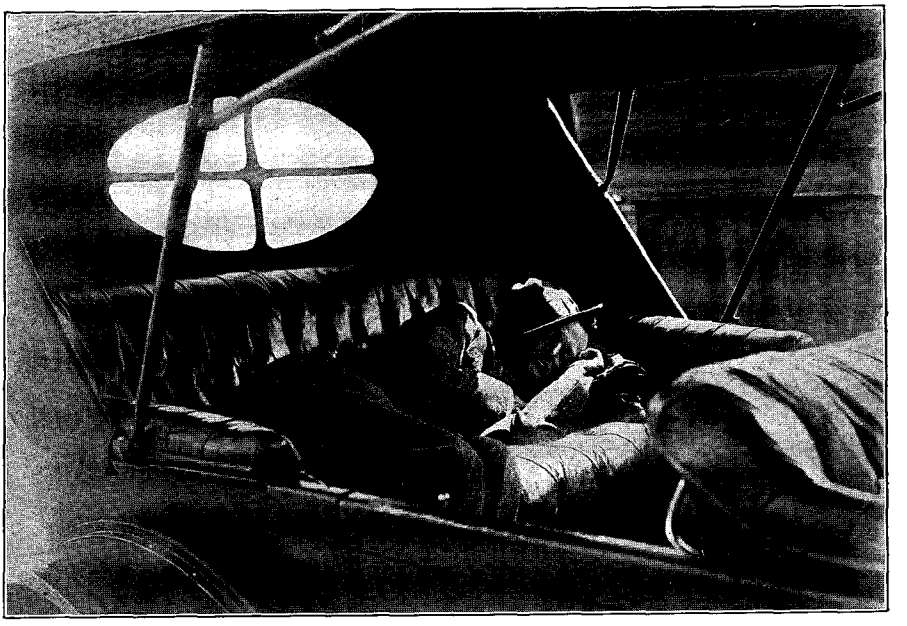

AFTER A HARD DAY'S REHEARSAL OF "THE EYES OF THE WORLD" CINEMA

eye. 'Why,' I said, 'Can't you see that we're making as much money in a day as we used to make in a year?' 'Is that so?' she said quietly, as if I had told her it was going to rain."

And yet, although he is reputed to be worth half a million, Mr. Wright remains the same simple, socialistic man, with a contempt for wealth, or, at least, of the mean uses to which so many men apply it. Nor has he any profound respect for culture, which he holds is not necessary to true life or religion.

"The illiterate backwoods man," he said, "might easily voice a great truth, inviting the attention of the whole world, while a college president might, and often does, voice a great lie. I'll take my hat off to the man who is digging a ditch, if I see that he is doing his work well and earnestly."

He is extremely unconventional. "The world sets up certain signs that direct a man this way or that," he said, "but suppose I refuse to read signs?"

It is his refusal to read signs, he thinks, that has made him such a literary oracle.

When he removed from Kansas to Redlands, California, ten years ago, he still kept up his preaching for a time.

"But," he said, "I came to see that I could reach a larger congregation with my books than from my pulpit, so I gave up the ministry and went down to El Centro in the Imperial Valley in 1908. The railroad depot at El Centro was a box car. People were building little shacks and calling them a town.

"I wrote in a tent for a while. Then I bought a ranch in the valley and made my home there, because I loved the sunshine, and the wild freedom. In a little shack, half a mile from my house I worked hard at my fiction. *Barbara Worth* was written there and parts of other stories."

He saw the rise of El Centro from a huddle of hovels to a good-sized modern town, which is so proud of his residence there that it has named its new quarter-million dollar hotel "The Barbara Worth" and decorated its walls with frescoes illustrating incidents in the lives of the characters of that novel.

"My publisher, Mr. Elsbery E. Rey-

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nolds, of Chicago," said the author, "tried in every way to induce me to go and live in Chicago, or New York, where most of the other novelists live. He said that clubs and other metropolitan affairs would help me in my work and make me better known personally. I told him I couldn't think of it. I preferred the desert. The city overwhelmed me. I went to Chicago once, and I hadn't been there an hour, before I wanted to know when the next train left town for the West. Perhaps a better knowledge of city people might have helped me in writing *The Eyes of the World,* and perhaps it wouldn't. In that book I treated of certain aspects of society life as I saw them. Nothing could have changed my views, as to the rottenness of the idle rich, as depicted there. No, there are no portraits in that book, but there is a lot of bitter truth, and that is why it has met with such wide acceptance. As a matter of fact, however, the growth of my public has been cumulative. Within a given period, say, six months, each of my books has outsold its predecessor. You can see what this is going to mean in sales when you know that *The Shepherd of the Hills,* my second novel, has sold to the extent of two million copies, and that of *The Eyes of the World,* which is next to the latest, one million, six hundred and fifty copies have been sold in two years, while the sales of *When a Man's a Man* have been over six hundred thousand since its appearance a few months ago. Up to the present *The Winning of Barbara Worth* has sold most of all, or over two million copies."

It is indicative of this author's pluck and courage that he wrote *When a Man's a Man,* his latest book, under circumstances that would have kept most writers from putting pen to paper.

"While I was riding along the road," he said, "an automobile bumped into me and broke all my ribs. I was in a hospital at Tucson in February, when a telegram came from my publisher that he must have my manuscript and the illustrations I had promised for the story by the first of May. Against the doctor's orders, and against the protestations of my nurse, I began writing on that novel on the first Friday in February, and by working very hard and fast, I finished the one hundred and thirty-five thousand words, and all the pictures, went out to the cross-triangle ranch, where the scenes were laid, read the story to the Dean and the cow-boys for their technical criticism, made the corrections they suggested and handed the manuscript in on the 29th of April."

That this performance did not kill the courageous author was the wonder of the Tucson doctors, but he is still very much alive.

He said that the Dean in *When a Man's a Man* was an old cattleman of the Arizona ranges, and that he had drawn him "pretty closely to life."

"Patches," too, was a portrait, and, he thought, a true one, but he was unwilling to reveal him.

There never was an author who believed more thoroughly in his own convictions than Harold Bell Wright. He preaches a life of simplicity, and of sincere, honest work, and he lives it. He believes what he wrote in *Their Yesterdays* about the importance of plain, wholesome home life, and he wants his boys to remain under the home influence. There are three of these Wright youngsters, Gilbert, Paul and Norman, ranging from fifteen to six years, and they are all studying at home under a pleasant broad-minded teacher.

Authorship and ranching were not found to work well together in the Wright case, as in that of Jack London. The ranch took too much of Mr. Wright's time. So he sold it and has built him a beautiful home in the San Fernando Valley.

"Just before I sold that ranch," he said, "I was told by the prospective buyer that he intended to convert the shack, which had been my study into a stable. I couldn't stand for that. I thought of the pleasant hours I had spent there with Barbara Worth and of all my dreams under its straw thatch.

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So I went out when nobody was looking; mooned about the old study for a while and then quietly set a match to it and burned it to the ground. It may seem a wanton waste, but I couldn't bear the thought of cattle and pigs living in the little cabin that had been Barbara's birth-place."

THE PLAYS OF LORD DUNSANY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

In 1914, a slender volume entitled *Five Plays,* by Lord Dunsany, was published unobtrusively in *The Modern Drama Series,* with an introduction by Mr. Edwin Björkman.* Until that time, the name of Lord Dunsany had hardly been heard of in this country, although he had previously published, on the other side of the Atlantic, five volumes of imaginative prose,—*The Gods of Pegana* [1905], *Time and the Gods* [1906], *The Sword of Welleran* [1908], *A Dreamer's Tales* [1910], and *The Book of Wonder* [1912]. Since then, however, four of these five plays, and two other plays which have been written subsequently, have been afforded public presentations in this country; and, in the first week of December, 1916, it was possible to see no less than three of them professionally acted in New York.

This astonishing success in a country where the theatre still remains excessively commercialised is all the more remarkable because the author has never made the slightest effort to attain success in the commercial theatre. His first play, *The Glittering Gate,* was written in 1909 for the Abbey Theatre Players at the request of Mr. William Butler Yeats. His other plays have been written, at convenient intervals, to please no other person than himself. Lord Dunsany has never enjoyed, or suffered, any personal connection with the theatre of his day, either in London or in Dublin or in any other city. He has never asked a manager to produce a play of his. He has never even met the mighty magnates who control the theatre in England and America. Yet all his plays have been acted; and, wherever they have been produced, they have been greeted with golden encomiums from the critics and the public. Without the slightest effort on his own part to exploit his wares, without even any knowledge of the eager interest that he has stirred up in America [for the man is very busy elsewhere in the world], Lord Dunsany, in the first week of December, 1916, was more talked about than any other playwright in commercialised New York. The moral of this simple fact is merely this:—that merit counts, and that it is better for a dramatist to retire to a far place and write a great play than to hang about Times Square and dramatise the views of all the mighty managers concerning "what the public wants." In the theatre, as in life itself, there is always room at the top; and, if a man can write so great a play as *The Gods of the Mountain* or *A Night at an Inn,* he need not even make an effort to secure a hearing. All the ears of the world will yearn instinctively, in the direction of his eloquence, until it shall burst forth by invitation and fill the theatre with a sound like thunder or the noise of seven seas.

Of this mysterious and mighty warrior, who has broken into our commercial theatre by assault, without so much as marshalling his forces to win a fight in which so many other men have failed, very little news has come to us except

*Five Plays. The Gods of the Mountain. The Golden Doom. King Argimenes and The Unknown Warrior. The Glittering Gate. The Lost Silk Hat. By Lord Dunsany. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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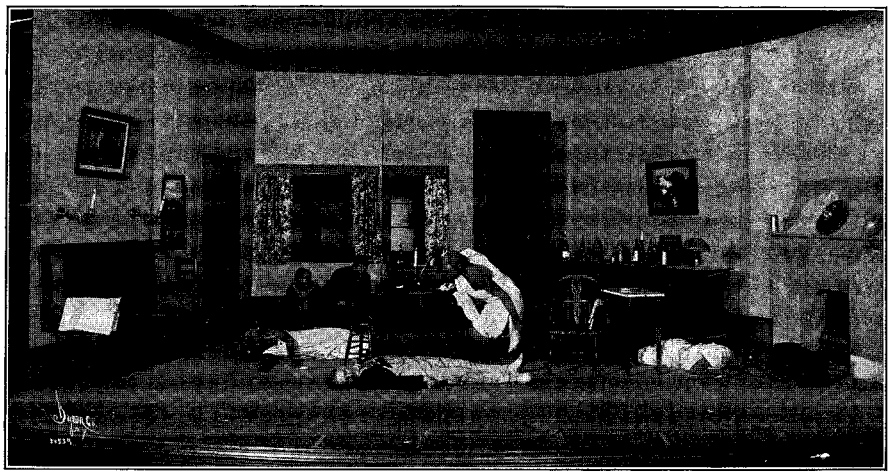

"A NIGHT AT AN INN"

such information as may be gleaned from personal letters to half a dozen correspondents in this country. Mr. Björkman has summarised the entire career of this admired author in four sentences which may be quoted now:

"Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, is the eighteenth member of his family to bear the title which gives him a place in the Irish peerage. He was born in 1878 and received his education at Eton and Sandhurst. In 1899 he succeeded his father to the title and the family estate in Meath, Ireland. During the South African war he served at the front with the Coldstream Guards. He is passionately fond of outdoor life and often spends the whole day in the saddle before sitting down at his desk to write late at night. His work proves, however, that he is as fond of spiritual as of physical exercise, and that he is an inveterate traveller in those mysterious regions of the partly known or wholly unknown where the imagination alone can guide us."

To this somewhat meagre chronicle a few facts may now be added. At the outbreak of the present war, Lord Dunsany was not sent immediately to the front with the expeditionary forces. Because of his experience under fire, he was retained in England to help in the gigantic task of training the raw recruits of Kitchener's army. Meanwhile, he wrote to two or three people in this country that, if he happened to emerge from the present war alive, his first act, after peace had been reconquered, would be to visit the United States, for a physical and spiritual renovation.

Lord Dunsany was wounded in the Dublin riots; and, when last heard from, he was waiting at Londonderry barracks to be released by the medical board and sent to the front in France. He seems now to suffer from a premonition that he will not survive the war. In a recent letter to Mrs. Emma Garrett Boyd, a popular lecturer who has done a great deal to propagate the fame of Lord Dunsany in this country, he said:—"If I do not live to come to America, there is none who can tell you more about me nor with better understanding than my wife. I was wounded less than three weeks ago. The bullet has been extracted and I am healing up rapidly. I am also under orders for France as soon as I have recovered. Sometimes I think that no man is taken hence until he has done the work that he is here to do, and looking back on five battles and other escapes from death this theory seems almost plausible; but

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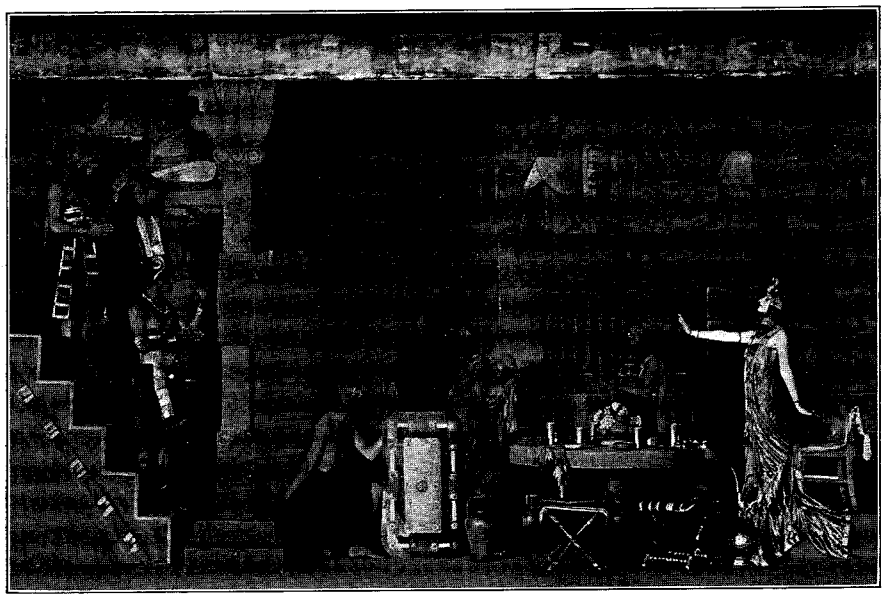

"THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES"

"THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN"

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"THE GLITTERING GATE"

how can one hold it when one thinks of the deaths of Shelley and Keats?"

This is all that, even now, on this side of the ocean, is positively known of the personal career of a man, still under forty, who has written at least two of the greatest plays of modern times. Lord Dunsany may be killed to-morrow, —"somewhere in France"—a land that all of us would gladly die for; or, after certain months and years, he may appear to us in khaki, smiling, with a weariness about his lips but with a glory in his eyes. In either case, the mere fact does not matter. He is one with Shelley and with Keats. He has done enough already to secure meticulous attention from the extra clerks that have been hired, of necessity in these over-busy years, by the Recording Angel. He has written seven plays that have touched his fellow-dramatists to tears and have caused them to rise up like gentlemen and cheer his name; and he may live or die in peace. His work, although unfinished, is complete; his seven plays may be examined, one by one, in chronological succession; and, after that, some effort may be made to estimate his message and approximate a judgment of his standing in the theatre of the world.

II

The definitive point should be considered at the very outset that all seven of the dramatic works of Lord Dunsany are one-act plays. The student should not be led astray by the unimportant fact that, in the published text of *The Gods of the Mountain,* the three successive scenes are headed by the captions, "The First Act," "The Second Act," and "The Third Act." Neither should the reader be deceived by the accident that the published text of *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior* is divided into two parts which are de-

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nominated "The First Act" and "The Second Act."

The purpose of a one-act play is to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis; and, in all seven of the compositions now before us, this purpose has been carefully maintained. Considered technically, *The Gods of the Mountain* is a one-act play in three successive scenes; and, in production, these scenes should be hurriedly disclosed upon the stage without any intermission. In *King Argimenes* also, the two scenes should be presented without any intermediary lapse of time, since they exhibit two projections of the same idea,—as if the dramatist should say, "Look now upon this picture, and on this!"

Lord Dunsany is as exclusively an artist in the one-act play as Edgar Allan Poe was an artist in the short-story. The strong point, with both of these technicians, is the intensity with which they are able to focus the imagination on a single definite and little project of the panorama of experience. Each of them is willing to sacrifice in range what he is able to gain in terrible intensity. Poe was not a novelist; and Lord Dunsany has still to prove that he can write successfully a three- or four-act play. Both men can seize a big idea and see it steadily; but this is a very different endeavour from seizing a great handful of experience and trying hard to see it whole.

"THE GLITTERING GATE" [1909]

In *The Glittering Gate,* we are wafted to a Lonely Place, which shows the golden Gate of Heaven in a granite wall of great slabs that overhangs an abyss hung with stars. There are only two actors, Jim and Bill, both burglars, and both lately dead. Jim has been dead for several months and has spent this time in opening innumerable beer-bottles which appear, as if by miracle, about him, and which turn out, one after another, to be empty. He has grown accustomed to the grim, sardonic Laughter of the Gods and has forgot the world. Bill joins him, freshly killed, remembering the yearnings of the life that used to be. Bill has brought along with him the "nut-cracker" that he had held in his hand at the moment when he was shot by a householder whose premises he had invaded. Bill endeavours to drill open with his "nut-cracker" the golden Gate of Heaven. Jim—the tired soul—is little interested, until the gold of the great gate begins to yield like cheese. Then both of these dead burglars give their minds up to imagining the glorious immensity of Heaven. Bill's mother will be there, and also a girl with yellow hair whom Jim remembers dimly behind a bar at Wimbledon. Slowly the great gate swings open, "revealing empty night and stars." Bill, "staggering and gazing into the revealed Nothing, in which far stars go wandering," says,—"Stars. Blooming great stars. There *ain't* no Heaven, Jim." A cruel and violent laughter is heard off-stage. As it grows louder and more sardonic, Jim replies,—"That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that!" And, as the curtain falls, the laughter still howls on.

"KING ARGIMENES AND THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR" [1911]

King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior is, perhaps, the least impressive of the plays of Lord Dunsany. King Argimenes has been conquered and enslaved by King Darniak; and we meet the hero suffering from hunger in the slave-fields of his conqueror. In passing, it may be interesting to note that the picture of hunger here presented was drawn from the author's memory of certain days in South Africa when Lord Dunsany and his soldiers sat hungry on the ground.

King Argimenes, digging in the earth, discovers the buried sword of some Unknown Warrior. The possession of this sword gives him courage to command. He slays, one by one, the six guards of the slave-fields, and arms with their

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weapons six of his fellow-slaves. Then he storms the armory of King Darniak and overturns the image of the God Illuriel. This play, which appears to be an allegory of the sense of power which is given to a man when he becomes possessed of the symbols of dominion, is effectively theatrical; but the outcome seems less inevitable than that of Lord Dunsany's other plays.

"THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN" [1911]

We come now to consider the greatest, if not the most effective, play of Lord Dunsany, *The Gods of the Mountain.* This piece was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London. Mr. Austin Strong, who saw and remembered this impressive presentation, was the stage-director of the first production in America, which was shown behind closed doors by the Amateur Comedy Club of New York City in the fall of 1915. This production in every respect was masterly; and all who saw it will remember the occasion with credit to Mr. Strong and to the many other members of the Amateur Comedy Club who helped him to achieve a great projection of a great play. The subsequent professional production by Mr. Stuart Walker, of the Portmanteau Theatre, was inferior to that of the Amateur Comedy Club, because the spacious grandeur of the play was inevitably dwarfed by the diminutive proportions of the Portmanteau stage. But even a second-rate production of this masterpiece is more impressive than a first-rate production of nearly any other play by any other modern author.

Three beggars are discovered, seated on the ground outside a city wall, lamenting that the days are bad for beggary. To them appears the super-beggar Agmar, from another city, accompanied by a faithful servant, Slag. Slag asserts that his master is a man of big ideas and that he has come to captivate the city by his cunning. Agmar sends a thief into the town to steal green raiment, and explains to the beggars that they will enter the city as gods,—the seven gods that are carved from green stone in the mountains of Marma. "They sit all seven of them against the hills. They sit there motionless and travellers worship them. They are of green jade. They sit cross-legged with their right elbows resting on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upward. We will come into the city disguised, from the direction of Marma, and will claim to be these gods. We must be seven as they are. And when we sit we must sit cross-legged as they do, with the right hand uplifted."

When the thief returns, with green garments, the other beggars wish to put them on over their rags; but Agmar has a subtler plan. They must not look like beggars disguised as gods; they must look like gods disguised as beggars. He tears the green garments into strips and makes each beggar don a shred beneath his rags so that the green shall show through only casually. Thus arrayed, the beggars enter the city of Kongros, and sit cross-legged in the Metropolitan Hall, in the attitude of the gods of the mountain.

Agmar has caused a prophecy to be bruited abroad in the market-place that the gods who are carven from green rock in the mountain shall one day arise in Marma and come to Kongros in the guise of men. Many citizens now gather in the Metropolitan Hall and wonder if these seven are indeed the gods of Marma. Agmar never actually tells them that his men are gods; but he threatens them with dire penalties if they doubt revealed divinity. A sacrifice of food and drink is brought, with due obeisance. The other beggars eat hungrily; but Agmar refuses food and pours out a precious bowl of Woldery Wine, as a libation, on the ground. By this abstention he assures the citizens of his divinity; and the seven beggars are enthroned as gods.

But still there are citizens who doubt; and these doubters send two dromedary men to go to the mountains of Marma and see if the carven gods

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have actually left their places on the mountain-side. Agmar and his men are filled with fright when they learn of this expedition; and they are all the more astounded when the dromedary men return with the report that Agmar and his followers must be indeed the gods, since the ancient idols were no longer to be seen in their mountain-seat at Marma. Then a frightened messenger appears, falls prostrate at the feet of the seven beggars, and implores them not again to wander in the evening, as they walked the night before, on the edge of the desert, terrible in the gloaming, with hands stretched out and groping, feeling for the city. "Master," cries the messenger to Agmar, "we can bear to see you in the flesh like men, but when we see rock walking it is terrible, it is terrible. Rock should not walk. When children see it they do not understand. Rock should not walk in the evening."

When this crying messenger has crept away, Ulf, the oldest of the beggars, cries aloud, "I have a fear, an old fear and a boding. We have done ill in the sight of the seven gods. Beggars we were and beggars we should have remained. We have given up our calling and come in sight of our doom. I will no longer let my fear be silent; it shall run about and cry; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city; for my fear has seen calamity and has known an evil thing."

Then, off-stage, amid a horror of great silence, is heard the headlong heavy tramp of stony feet. The seven gods of Marma, carved of jade, stalk lumbering upon the stage. The leading Green Thing points a stony finger at each of the seven beggars, one by one. "As he does this, each beggar in his turn gathers himself back on to his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes stiffly upward with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the beggars sit motionless, while a green light falls upon their faces."

The gods go out. The citizens return. They find the seven beggars turned to stone. "We have doubted them," they cry, "They have turned to stone because we have doubted them." Then, in a great and growing voice, there comes a chorus, "They were the true gods. They were the true gods." It is thus that big religions are begun. The faithful soul invents the faith it feeds on.

To this simple and straightforward narrative,—so terrible, so beautiful, so true, so absolutely self-sufficient,—many critics have applied the academic adjectives "symbolical" and "allegorical." With criticism of this sort, the author is exceedingly impatient. In a recent letter to Mrs. Emma Garrett Boyd, Lord Dunsany has said:—"In case I shall not live to explain my work, I think the first thing to tell them [the American people] is that it does not need explanation. One does not need to explain a sunset, nor does one need to explain a work of art.

"Don't let them hunt for allegories. I may have written an allegory at some time, but if I have, it was a quite obvious one, and, as a general rule, I have nothing to do with allegories.

"What is an allegory? A man wants the streets to be swept better in his town or he wants his neighbours to have rather cleaner morals. He can't say so straight out because he might be had up for libel, so he says what he has to say, but he says it about some extinct king in Babylon, but he's thinking of his one-horse town all the time. Now, when I write of Babylon, there are people who cannot see that I write of it *for love of Babylon's ways,* and they think I'm thinking of London still and our beastly Parliament.

"Only I get further east than Babylon, even to kingdoms that seem to me to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World. I want to write about men and women and the great forces that have been with them from the cradle up—forces that the centuries have neither aged nor weakened—not about people who are so interested in

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the latest mascot or motor that not enough remains when the trivial is sifted from them. . . .

"Take my *Gods of the Mountain.* Some beggars being hard up pretend to be gods. Then they get all they want. But Destiny, Nemesis, the Gods, punish them by turning them into the very idols that they desired to be.

"First of all there you have a very simple tale told dramatically, and along with that you have bound, without any deliberate attempt of mine—so far as I know—a truth, not true to London only or to New York or to one municipal party, but to the experience of man. That is the kind of way that man does get hit by destiny. But mind you, that is all unconscious though inevitable. I am not trying to teach anybody anything. I merely set out to make a good work of art from a simple theme, and God knows we want works of art in this age of corrugated iron. How many people hold the error that Shakespeare was of the schoolroom! Whereas he was of the playground, as all artists are."

"THE GOLDEN DOOM" [1912]

In *The Golden Doom,* the playful aspiration of a little boy becomes inextricably intertangled with the destiny of a mighty monarch. The piece is set "outside the King's great door in Zericon, some while before the fall of Babylon":—and the reading of this simple stage-direction fills the ear with singing like that which Ibsen's Hilda heard in those inspired moments when she hearkened to the music of harps in the air.

This little boy comes to beg the King of Zericon for a hoop to play with; and, in the absence of the monarch, he addresses his petition to the King's great door,—a sacred door, which it is death to touch. When the sentries are not looking, this unthinking boy scrawls upon the iron door a little doggerel poem that is running in his mind,—using as a pencil a nugget of gold which he has fished up from the river near at hand.

This golden legend on the iron door is subsequently found and regarded as a portent. The King's great prophets are summoned to interpret it. They read it as a doom from the stars. The King's pride has been too overweening, and he is marked for ruin. Therefore the King, to symbolise the sacrifice of all his pride, lays his crown and sceptre humbly before the iron door and goes away bare-headed. The little boy comes back. His prayer to the King's door has apparently been answered. He regards the King's crown as a hoop, and the sceptre as a stick to beat it with; and he frisks away, delighted with his toys. When the King returns, his sacrificial offerings have disappeared. "The gods have come," he says, "The stars are satisfied."

"THE LOST SILK HAT" [1913]

The Lost Silk Hat has not as yet been acted in this country; but it has been produced by Mr. B. Iden Payne at the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester. It is written in a lighter vein than the other plays of Lord Dunsany. Before a house in London, a young gentleman, "faultlessly dressed, but without a hat," is standing, in a most embarrassing predicament. He has just said farewell forever to the young lady in the house; but, in accomplishing his tragic exit, he has left his top-hat in the drawing-room, "half under the long sofa, at the far end." Being a conventional young man, he cannot confront with equanimity the prospect of wandering about the streets of London without a hat.

A labourer, a clerk, a poet, stroll successively along the street. The young gentleman implores each of these in turn to ring the bell and to invent some subterfuge for recovering his hat. The labourer and the clerk regard him as insane and go their ways; but the poet lingers long enough to talk the matter over with him. The upshot of their conversation is that the young man eventually re-enters the house, against the protests of the poet, who pleads that it would be much more fittingly ro-

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mantic for the young man to go away to Africa and die; and that the young man, having been enticed once more within the dangerous precincts by the mere desire to recover his top-hat, nevermore returns from the toils of the young lady, to whom, once, in a dramatic moment, he had said farewell forever.

"A NIGHT AT AN INN" [1916]

On the night of April 22, 1916, three hundred people were gathered at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, at 466 Grand Street, New York City, to attend the first performance on any stage anywhere in the world of a new and theretofore unpublished play by Lord Dunsany, entitled *A Night at an Inn.** The audience which crowded the Neighbourhood Playhouse on this particular evening included less than half a dozen of those who, by professional connection, might have been expected to respond to the privilege of the occasion. Yet, when this great play by a great man was presented by the local company of Grand Street, it reached out and grabbed the casual auditors by the throat, and shook them, and thrilled them, and reduced them to a mood of inarticulate laudation.

To those of us who were present on that memorable evening, it appeared that *A Night at an Inn* was the most effective one-act play that we had ever seen. In the colder light of after-thinking, there seems to be no need to revise this judgment, except so far as to admit a reasonable rivalry on the part of *The Gods of the Mountain,* by the same author, and *Riders to the Sea,* by the dead but deathless poet, John M. Synge. One of these three is, assuredly, the greatest one-act play in the world; and the present writer will not quarrel with the choice of any critic for a verdict of uttermost supremacy among these three.

To tell in detail the story of *A Night at an Inn* would seem like the betrayal of a trust. Basically, this one-act play is nothing more than a melodrama of the "shilling-shocker" sort; but it is so irradiated with imagination that the terrible theatric thrill of the immediate performance is survived by a memory that serenely satisfies the soul. The theme of *A Night at an Inn* is identical with that of *The Gods of the Mountain;* but the later play is more terribly immediate in the medium of its appeal. Though a romantic work, it has a realistic setting; and the imaginative horror of the narrative is brought so close to the audience that the action is accompanied by audible gasps and groans and a nervous gripping of the arms of all the chairs. To write a more effective play than this would seem, in fact, to be impossible. *A Night at an Inn,* indeed, might be accepted without discussion as an answer to the academic questions, "What is a play?" and, "What is, after all, dramatic?"

"THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES" [1916]

The Queen's Enemies—as yet unpublished—was first produced at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, in New York, on November 14, 1916. It shows the author only at his second best; but the second best of such a man is better than the very best of most of our contemporary dramatists.

The story is a little reminiscent of *The Cask of Amontillado,* by Edgar Allan Poe,—an author whom Dunsany much resembles. A little Queen of ancient Egypt is annoyed by the fact that she has so many enemies. Therefore she invites them all to a banquet in an underground temple that is sacred to the Nile. They come—these mighty warriors—armed to the teeth, and accompanied by their retainers. The little Queen of Egypt is unarmed, and is accompanied only by a weakling female slave. She invites her guests to eat, to drink, and to be merry. The hostile warriors suspect the food, and feed it first to their subjacent slaves. They sus-

*A Night at an Inn. By Lord Dunsany. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc., 2 East 31st Street.

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pect the wine as well, and sedulously watch its effect upon their underlings. But the little Queen disarms their fear of poisoning by partaking eagerly and freely of the proffered food and drink. The banquet begins to be successful. Light talk flows merrily around the board. Meanwhile, the little Queen of Egypt and her attendant female slave edge their way gradually toward the only door. They make this door, dash through it, slam and bar it. Then the little, helpless Queen prays to the great god of the Nile. The river rises, and pours through a grating in the wall of the underground temple. In utter darkness, we hear the gurgles and the gasps that mark the drowning of the incarcerated enemies of the little Queen. Then a sudden torch appears upon the outer stairs. The Queen ascends serenely to the upper air. She has no enemies any more; and she will sleep in peace.

III

That these seven one-act plays of Lord Dunsany are great works, no reader or observer will readily deny. There remains only for the critic the cold task of pointing out the various influences that have contributed, more or less, to their creation. Lord Dunsany is one of the most original dramatists of modern times. In an age of realism, he has dared to blow a brazen trumpet in celebration of the ceaseless triumph of romance. In a period when the majority of minds have worked inductively, he has dared to think deductively. He has invented facts to illustrate a central truth, instead of imitating actuality in a faint and far-off effort to suggest the underlying essence of reality. He has imagined and realised a world "some while before the fall of Babylon" which is more meaningful in utter truth than the little world that is revealed to the observer of a Harlem flat or of a hired room in Houston Street at the present hour.

But no artist, however original, is entirely devoid of predecessors. Lord Dunsany has derived his inspiration from Sophocles, from Maeterlinck, from the English Bible, and from John M. Synge. From Sophocles he takes the theme that forever tantalises and invites his genius. This theme is the inevitable overcoming of the sin of pride, or *hubris,* by the primal power of *ananke,* or necessity. Like the ancient Greeks, Dunsany loves to show the tragic failing of a hero who has set his wits against the power of the God that rules the gods. In his greatest plays, he projects upon the stage a conflict between a super-man and a sort of idealised abstraction that may conveniently be called a super-god. In this conflict, the eternal law inevitably conquers the temporal rebellion. In this reading of the evermore recurrent riddle of destiny, Lord Dunsany agrees with Æschylus, with Sophocles, and with Euripides. Though never Greek in subject-matter, he is nearly always Greek in theme; and, in the spirit of his plays, Lord Dunsany has reminded us, more than any other modern writer, of the sheer augustness of the tragic drama of the Greeks.

In method, however, the plays of Lord Dunsany are related clearly to the early plays of Maurice Maeterlinck. Like Maeterlinck, Dunsany has the faculty of saying one thing and meaning many others. In this sense—and this alone—his writings are "symbolical." Before studying his collected plays, it would be well to re-read the famous letter concerning *The Divine Comedy* which Dante addressed to Can Grande della Scala. Most of what Dunsany writes must be read in three or four ways; and this is also true of the earlier works of the poet laureate of Belgium.

But the prose style of Lord Dunsany was derived from a source no less familiar than the Jacobean translation of the Bible. Mr. Björkman has reported him as saying, "For years no style seemed to me natural but that of the Bible; and I feared I would never become a writer when I saw that other people did not use it."

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The indebtedness of Lord Dunsany to the prose style of the English translation of the Psalms of David may be indicated by the following quotation from *The Golden Doom*:—"Because if a doom from the stars fall suddenly upon a king it swallows up his people and all things round about him, and his palace falls and the walls of his city and citadel, and the apes come in from the woods and the large beasts from the desert, so that you would not say that a king had been there at all."

And sometimes, in sentences such as the foregoing, we hear a haunting echo of the voice of another Irish dramatist, untimely silenced,—the ever memorable poet, John M. Synge. Synge was richer than Dunsany in amplitude of outlook and variety of mood. But, like his only immediate successor in the theatre of the world, he saw life steadily more easily than he could see it whole. Lord Dunsany would cheerfully have died to write a masterpiece like *Riders to the Sea;* and Synge, who now is dead, would cheerfully have flung his hat into the air in recognition of such a masterpiece as *A Night at an Inn*. Both these men were natives of "John Bull's Other Island." The world of art owes much —oh very, very much!—to this neglected outpost of European culture.

HEWLETT SINGS OF HODGE

BY MILTON BRONNER

Some seven years ago when I was preparing to write a monograph on the published work of Maurice Hewlett, I received quite a number of interesting letters in response to queries of mine, pertinent and otherwise. I had praised *The Queen's Quair,* and asked whether there were to be some more novels dealing with history. Hewlett replied that history fascinated him and that he rather expected to attempt a work on England written in a new manner. Most of the books dealing with the subject treated of great captains and kings, orators and statesmen, but ignored what after all was the most important character,—Hodge on his native glebe—Hodge standing there through the centuries, always the under-dog, always the producer of what others consumed. The true history of England, he said, would be the story of Hodge and how his fortunes were affected by wars and changes in dynasties, by revolutions, laws and tariffs.

There was in this letter—eloquent and exceedingly interesting—no hint that this excursion into history was to be anything other than prose. And now, at last, it has come in book form and is not prose at all, but a chronicle written in the iambic octosyllabics Hewlett loves so well. He has chosen the metrical scheme that Chaucer, Scott and Byron often affected. It is one dedicated, as it were, to the lighter epics in English and in which scholars find a resemblance to Anglo-Saxon verse.

For the first time in the history of English poetry a book of considerable weight is devoted to the cause of the common man. Hewlett, the aristocrat in the use of language, the painter of sophisticated heroes and heroines, here reveals himself as democrat, as patriot and as humanitarian. The note, of course, has been struck before. Crabbe did it. Gibson does it. As long ago as when "Piers Plowman" was written, we find Langland saying:

Some were for ploughing, and played full seldom,
Set their seed and sowed their seed and sweated hard,
To win what wastrels with gluttons destroy.

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In those three lines you have almost all the story of Hodge epitomised quite as well as Ernest Jones, Chartist leader and poet, could do it five hundred years later:

We plough and sow, we're so very very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay;
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Hewlett does not attempt the allegory of Langland, nor the lyric of Jones. He eschews both the narrative of Crabbe and the dramatic dialogue of Wilfrid Gibson. Instead, he reverts to the Anglo-Saxon manner and writes an entire chronicle upon the subject. He tells us that a sense of decorum, but not common sense, forbade him to call it "The Hodgiad." Hence we have *The Song of the Plow*,* in which he sets forth his theory that in England there are are two classes, a governing and a governed. Furthermore, these two are separate "nations," the governed being British with a strong English mixture of blood, the governing being preponderatingly Latin-French with a Scandinavian admixture. He admits without question that the tale he tells may be the stuff for prose, but claims also that in its broad outlines, its masses of lights and darks, it is a highly poetical subject. It is an epic subject, perhaps the only real one left, in the everlasting conflict it displays between privilege and custom, between the instinct to rule and the instinct to be free. And, furthermore, to help us, he says his theme may well be condensed in Aristotle's manner thus:

"A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourished his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, looked his master in the face, and his chains fell off him."

There is a prelude in which the author depicts Hodge as the man on the hill. Then there are twelve books dealing with twelve great periods in the history of Hodge and, finally, an envoy with a vision of England after the present war is over. In all there are some two hundred pages of verse. At times, in its style it reminds one of the pedestrian manner and the dry common sense of Pope; at times, of the jocular vein of Byron, with his air of ease, his rhymes that often come perilously close to doggerel, but illuminated by flashes of wit and genuine poetry. In the very nature of the task, with its necessary comment upon stubborn historical facts, there are often in the epic deserts where the oases are all too few. Then again these are followed by passages remarkable for trenchant comment, or for sheer beauty, or for lofty patriotism or pure humanity. This, despite the fact that in the twentieth century we have a poet who sprinkles his pages with such obsolete or unfamiliar words as "porret," "pightle," "kinch," "mesnes," "Bield," "palliasse," "chevisance," "botes," "lachess" and "theow."

In a book of this sort the poet must needs choose only epochal events for his pen. Otherwise, instead of two hundred pages, he would require two thousand. Hewlett made choice as follows: "The Star of Senlac," being the period when the Normans conquered the Saxons; "Curtmantle," the period of Henry II and of Magna Carta; "Bonaccord," when the first Franciscan monks in England brought religion to the common man; "The Black Prince," the day of that prince and of the Black Death; "Ragged Staves," when the peasants under Wat Tyler revolted against government; "Drenched Roses," when the houses of York and Lancaster fought out their bitter fight; "The Despots," when the Tudors under Henry VIII

*The Macmillan Company, New York City.

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and Elizabeth usurped all the power; "The Fall of the Kings," when Charles the First paid with his head for his follies; "Strong Deliverer," when John Wesley, for the first time since the Franciscans, brought the religion of Christ to the peasantry; "The Last Theft," when the enclosures acts, under the Georges, drove the peasants from the land; "Waterloo and Peterloo," from victories abroad to rickburnings at home; and, finally, "The Seething," being the history of Hodge from the time Victoria mounted the throne until the present war broke out.

There is wide scope here for the author. He not only presents essence of history, swift flashing pictures of men and events, but running comment upon political economy, and many allusions to things of our own day and time.

The great war has sobered and saddened Hewlett, as it has every man who thinks seriously about this world tragedy. Gone are the bright colours with which he used to delight to deck his pages,—the golds and azures and vivid greens and trumpeting reds. He realises that he is attempting an "epic of an agony." Here is no playtime task, no record of light loves, or of high-hearted days and poetic nights. He is working with the stuff that chroniclers use and like them he must "sweat deeds into words." And it must be admitted that sometimes we seem to see him sweating. We behold not the finished product, but the task of making it. The man who has given us some of our best modern stories about great men and women, now turns to the job of telling us about the trials of the plain and the humble. Hear his adjuration:

> Let the dark angel teach my pen
> The underchant which all the drums
> That go before to cry our lord
> Can never stifle, that which comes
> A bourdon from the tilth and sward,
> Not to be quenched, outshrilled in vain
> By clarion trumpet or bare sword. . . .

And once again:

> I must veer
> To dip my rustic-pointed quill
> In drabber ink. My ballad-scroll
> Must voice the anguish deep and still
> Of strife more bitter, where the toll
> Was paid in heartbreak and despair,
> And men made war upon the soul.

But even this feeling of seriousness does not entirely prevent appearances of the old Hewlett touch we know so well. We find it in the swiftly-told story of the love-making of old Henry II and the goosemaid, Ikenai; in the painting of the peaceful country village that Gaffer contemplates in the cool of the summer evening when the long day is done; in the magical picture of the heart of the forest, with all its various noises and sighs and whispers of animal and plant life under the shelter of night and the friendly stars. He may tell us of the time when

> the blackthorn flower is shed
> Like puffs of smoke on the blue sky. . . .

Or, more reminiscent of the novelist of the eternal passion:

> When two wan lovers breast to breast
> Cling to each other beneath the moon,
> Their wattled garret is a nest,
> Their rags spell out the holy rune
> Which makes them high priests of the night,
> And drums their hearts to a rapturous tune,
> The measure of their still delight.

In his main argument Hewlett wastes little time discussing kings, but he gives an adequate picture of most of those he does mention. In one of his early poetic works, *A Masque of Dead Florentines,* he displayed the ability to tell in a quatrain much of the life story of each of the men who made Florence famous and powerful. This same capacity for condensed description is notable in the present book. Thus we have this sketch of Henry II:

> There comes a man to hold this land—
> A freckled man, blinking and squat,
> A crook-kneed man of fidgety hand,
> In an old cloak and a vile hat,
> But Lord! a man!

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And here is the portrait of Richard II with a line that I have italicised because it is written and conceived in the grand manner:

Now reigns King Richard in his stead,
To flare the ruinous wake of kings.
Starry at first, on meteor path,
He spurns the ground with his bright wings,
Earth for his washpot, air for his bath:
Of Edward's harvest he must mow
The whirlwind for his aftermath.

And here is a pithy description of Elizabeth in which not one word is wasted:

They say she had no God, and truly—
  Only herself herself spoke plain;
They say she had no heart, unduly—
  England had that and knew it bleed.
Ruler of men, herself unruly,
  She school'd herself to meet her need.
Denied her sex, she play'd her part
  And held all England for her seed.

But, after all, those who are placed in the seats of the mighty pass and even their names lose some of their lustre, but Hodge remains, Hodge who bends to the plough, or plies his hoe, or herds the sheep. Hodge toils for a thousand years and is worse off at the journey's end. He has the privilege of reaping in sweat what he has sown in tears. Dynasties rise, dynasties fall, but he is still lowly Hodge:

He sees his masters, he gives them hail
  With hand to forelock as they ride by—
They that eat what he doth bake,
  They that hold what he must buy,
They that spend what he doth make,
  They that are rich by other men's toil;
They of the sword and he of the rake,
  The lords of the land, the son of the soil.

The bitterness of his lot has found a poet who writes bitterly. Never, perhaps, in English poetry save in the writings of an anarchist poet like Francis Adams or a half-mad anarchist like John Davidson, have the wrongs of the lowly been chanted in more spear-tipped words. Hewlett views the whole range of English history from the time of William the Conqueror down and finds little, if any, justice done to the peasant until our own day; and even then he deems the relief measures mere half-measures. Parliaments passed laws and nobles fought kings, rebellions flared up and great debates raged, but Hodge was too far down in the scale to benefit by the results achieved. There was, for instance, Magna Carta, glorified in the history books. Here, they say, was liberty at last for England; at last the power of kings was curbed. And then Hewlett points out that the great and famous document was a paper which granted liberties to the few, but no liberty to the many:

Charter of Liberties, they put it:
  God knows it was not Liberty's.
Liberty for a man to swing
  His villeins on his own park-trees!
Freedom to make freedom a thing
  Not to be hop't for! If Hodge hears
The pæan which the lawyers sing
  'Twere well he'd wax to plug his ears.
For this inspires their shrilling words,
  That lords have judgment of their peers,
And the terre-tenants—of their lords!

And in later days and more "civilised" times the story was the same. Enactments were made which seemed to do justice to the peasant, but which, in reality, made him more than ever the sport of his masters:

Hodge shall have leave his suit to press on
  From Court to Court, and take his plea
From Petty unto Quarter Session,
  From two landlords to twenty-three.

Borrowing from Byron some of his ire, some of his irony and biting sarcasm and some of his hatred for the Georges, Hewlett paints this unflattering picture of the happy, happy period when King George III could prate:

With wagging head and stammer'd word
  Of England happy, free and great,
With lords in parks beneficent,
  And peasants beaming—on the estate.

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All's well: the farmer pays the rent.
The labourer's worthy of his hire;
My lords are in the Parliament,
And God, like a reposeful squire,
Hears Cherubim and Seraphim
Sing Order to the tuneful lyre;
Wonderful order, made by Him
For angels and subservient nations,
Whereby alone His world goes trim
When all men keep their proper stations:
The highly placed, in their high places,
The lowly serving them—on rations.

So the chronicle is carried on, a story of how Hodge is pinched and cheated and starved. How Hodge is deprived of his privileges in the common land and next he is driven off his own tiny holdings until he is a mere slave for a meagre pittance when luckiest, and when most unlucky, a wanderer on the roadside, a beggar, or worse. We are told how the wicked land laws of England drove thousands of the sturdy peasants from the farms in order that privileged men might have their big estates and shooting preserves, a condition that England today, doubtless, rues, with its resultant dependency upon other nations for food, as contrasted with Germany's comparative self-sufficiency by reason of her intensive agriculture. And at last the story comes down to the beginning of Armageddon. The governing class goes out to fight, but what of Hodge, what of the governed race? Will Hodge, who had so little, offer so much that England now requires of him? Hewlett finds that the answer was a magnificent yea, one of the finest in history. And it was not due to any comprehension of English world-policy, nor to any understanding of England's needs in the North Sea or the Balkans or the Dardanelles. Hodge contemplated Belgium. He understood that a pledged word had been broken, that the mighty were oppressing the weak, that Belgium had been free and now was not. He could sense what the Belgian peasant felt when he was driven from his farm by the German hordes. He could see that England was threatened, liberty was threatened, the common man was threatened, and two hundred and fifty thousand of his kind, one-fifth of all the agricultural labourers of England, volunteered for active service. At last he and the lineal descendants of his ancient masters found a common cause to work for, fight for and die for:

See them swing out, of open face,
Clear-eyed and careless, having made
The Great Assent; with quickening pace,
With laughter and song! Ah, woodland glade,
How are you silent in your gold!
Ah, sunburnt hill and orchard-shade,
Ah, river twinkling manifold
Thro' meadow flats and meadowsweet,
These lads are young and ye are old,
Withal ye gave them of your teat;
For they are England even as ye,
Bone of your bone, meat of your meat—
Weep not, but hold a solemn glee
In that clear courage and deep pride
Which call'd your sons of each degree
To dare the terror side by side,
Norman and English, sinking name
In one—and that Tyrannicide.

The poem closes with a vision of a new Domesday when the maimed and the blinded and the injured and also the whole shall have returned from a war that has been won. There will be a universal desire to repair the wrongs of a thousand years, to restore English soil to Englishmen, to allow Hodge to stand on his own farm, master of his own life, free, independent, respected and self-respecting.

To avoid the shame
That England scorn her Empire-makers

each man will give a tithe of his land or of his money if he have no land. The belted Earl will give his thousand acres and the humbler land-owner will give his five roods.

So, the poet—Hewlett in prose is not so confident. Says he: "Some national resumption of land—if land be not offered spontaneously—must be made if

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the State will heed the call of honour as sharply as the peasantry heeded that of human necessity. I hope, though not without qualms of doubt, that some great act of national gratitude will be rendered to the working classes of Great Britain, to crown the worthiest international part Great Britain has ever played." One is led to hope that Hewlett's voice will not be as of one crying in the wilderness. There is so much that is fine in the spirit that animates his poem, so much real love of the common man, so much passionate truth, that it would be an evil day for England if it were to fail of recognition. With conscription, with censorship of the press, with curtailment of the right of free speech and free assembly, there is grave danger that this war, waged to crush Prussianism and all the evils the word stands for, may merely serve to Prussianise England. The clash of arms has placed democracy in dire danger in every one of the embattled nations. Hewlett's is a word of warning in time of great stress; his poem is a chant of democracy, of brotherhood, of liberty. Lest ye forget, he practically says to the present rulers of England, lest ye forget, here is the story of a thousand years of wrong. You say you are fighting for the liberty of the world. Do not forget to preserve liberty at home. And in your final hour of triumph—which is surely coming—do not forget the humble ones who made that great consummation possible by their sweat and their blood.

The earnestness of its appeal and the nobility of its spirit make the book a notable one of the war period, seemingly make sure for it a place in the history of English literature, and compel us to overlook its easily-discovered faults, because of its larger claims to our suffrages.

Gertrude Atherton will contribute an article for the February BOOKMAN *on the remarkable and interesting work for relief in France being done by a well-known American woman, Madame Waddington. "One American Woman for France" is the title of Mrs. Atherton's article.*

SIXTEEN YEARS OF FICTION

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

SIXTEEN years ago, in the issue of THE BOOKMAN for January, 1901, the present writer for the first time attempted to sum up the popular fiction of the preceding twelve months as indicated by the reports received from the various booksellers throughout the country. This summing up has appeared in every subsequent January issue. It has been frankly a compilation: nothing more. There has been no attempt to draw conclusions from the figures, or to point out evidences of improvement or deterioration in American literary taste. The story of the lists once told, the reader is at liberty to form his own opinions—to deplore the manner in which some favourite masterpiece has been neglected, or to fleer at that obviously commercial bit of construction and writing which has held a leadership indicating large monetary returns. The story told by these charts is not the story of sixteen years of American literature. But it is the story of sixteen years of the production of fiction in its commercial aspect.

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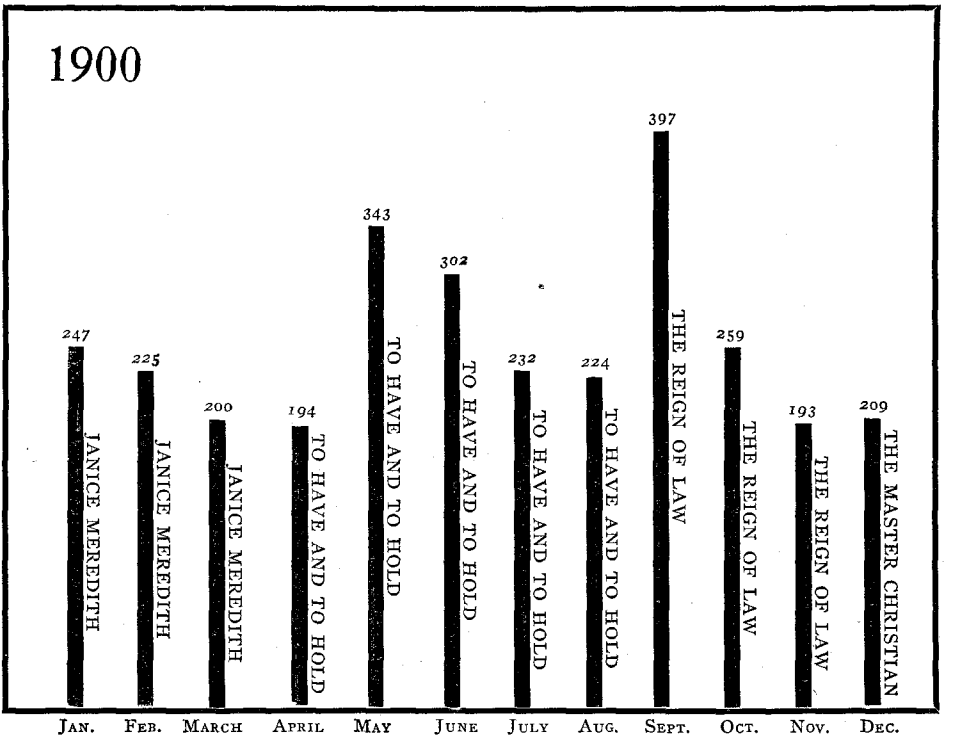

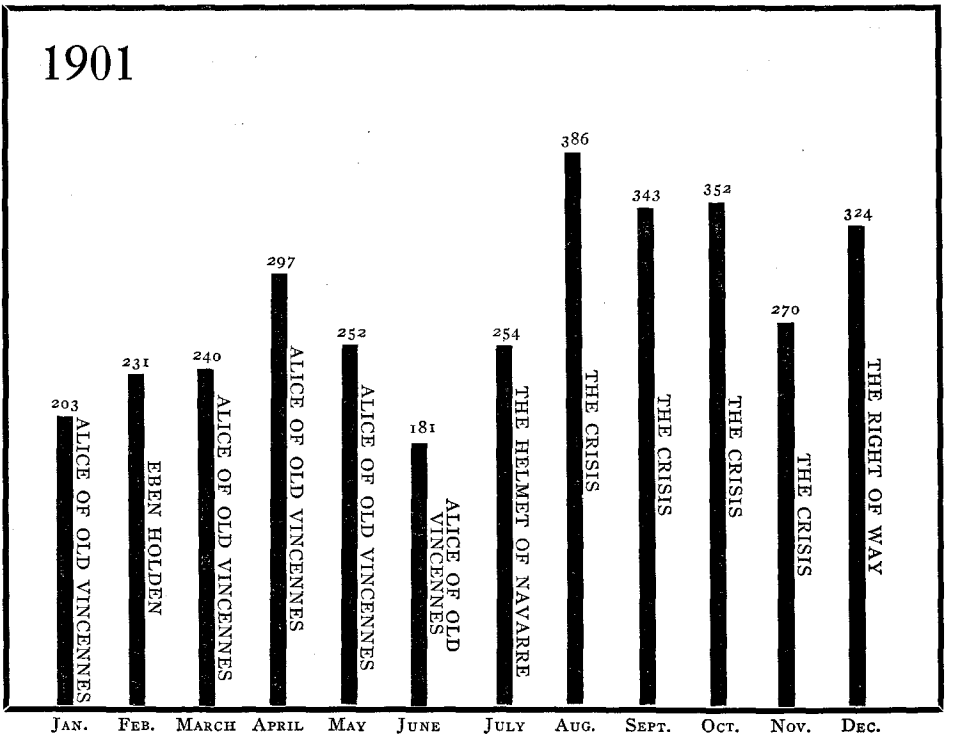

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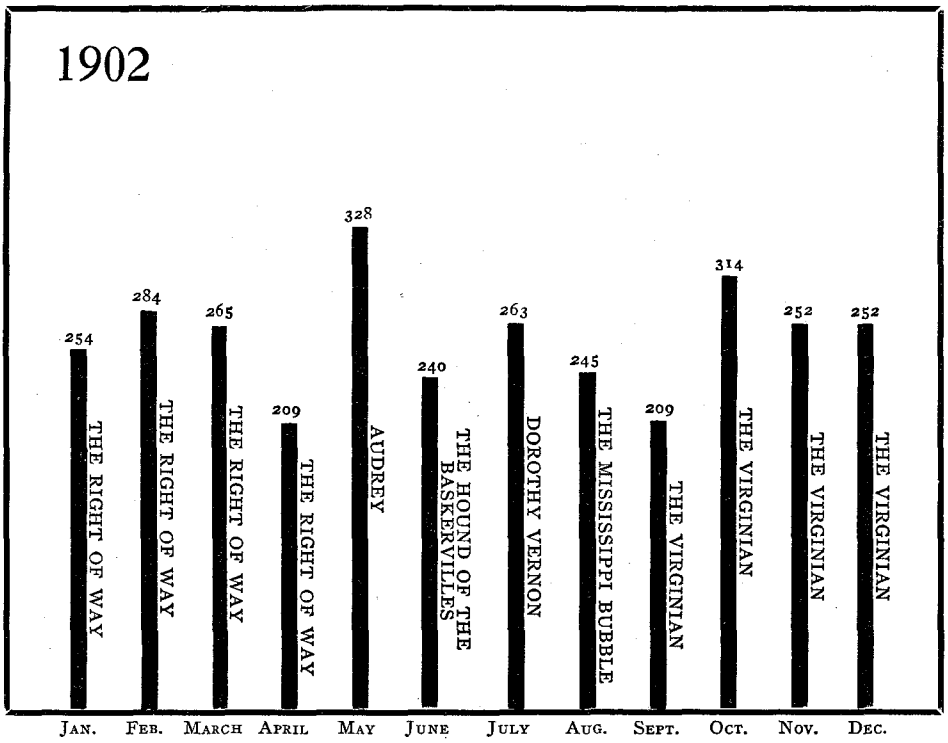

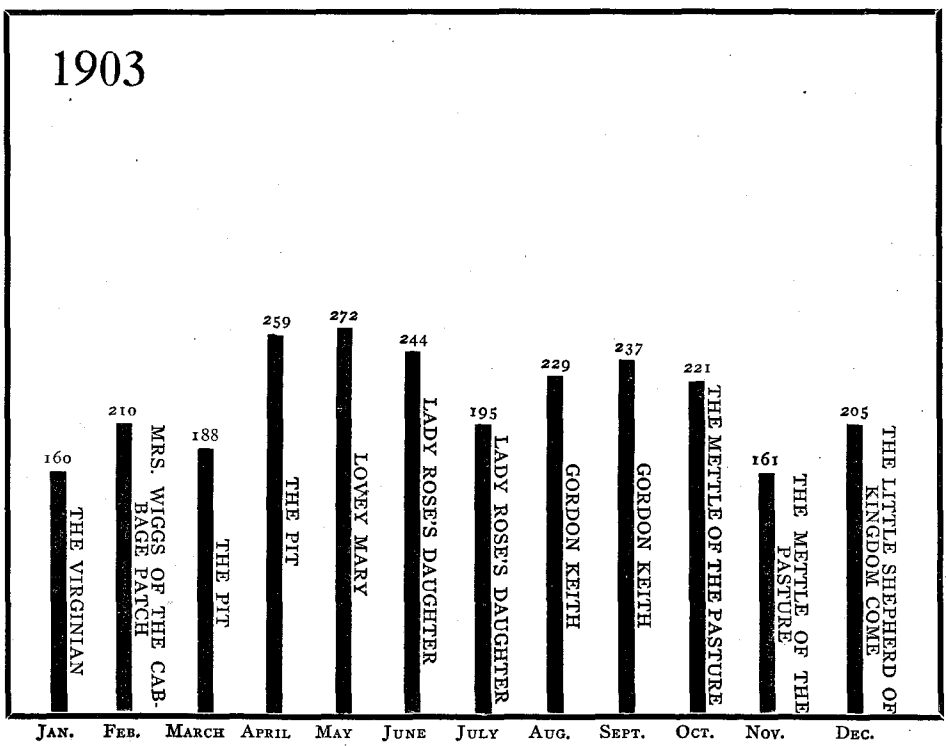

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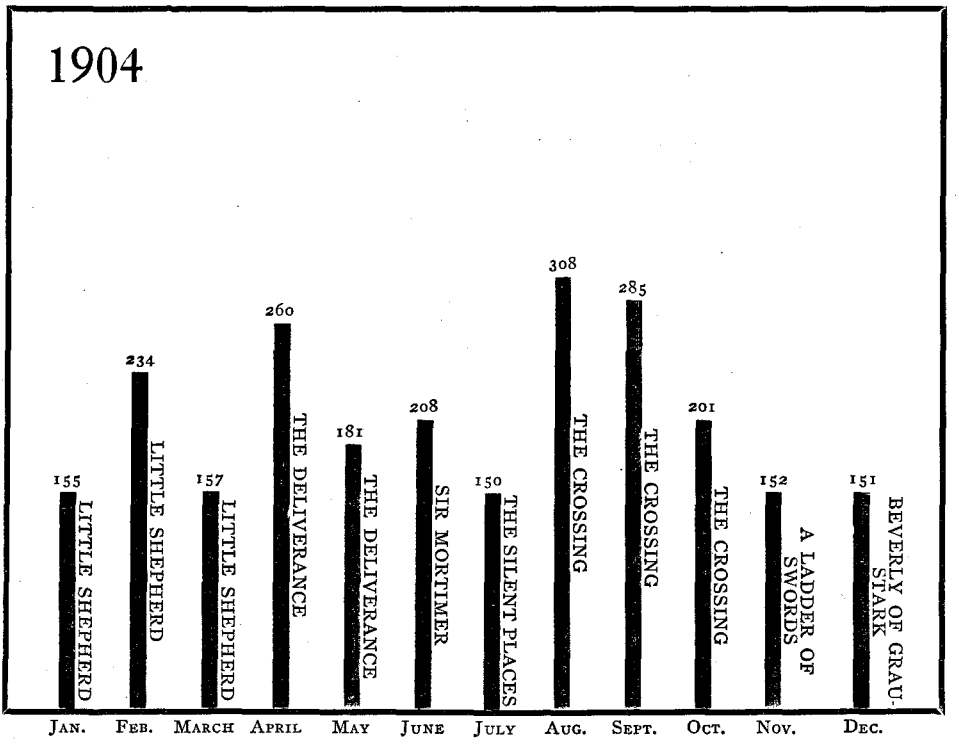

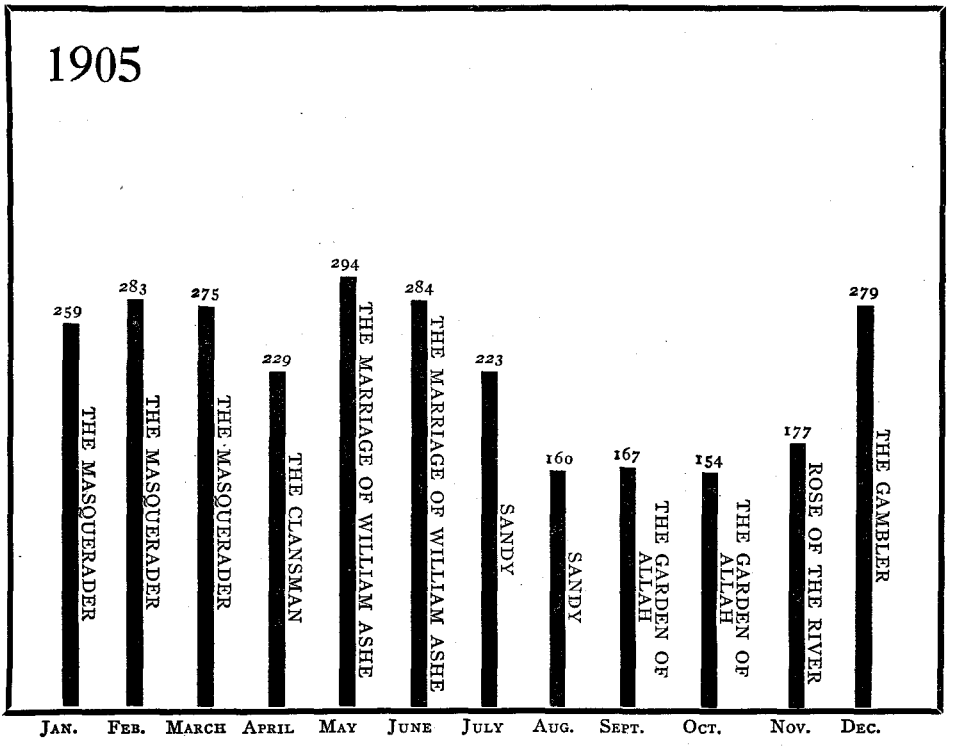

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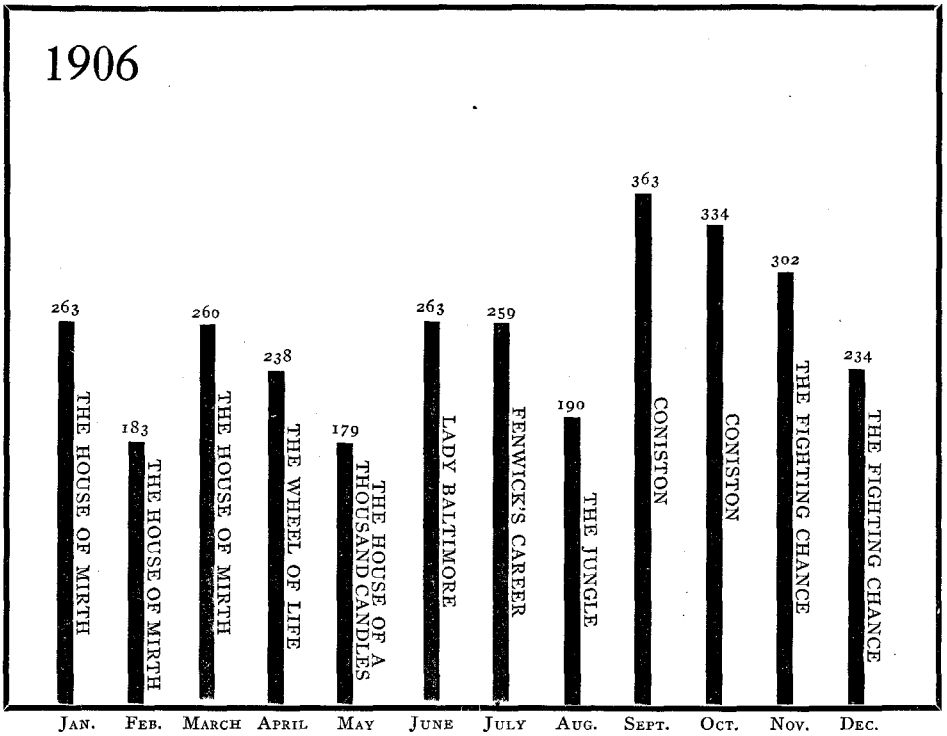

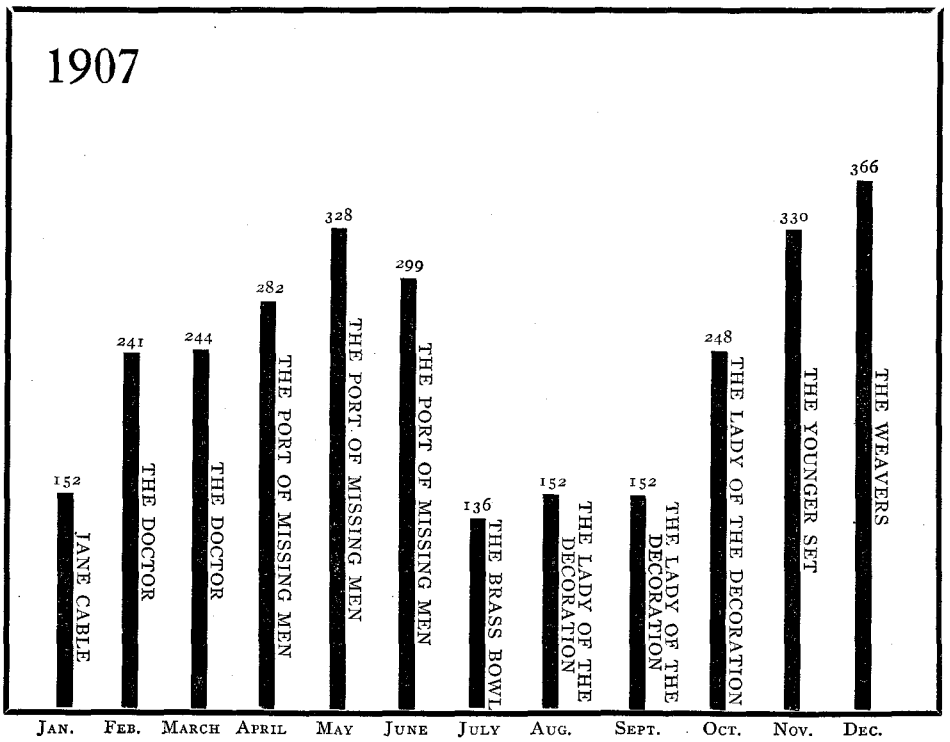

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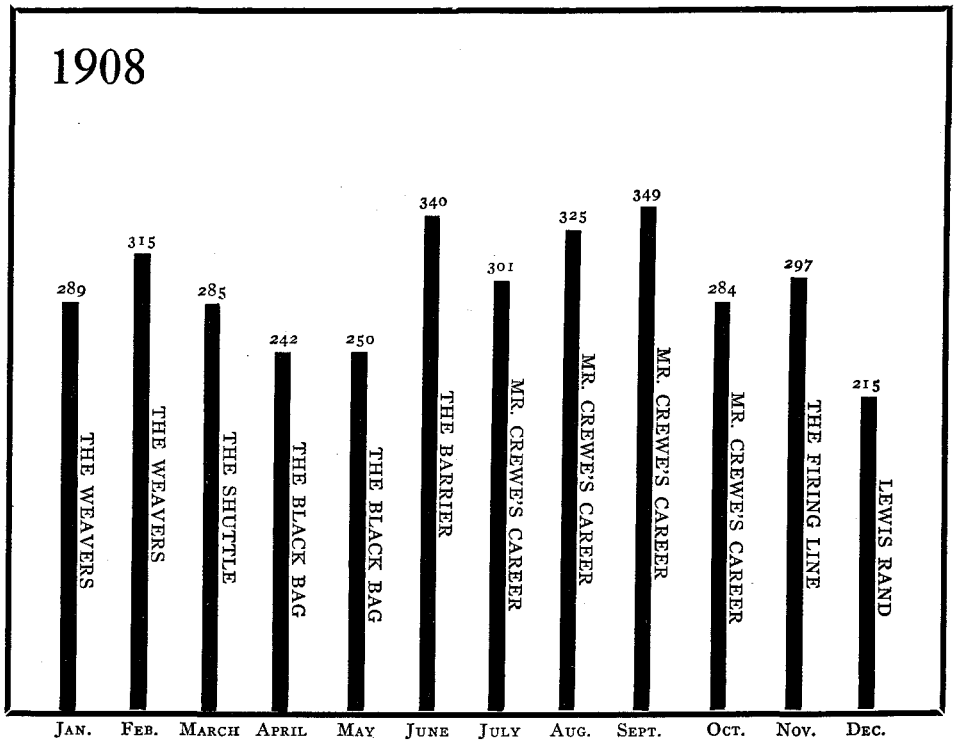

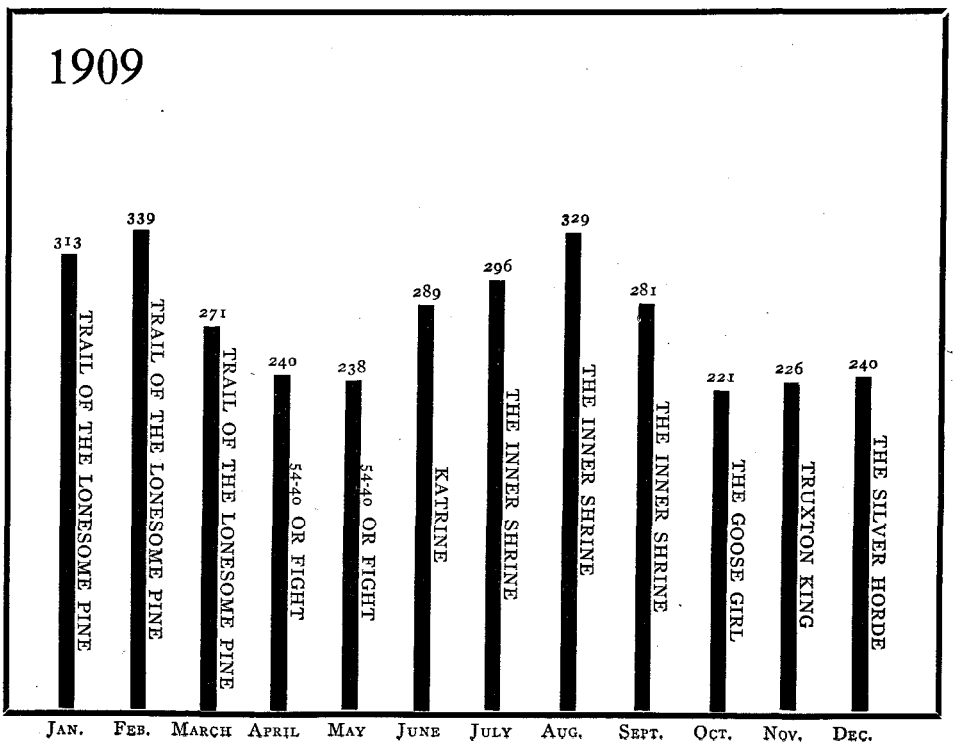

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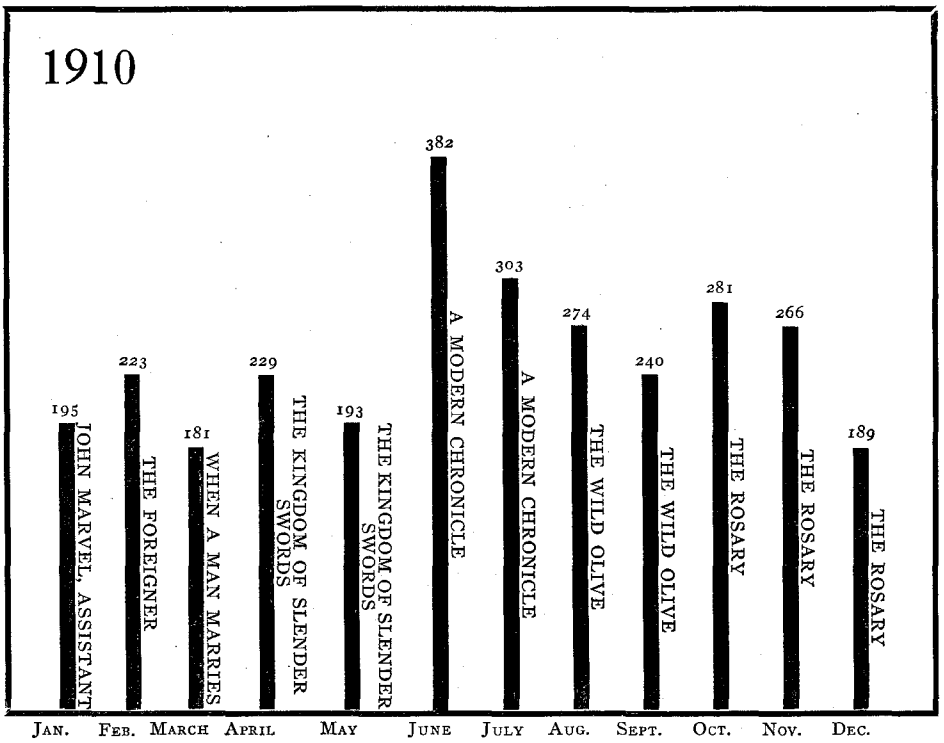

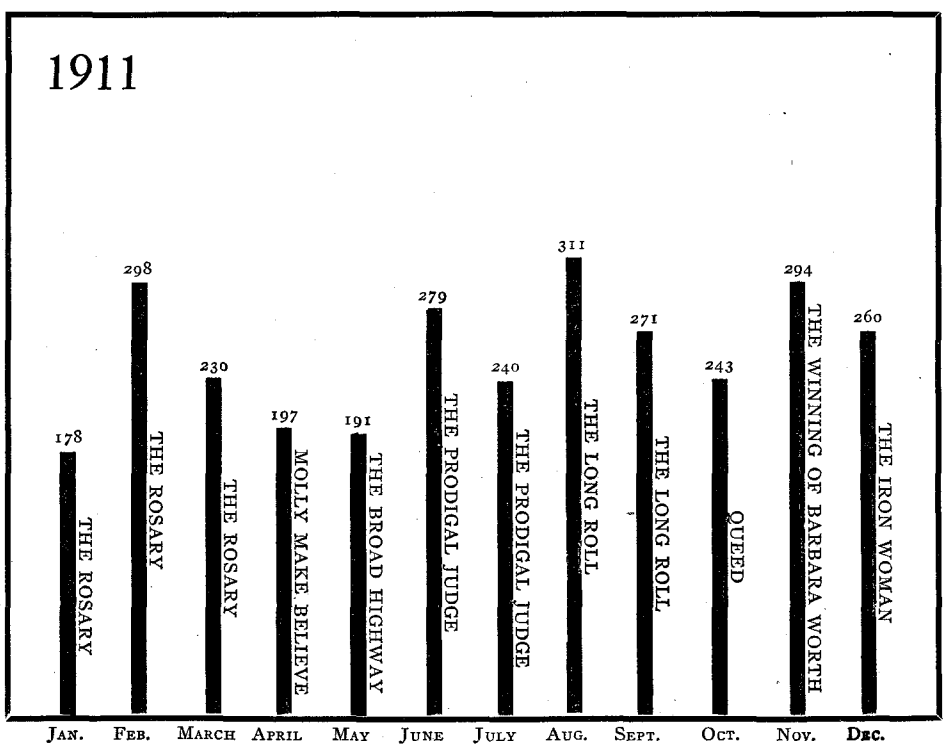

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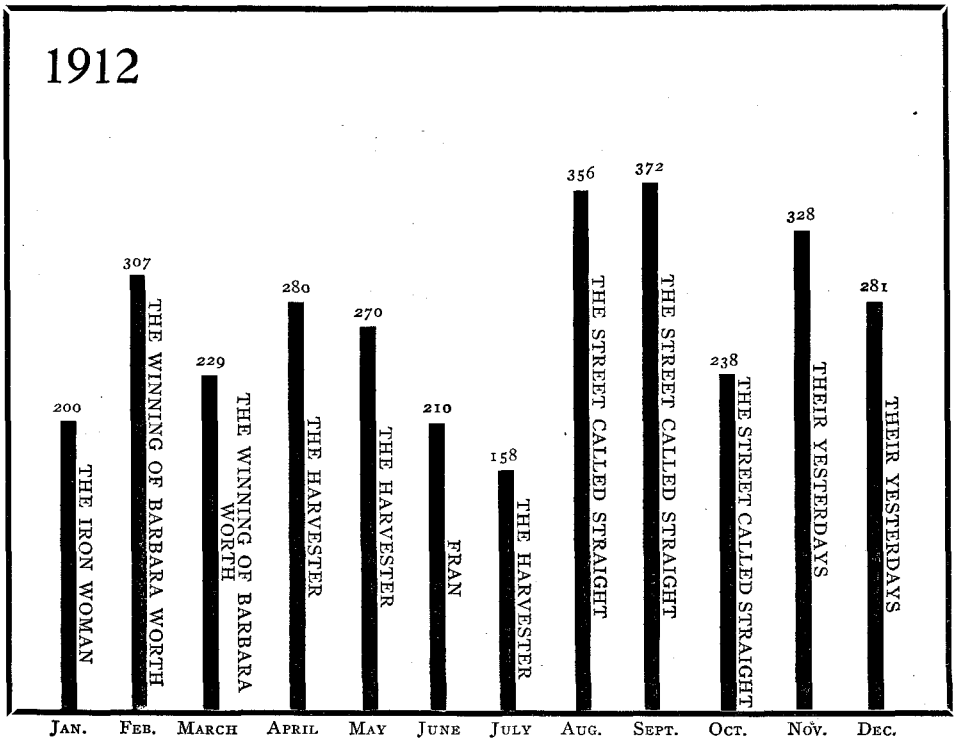

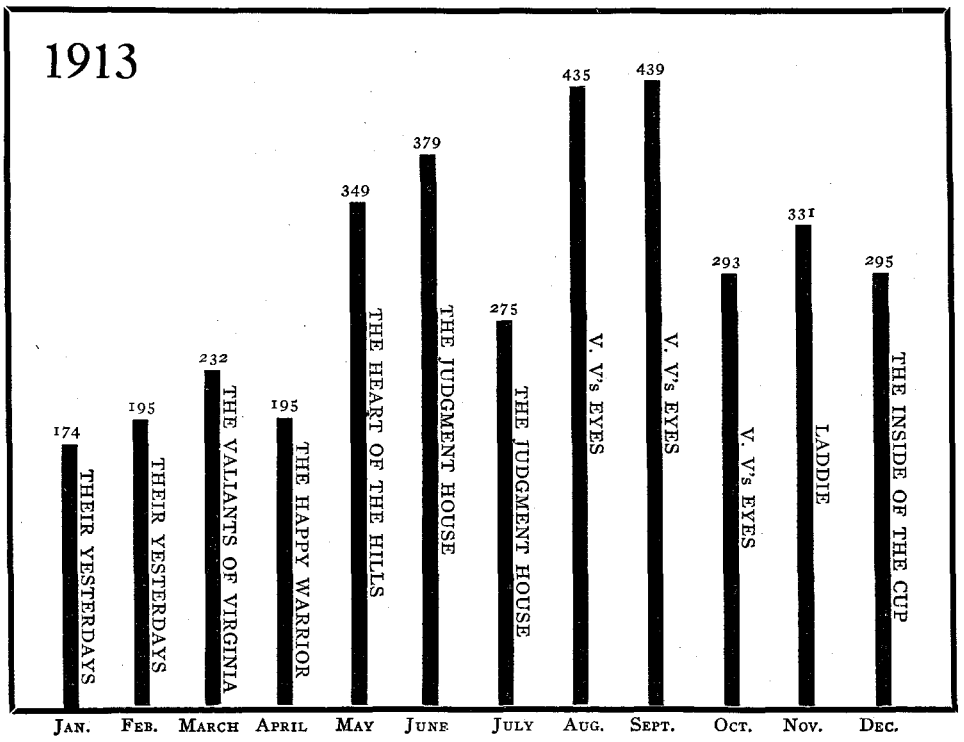

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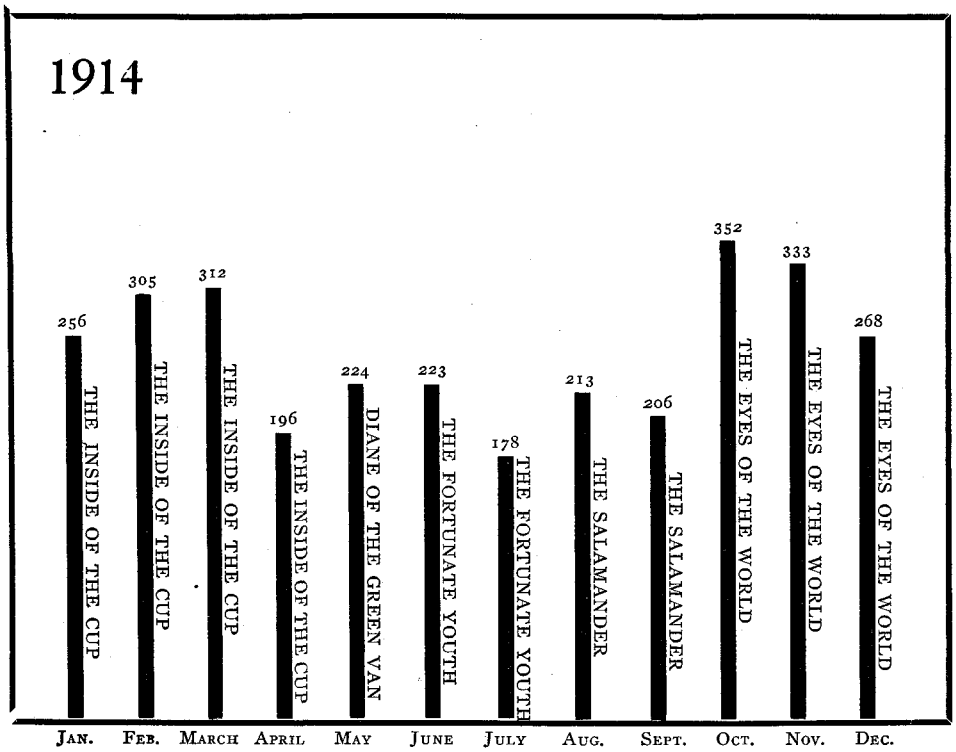

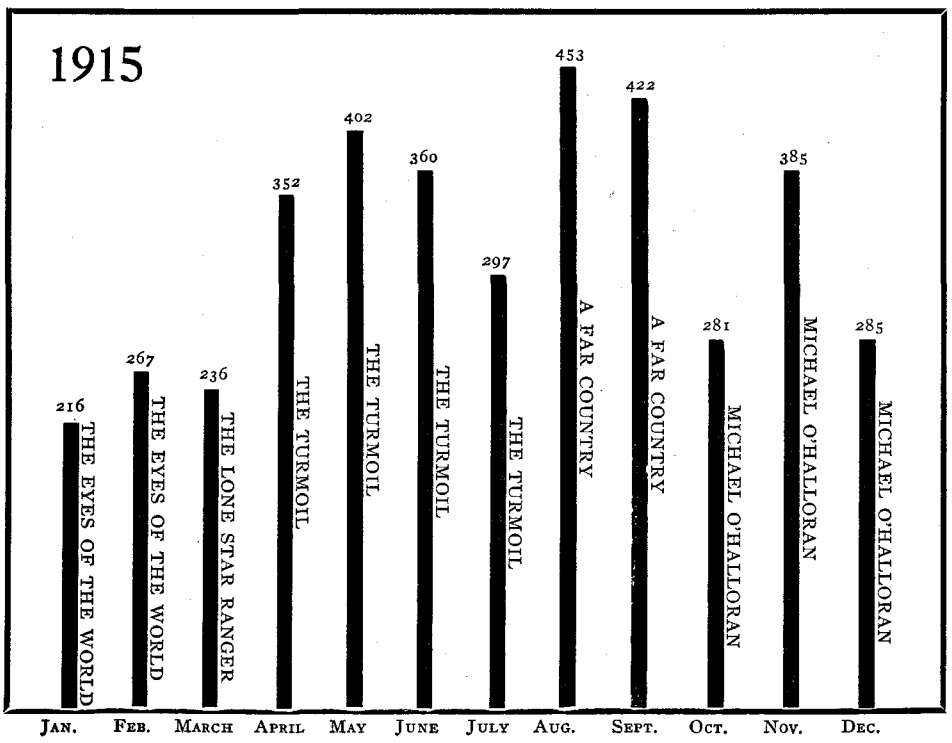

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Chronicle and Comment

Announcement

With this issue of The Bookman Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who has been associated with the magazine since October 1, 1899, retires from the editorship, having volunteered for service with the American Relief in Belgium. Mr. Maurice's place will be taken by Mr. G. G. Wyant.

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The Best of 1916

We have received recently a number of letters asking for an expression of opinion as to what novels published in the year 1916 are most likely to endure. Now that of course is merely a matter of personal feeling. Since early last spring the leading article dealing with the fiction of the month has been written by Mr. H. W. Boynton. So we have asked Mr. Boynton to select ten novels. These novels are not necessarily the best that the year has produced. But they are the novels which have left the greatest impression on Mr. Boynton's mind. Here is the list:

The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Fondie. Edward C. Booth.
These Lynnekers. J. D. Beresford.
Love and Lucy. Maurice Hewlitt.
The Spinster. Sarah M. Cleghorn.
The Conquest. Sidney L. Nyberg.
Windy McPherson's Son. Sherwood Anderson.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
El Supremo. Edward Lucas White.

• • •

Contrast Mr. Boynton's list, which may be accepted as representing quality, with the general summing up of the books of the year from the point of view of commercial prosperity. Not one of the books mentioned can, even by stretch of the imagination, be regarded as a "best seller." Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide* held second place in the November list and fourth place in the December list; Mr. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* was third in December. That is all. Yet among those books to be found in the popular lists which came under Mr. Boynton's personal attention were *Seventeen, The Side of the Angels, The Proof of the Pudding, The Border Legion, Nan of Music Mountain, The Prisoner,* and *The Heart of Rachael.* Perhaps there is some significance in the fact that these seven books, which Mr. Boynton reviewed, and then passed by in his final selection were all of American origin. For the first five novels of the ten chosen were all by English authors. All of which goes to prove that, despite our originality of theme and treatment, we are still a little behind the English in the craftsmanship of fiction.

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Books of 1916

It was the book of a woman that had led all the rest in the lists for October, November, and December of 1915. That book was Gene Stratton-Porter's *Michael O'Halloran.* Furthermore, the book of another woman—Mary Roberts Rinehart's *"K"*—had been second in October, second in November and third in December. Also scattered among the lists for these months were Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna Grows Up,* Leona Dalrymple's *The Loveable Meddler,* and Kathleen Norris's *The Story of Julia Page.* That feminine supremacy which had marked the closing months of 1915 was destined to hold over far into the following year. It was *Michael O'Halloran* that held first place by a margin of more than fifty points in the January list. It was a man's book, the late F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day,* that was second; but following it closely in third and fourth places were Jean

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Webster's *Dear Enemy,* and Mary Roberts Rinehart's *"K".* Then came Jeffery Farnol's *Beltane the Smith,* and Rex Beach's *The Heart of the Sunset.* The February lists brought changes of merely minor importance. *Michael O'Halloran* was in first place, having increased its point total to 219. *Dear Enemy* had passed *Felix O'Day; "K"* was again fourth, and *Beltane the Smith,* fifth. Tied for sixth place was Stewart Edward White's *The Gray Dawn,* and Winston Churchill's *A Far Country.* The latter had been one of the conspicuous successes of 1915, and its record of 453 points for August had been the highest point total of the year.

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With the March lists *Dear Enemy* had gone into first place. Rather closely grouped, occupying respectively second, third, and fourth places, were *Michael O'Halloran, Felix O'Day,* and a newcomer, Ellen Glasgow's *Life and Gabriella.* Fifth was another newcomer, Rupert Hughes's *Clipped Wings,* with Jeffery Farnol's *Beltane the Smith* in the sixth position. So far first place had been occupied exclusively by women novelists, and the April lists brought no change. This time it was *Life and Gabriella,* with a point total of 248. But threatening closely, only twelve points away, was Henry Kitchell Webster's *The Real Adventure.* The books that had been conspicuous in the first two months of 1915 were dropping out. Only *Dear Enemy,* in fourth position remained. Third in the April lists was Peter Clark Macfarlane's *Held to Answer,* and tied for fifth and sixth places, *Clipped Wings,* and Basil King's *The Side of the Angels.* With the lists for May *The Real Adventure* had just managed to squeeze past *Life and Gabriella,* the two books totalling respectively 180 points, and 178 points. Crowding the leaders closely was Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen,* with 170 points. Fourth was *Held to Answer,* fifth Gertrude Atherton's *Mrs. Balfame,* and sixth *Dear Enemy.*

Seventeen had been a newcomer in the May lists. With an even later newcomer, Eleanor H. Porter's *Just David,* it shared first place in the lists for June. The two were bracketed with the unusually high point total of 329. The leaders had a margin of 169 points over the third book in the list, which was Frank H. Spearman's *Nan of Music Mountain. The Real Adventure* was fourth, *Life and Gabriella* fifth, and *Held to Answer* sixth. With July *Just David* had wrested the leadership from *Seventeen,* but the margin of twenty-four points was not an impressive one. Again third position was held by *Nan of Music Mountain.* In fourth, fifth and sixth places were newcomers. These were Ethel M. Dell's *Bars of Iron,* Zane Grey's *The Border Legion,* and Grace S. Richmond's *Under the Country Sky.* Close as had been the race between *Just David* and *Seventeen* in July it was even closer in August. 202 was the point total for the first named book, and 200 for the second. That margin of two points meant that a woman's book had led six and one-half times out of a possible eight in the months from January to August inclusive of 1916. Third in the August lists was *The Border Legion,* then came *Bars of Iron, Nan of Music Mountain,* and a newcomer, Meredith Nicholson's *The Proof of the Pudding* in sixth position.

• • •

With the September lists *Seventeen* turned the tables on *Just David.* This time the margin was no narrow one, Mr. Tarkington's book leading by 289 points to 158 points. *Bars of Iron,* which had been fourth in both July and August, moved up to third position. In fourth place was a new book, Alice Brown's *The Prisoner,* with *The Border Legion* fifth, and *Nan of Music Mountain* sixth. By the time the lists at the end of the October issue came to be printed the books of the late summer season were in full swing. A new Harold Bell Wright book was in the field, and such a book, no matter what we may happen

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to think of its literary qualities, is always a dangerous competitor from the "best selling" point of view. This time it was *When a Man's a Man,* and in the October lists it held first place with 410, the highest point total of the year. Incidentally this was the first time that a Harold Bell Wright novel had appeared in the lists since April, 1915, when *The Eyes of the World* had occupied third place with 135 points. Second in October was a new book by another familiar author, Kathleen Norris's *The Heart of Rachael. Seventeen* was third. Two new books, Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Tish* and Robert W. Chambers's *The Girl Philippa,* fourth and fifth, while *Just David* held sixth place.

• • •

The point total of 345 for *When a Man's a Man* in the November lists was less impressive than had been the point total of the preceding month. Still it was sufficient to give Mr. Wright's book a margin of almost 200 points over its nearest competitor. That competitor was Margaret Deland's *The Rising Tide.* Third position was again held by *Seventeen.* This was the seventh consecutive appearance of Mr. Tarkington's book in the lists. *Michael O'Halloran,* from October, 1915, to March, 1916, had appeared in the lists for six consecutive months. Fourth place in November was held by *The Heart of Rachael.* Then came *Just David* and *Tish.* Again, not at all unexpectedly, *When a Man's a Man* was the leader in the December list. This time its point total was 306. Then came two books of English authorship making their first appearances in the lists. These were Sir Gilbert Parker's *The World for Sale* and H. G. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through.* A single point separated the two books. Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide* was fourth, and then came another book by an English writer, W. J. Locke's *The Wonderful Year.* By holding sixth place *Just David* scored its seventh consecutive appearance in the lists thereby equalling the record that *Seventeen* had made the month before.

JANUARY

1.	Michael O'Halloran	197
2.	Felix O'Day	146
3.	Dear Enemy	142
4.	"K"	130
5.	Beltane the Smith	98
6.	The Heart of the Sunset	77

FEBRUARY

1.	Michael O'Halloran	219
2.	Dear Enemy	192
3.	Felix O'Day	161
4.	"K"	119
5.	Beltane the Smith	91
6.	The Gray Dawn / A Far Country	72

MARCH

1.	Dear Enemy	191
2.	Michael O'Halloran	133
3.	Felix O'Day	129
4.	Life and Gabriella	106
5.	Clipped Wings	87
6.	Beltane the Smith	71

APRIL

1.	Life and Gabriella	248
2.	The Real Adventure	236
3.	Held to Answer	188
4.	Dear Enemy	125
5.	Clipped Wings / The Side of the Angels	79

MAY

1.	The Real Adventure	180
2.	Life and Gabriella	178
3.	Seventeen	170
4.	Held to Answer	124
5.	Mrs. Balfame	120
6.	Dear Enemy	103

JUNE

1.	Seventeen / Just David	329
3.	Nan of Music Mountain	160
4.	The Real Adventure	105
5.	Life and Gabriella	84
6.	Held to Answer	76

JULY

1.	Just David	311
2.	Seventeen	287
3.	Nan of Music Mountain	190
4.	Bars of Iron	162
5.	The Border Legion	85
6.	Under the Country Sky	84

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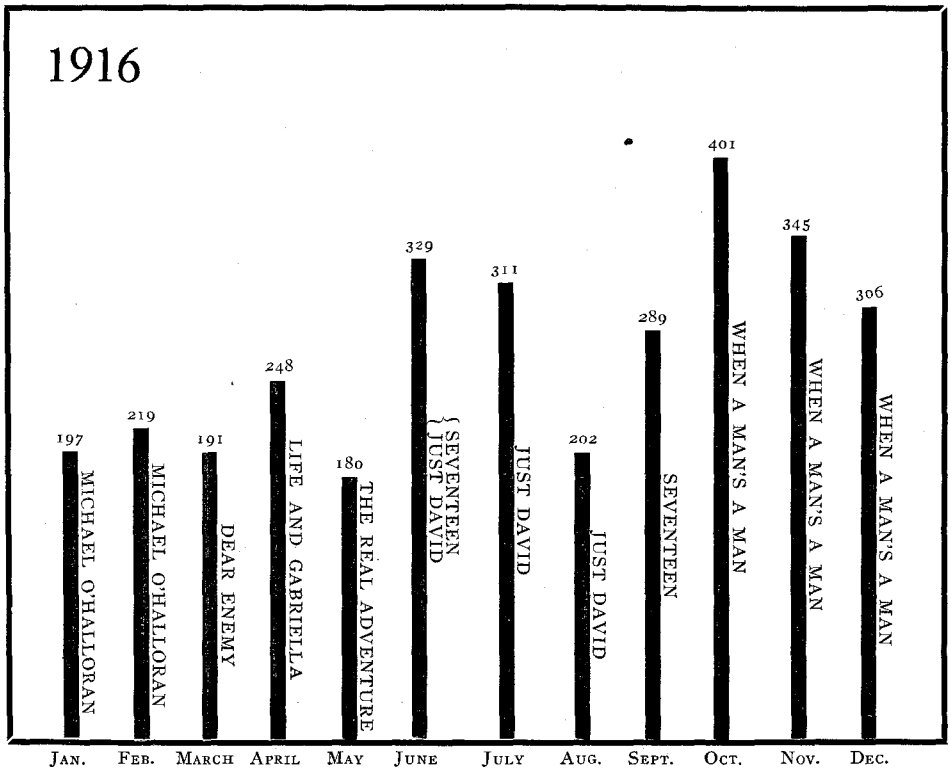

AUGUST

1. Just David..... 202
2. Seventeen 200
3. The Border Legion..... 149
4. Bars of Iron..... 118
5. Nan of Music Mountain..... 83
6. The Proof of the Pudding..... 81

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SEVEN TIMES MENTIONED

Seventeen, Just David.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

Dear Enemy.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

Life and Gabriella, Nan of Music Mountain.

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THREE TIMES MENTIONED

Michael O'Halloran, Felix O'Day, Beltane the Smith, The Real Adventure, Held to Answer, Bars of Iron, The Border Legion, When a Man's a Man.

TWICE MENTIONED

"K," Clipped Wings, The Heart of Rachael, Tish, The Rising Tide.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Heart of the Sunset, The Gray Dawn, A Far Country, The Side of the Angels, Mrs. Balfame, Under the Country Sky, The Proof of the Pudding, The Prisoner, The Girl Philippa, The World for Sale, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, The Wonderful Year.

• • •

In the lists for 1916 thirty books were represented as against thirty for 1915, thirty for 1914, thirty for 1913, twenty-seven for 1912, twenty-seven for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for 1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901 and twenty-nine for 1900. Of the books of 1916, eighteen were written by men and twelve by women. In no year has the preference for works of American origin been more in evidence. Only four of the thirty books mentioned were by English authors. This method of summing up the books and their fluctuations was first used in THE BOOKMAN for January, 1901. Only two authors who figured in the lists of sixteen years ago are represented in the list of the past year. These are Winston Churchill, whose *Richard Carvel* was running a close race with the late Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* toward the end of 1900, and Booth Tarkington, who was first winning recognition through the publication of *The Gentleman from Indiana.* Of the men and women who were "best sellers" sixteen years ago death has claimed Edward Westcott, the author of *David Harum,* Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower,* Marion Crawford, Paul Leicester Ford, Tolstoi, and Maurice Thompson.

The Tavern Sign

What is the most dramatic moment in Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle?* Is it Rip's discovery of the men of Henryk Hudson at their game of bowls, or the awakening from sleep to find the tattered clothing, the grey beard, and the rusted musket, or the descent from the mountain to the village where the changes of twenty years are summed up by the painted sign in front of the old tavern in which the features of King George have been altered into a likeness

A TAVERN SIGN OF A RELIGIOUS ORIGIN

of General George Washington? Reference to the Union Hotel in Rip Van Winkle's Catskill Village is made in Fritz Endell's *Old Tavern Signs,* recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In his chapter on "Political Signs" the author tells how the American Revolution left its traces on the tavern signs of the Yankee land. All over the new republic in the years following the surrender at Yorktown were tavern signs similar to the one which confronted Rip after his many years of mysterious absence. Very often it was merely the old sign, which had pictured the ruby face of King George, transformed. The red coat was changed to one of blue and buff, a sword was held instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath

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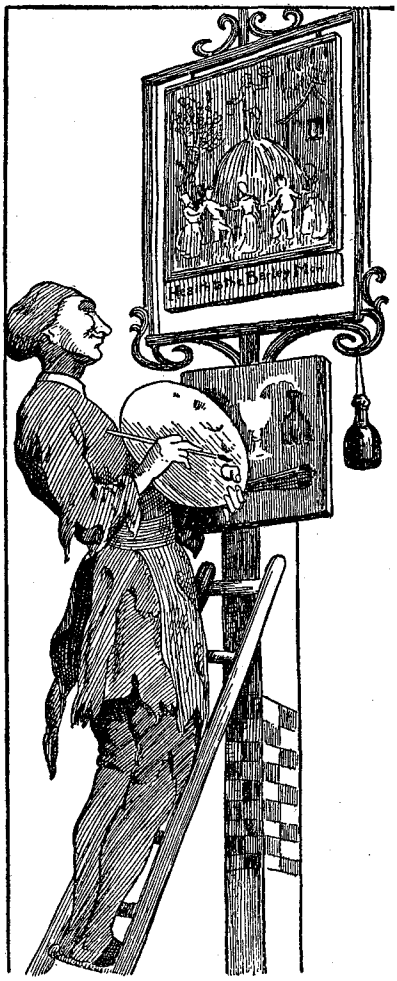
was painted in large characters, General Washington.

• • •

It is a delightful subject, to those who like to follow the world backward in the quest of romance, the old tavern sign. Rudyard Kipling's dour Scotch engineer, McAndrews, might have flouted it, preferring to think of a Robbie Burns who would "sing the song of steam." But despite his expressed scorn it is morally certain that once on shore McAndrews instinctively turned toward the hospitality that the sign beckoned. See him taking his comfort before the fireplace of the King's Arms or the Green Dragon in the High Street of his native village of Ayrshire or Dumfrieshire. If you are to travel in the genial company of Shakespeare or Montaigne, you must travel, as Mr. Endell has pointed out, from one tavern sign to another. The Golden Lion of Stratford-on-Avon was known in Shakespeare's time as Ye Peacocke Inn. Even The Red Horse, to-day extremely mod-



A SIGN PAINTER. FROM THE ENGRAV-
BY HOGARTH

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ern and uninteresting looking, goes back to these old days. In Washington Irving's time the place probably looked more quaint and cosy, if we may believe his praise of the old inn in the *Sketch Book*. "To a homeless man, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire."

THE HALF MOON. FROM A PAINTING BY TENIERS IN LONDON

Most of the tavern names Shakespeare mentions, Mr. Endell has pointed out, are true products of the Renaissance times when classical studies were extremely popular. Such are "The Centaur," "The Phenix," "The Pomegranate," and "The Pegasus." Shakespeare simply transplanted these signs of his own time from the London he knew so well to Genoa or Ephesus, places that he had never seen. The most renowned of all the Falstaff inns is doubtless

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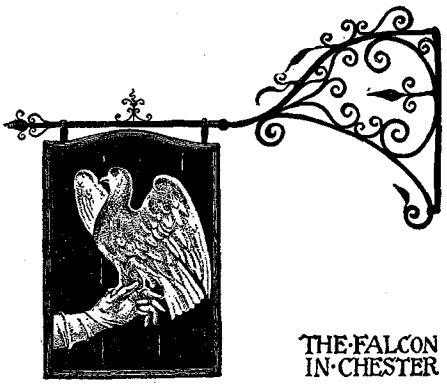

OPPOSITE THE FALCON SHAKEPEARE DIED

"The Garter," his real home, so vividly described in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Another of Falstaff's favourite resorts was "The Half Moon," where he used to consume countless "pints of bastard," and of dark Spanish wine. "The Tiger" referred to in *The Comedy of Errors* was, also, an actual sign of the times, as we hear of a "Golden Tiger" in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. On the other hand, the name of "The Porcupine," which occurs in the same play, is probably invented as a characteristic sign for a place of evil renown. Wandering through England the traveller occasionally crosses the path over which Shakespeare went with his company of actors. The court in the "George Inn" in Salisbury, to-day transformed into a pleasant little garden, was once the scene where the "Strolling Players," of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used to give their performances, and here Shakespeare himself acted when he visited Salisbury.

• • •

The Crossroads Davis

Of all the introductions in the twelve volumes that make up the Crossroads Edition of the novels and stories of Richard Harding Davis we think we like best that of Mr. Booth Tarkington which appears at the beginning of *Van Bibber and Others*. At any rate it is the least conventional of them all. Mr. Tarkington recalls the early 'nineties, when to the college boy Davis, himself very little older than a college boy, was a great man among great men. "His stalwart good looks," writes Mr. Tarkington, "were as familiar to us as those of our own football captain; we knew his face as we knew the face of a president of the United States, but we infinitely preferred Davis's. When the Waldorf was wondrously completed, and we cut an exam. in Cuneiform Inscriptions for an excursion to see the world at lunch in its new magnificence, and Richard Harding Davis came into the Palm Room—then, oh, then, our day was radiant! That was the top of our fortune; we could never have hoped for so much. Of all the great people of every continent, this was the one we most desired to see."

• • •

In the introduction to *The Exiles and Other Stories* Charles Dana Gibson, who was associated with Davis for so many years, recalls their first meeting. It was when the writer was twenty-four years of age. Dressed as a Thames boatman, he entered the smoking room of the Victoria Hotel in London, after midnight one July night. "He had been

THE SIGN OF THE THREE RABBITS

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rowing up and down the river since sundown, looking for colour. He had evidently peopled every dark corner with a pirate, and every floating object had meant something to him. He had adventure written all over him. It was the first time I had ever seen him, and I had never heard of him. I can't now recall another figure in that smoke filled room. I don't remember who introduced us—over twenty-seven years have passed since that night. But I can see Dick now, dressed in a rough brown suit, a soft hat, with a handkerchief about his neck, a splendid, healthy, clean-minded, gifted boy at play. And so he always remained. His going out of this world seemed like a boy interrupted in a game he loved. And how well and fairly he played it! Surely no one deserved success more than Dick, and it is a consolation to know that he had more than fifty years of just what he wanted. He had health, a great talent and personal charm. There never was a more loyal or unselfish friend. There wasn't an atom of envy in him. He had unbounded mental and physical courage, and with it all he was sensitive and sometimes shy. He often tried to conceal these last two qualities, but never succeeded in doing so from those who were privileged really to know and love him."

• • •

Eighteen or nineteen years ago, before he became a literary personage with the success of *Richard Carvel*, Winston Churchill printed a little book entitled *The Celebrity*. It parodied rather cleverly the poses and the eccentricities of an exceedingly youthful American novelist, and the general impression at the time was that Mr. Churchill had written the story for the purpose of lampooning Richard Harding Davis. Whatever the truth of the matter may have been, in later years, Mr. Davis and Mr. Churchill became very good friends, and in the Crossroads Edition Mr. Churchill contributes the introduction to that most delightful of dog stories, *The Bar Sinister*. The introduction recalls a day eighteen years ago in Marion, Massachusetts. The writer, who was already a success, and the writer who was destined to be a success, were companions in the stage journeying to the station. Mr. Churchill recalls that the recognition brought him a thrill. Here was the creator of Gallegher. To quote: "It happened also, after entering the smoking car, that the remaining vacant seat was at my side, and here Mr. Davis established himself. He looked at me, he asked if my name was Winston Churchill, he said he had read my book. How he guessed my identity I did not discover. But the recollection of our talk, the strong impression I then received of Mr. Davis's vitality and personality, the liking I conceived for him —these have neither changed nor faded with the years—and I recall with gratitude to-day the kindliness, the sense of fellowship always so strong in him that impelled him to speak as he did. A month before he died, when I met him on the train going to Mount Kisco he had not changed."

• • •

One of Davis's closest friends of the later years was Gouverneur Morris, his neighbour at Mt. Kisco. Mr. Morris contributes the introduction to *The Red Cross Girl*. But we quoted from that introduction last July soon after it appeared as a tribute in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. So instead we shall turn to some of the recollections of another friend of later life, John T. McCutcheon, who in the volume *The Lost Road* writes of "With Davis in Vera Cruz, Brussels and Salonika." It is a delightfully human Davis that McCutcheon pictures. He carried his bath tub, his immaculate linen, his evening clothes, his war equipment—in which he had the pride of a connoisseur—wherever he went. He was the only man who wore a dinner coat in Vera Cruz. In Belgium he wore the khaki uniform which he had worn in many campaigns and across his breast was a narrow bar of silk ribbon indicating the campaigns in which he had served as a correspondent.

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He so much resembled a British officer that the Germans arrested him and informed him that he would be shot at once. He escaped only by offering to walk to Brand Whitlock, in Brussels, reporting to each officer he met on the way. In November of the following year Davis and McCutcheon were again together in Salonika. The weather was penetratingly cold yet every morning would find Davis standing in his portable bath tub drenching himself with ice cold water. As an exhibition of courageous devotion to an established custom of life it was admirable, but it was hardly prudent. For some reason his system failed to react from these baths, and elsewhere, on several occasions, he caught the Balkan chill. Even in a room like an oven he complained of the cold. When he left Salonika it was on a crowded little Greek steamer. The correspondents gave him a farewell dinner after which they rowed out to his ship and saw him very uncomfortably installed for the voyage. "He came down the sea ladder and waved his hand as we rowed away," writes Mr. McCutcheon. "That was the last I saw of Richard Harding Davis."

• • •

The relation of Richard Harding Davis's personality to his books is the theme upon which Finley Peter Dunne harps in the introduction to *The Scarlet Car*. "His books were sold in great numbers," says Mr. Dunne, "but it might be said in terms of the trade that his personality had a larger circulation than his literature. He probably knew more waiters, generals, actors, and princes, than any man that ever lived, and the people he knew best are not the people who read books. They write them or are a part of them. Besides if you knew Richard Davis you knew his books. He translated himself literally, and no expurgation was needed to make the translation suitable for the most innocent eyes. He was the identical chivalrous young American or Englishman who strides through his pages in battalions to romantic death or romantic marriage. Every one speaks of the extraordinary youthfulness of his mind, which was still fresh at an age when most men find avarice or golf a substitute for former pastimes. He not only refused to grow old himself, he refused to write about old age. There are a few elderly people in his books, but they are vague and shadowy. They serve to emphasize the brightness of youth, and are quickly blown away when the time for action arises."

• • •

The Beefsteak Club

The scene of Richard Harding Davis's *In the Fog* was a London club referred to in the story as the "Grill." It was, Mr. Davis told us, the club the most difficult of access in the world. It had blackballed Royal Dukes and Prime Ministers. The "Grill" was in reality the Beefsteak Club, which, incidentally, is described by Allan McLane Hamilton in his recently published *Recollections of an Alienist*. Although the Beefsteak, as it is to-day, dates only from 1876, it traces its lineage to the Sublime Society of the Beefsteaks, which was founded in 1709. Hogarth, and all the other celebrated men of the time, were members of the club, which was housed in a room in the upper part of Covent Garden Theatre. The present Beefsteak, whose list of members includes some of the most noted Englishmen in every profession, and where one is sure of finding a congenial companion at dinner, has a collection of quaint and antique silver, including some of the relics of the first Beefsteak, among them the ring and sword of Garrick.

• • •

Dr. Hamilton holds Robert Hichens and his *Garden of Allah* responsible for ruining the charm of Biskra, that curious little oasis in the upper part of the Great Desert of Sahara. *The Garden of Allah* appeared in 1905, and Dr. Hamilton visited Biskra in 1908. He writes:

I have no doubt that if one could have examined the belongings of each passenger

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there would have been found at least one copy of the *Garden of Allah,* and when we reached the Hotel Royal several of the characters of the novel were on hand. There were numerous guides who claimed to be the original Batouch, and one had a card inscribed "recommandé par M. Hitching." We contented ourselves with a very good-looking young Arab, one Gatouchi whose modest claim was that he was the cousin of "the original Batouch," which was a sufficient mark of distinction for most people. We later saw in the dining-room of the hotel a rather wan-looking, middle-aged Scotch lady who had married an Austrian nobleman, and was said to be the original *Domini,* the soulful heroine of Mr. Hichens's romance, and later we had an interview with *Larbé,* the sentimental and musical young negro whose flute was ever ready to charm the sympathetic tourist for a few centimes.

• • •

One of Dr. Hamilton's classmates when he was a student at the old New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, when it was on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, was the late Dr. E. L. Trudeau, who was so closely associated with Robert Louis Stevenson at Saranac. Hamilton was Trudeau's best man at his marriage, but lost sight of him when Trudeau sought the asylum of the North Woods—the only place where he could live without having hemorrhages. Of Trudeau as a youth he writes:

Trudeau, while not a brilliant student at college, was a most charming person, devoted to outdoor sport—a hunter and fisherman and a great deal of a Bayard. His ideals in his profession were the highest, and he devoted himself to his life's work without any reward whatever, helping the unfortunates who flocked to the North Woods. He was pathetically humourous about his own sad condition, and when at the occasion of our last meeting I asked him when he would return to New York again, he said: "Well, Allan—this left lung is all gone, and the right nearly put out of business, and it is all a matter of pulmonic economics, but I shall stick to my work to the last and see my friends as long as I last."

KEATS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Nor as the pale youth dying piteously
  Upon a lonely pallet in old Rome,
  I think of Keats, nor lying 'neath the loam,
With violets covered and the laurel tree;
But where the long swell of the Ægean Sea
  Upon the shores of Latmos flings its foam,
  A happy wanderer 'neath the cloudless dome
I dream of him, a spirit blithe and free.

Here seems he one with glad Endymion,
  Roving the windings of some moon-lit dale,
    Assoiled of all the sorrows of the years;
  Hearing the rapture of the nightingale,
And knowing love's ecstatic benison
    Beyond the poignant touch of mortal tears!

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE best stories of this holiday season seem to be almost without exception romantic. They belong more or less frankly to the world of fancy rather than to the world of fact, deal in glamour and action rather than in "real" life and character. Or, perhaps, they deal in some of those materials of reality which we assert to be stranger than fiction,—not because they are against our experience, but because they are against our theories of what experience should be. To the latter order belongs *The Leatherwood God.* In theory, the man Dylks, with his preposterous claims and incredible acceptance at the hands of apparently sensible persons, is an amazing portent. In fact, he is one of the familiar phenomena of history, the charlatan who is born with the knack of imposing himself upon his contemporaries, and often succeeds in imposing himself upon posterity. Cagliostro, Joseph Smith, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy all represent the same human fact. With Smith, as Mr. Howells's "stranger" suggests, the parallel for Dylks is very close. "Was Leatherwood, Ohio, a narrower stage than Manchester, New York? And in point of time the two cults were only four years apart." Smith merely claimed to be a prophet, and his cult lived; Dylks professed the godhead, and therefore had a harder row to hoe; Mrs. Eddy appears to have struck the safe and happy mean. With the story of Dylks, we learn, Mr. Howells has been familiar from childhood. Leatherwood was not so far from his own Ohio home as to be beyond the range of the Dylks tradition, even after the passage of a generation. His father had seen the Leatherwood God. The episode has been in Mr. Howells's mind all his life, as matter for a tale which is now told. It is beautifully told: a faithful picture, among other things, of the frontier America of three-quarters of a century ago, and yet essentially romantic in its theme and in the little human plot developed round that theme. Dylks half believes in himself, and therefore half deserves the trust of his followers—that is the romantic feature of all charlatanry. Otherwise he dominates, as it were, by excess of weakness; and his silly death only serves to release the more credulous of his followers from the inconvenience of his bodily presence. Mr. Howells has always stood aggressively for realism, but has practised romance more than he has preached it. *The Leatherwood God* is, in the best sense, an historical romance, with a most picturesque central figure.

So is *El Supremo,* a work conceived and executed upon so large a scale, that the narrative of Mr. Howells appears hardly more than a sketch beside it. I confess to taking up this fat red book, after perusing the publishers' considerable claims for it, with languid expec-

*The Leatherwood God. By W. D. Howells. New York: The Century Company.

El Supremo: A Romance of the Great Dictator of Paraguay. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

In Spacious Times. By Justin McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Tutor's Story: An Unpublished Novel by the late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Lion's Share. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Incredible Honeymoon. By E. Nesbit. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Unknown Mr. Kent. By Roy Norton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Far Cry. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield and Company.

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tations. Its layout, as a story of Paraguay a century back, did not attract me: its seven hundred pages appalled me. And when, in the opening chapter, I found the usual bright and pushing young American gentleman preparing to show Paraguay how to attend to her own business, I sighed indeed. Now there is no denying that the story is very long—overlong, or that the young American gentleman, strictly analysed, is not less absurd than his innumerable prototypes in romantic fiction. But our staving young "Hawthorne" breaks all records, for this kind of romance, by not coming out on top. With all his enterprise and activity, he fails to be the central figure. It is Francia the Dictator about and around whom the book is written. Hawthorne is merely created for his convenience, or for our convenience in studying him. Francia was one of those powerful personalities who from time to time arise out of the welter of Latin-American politics and, almost single-handed, assert their superiority and their right to rule. That Francia was "indubitably one of the greatest men the world has ever produced and, without exception the most wonderful man ever born in either North or South America," is an assertion of the author which his narrative hardly establishes. But it does make out a very real and human as well as a remarkably strong and vital personality, a man born to rule, and instinctively grasping those means of rule which are necessary under the conditions in which he finds himself. It was this man who remained Dictator of Paraguay from 1813 to 1840. The present narrative concerns a period of his early rule when he was in some danger still from the Old Spaniards. Young Hawthorne has been for some time playing the part of soldier of fortune in South America, has fought with Bolivar and San Martin, always in the name of liberty. Now he is attracted to Paraguay by rumours of the tyranny of its Dictator, Dr. Francia. It occurs to him that it will be amusing to free Paraguay, and he at once sets about it. He finds that Francia is in every sense absolute master, that he is governing Paraguay by one-man power. The country, it is true, is in much better care than it has been under the Spanish rule, is at peace and prosperous, and is well if tyrannically governed. But Hawthorne's American heart spurns all this in the name of liberty. Paraguay must be free to go to the devil, free to put itself once more under the rule of a Spanish governor, for example. Therefore, the young American speedily ranges himself at the head of a secret conspiracy among the Old Spaniards to oust "El Supremo," as the Dictator insists on being called. Under the guise of a promoter bent upon establishing a world-wide "yerba" trade under Paraguayan monopoly, Hawthorne presents himself to Francia, who at once appears to take him under his protection. But El Supremo knows exactly what is happening, and when the time comes to show his hand, he spares Hawthorne partly because he likes him, and partly because he finds him an honourable conspirator and not an assassin. The writer has not only taken extraordinary pains to acquire his materials, but has succeeded in assimilating them. With all its crowded stage and excess of detail, with all its occasional long-windedness of dialogue and its passages of sheer wearisome spouting, this is a book which seizes the reader's interest at the outset and holds it to the end. It is a fine, big, human treatment of what, rather against expectation, turns out to be a worthy theme.

Mr. McCarthy is an accomplished rather than inspired practitioner of historical romance. *In Spacious Times* is an amusing and sufficiently plausible tale of Elizabeth's later reign. The aged Queen is once again resuscitated and shown in her folly and vanity, an antiquated coquette. There would seem to be room for some romancer bold enough to show her in her strength as well as in her weakness: I am never able to believe that Great Eliza was such a fool as the story-tellers make her out. The

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action here does not concern her primarily, though the heroine is one of her maids of honour. The fair Clarenda comes of an old but impoverished family which has been glad to place her at Court. There, however, she is in peril, especially from the attentions of a shallow beau and rake, Sir Batty Sellars. Observing her danger, my Lord Godalming asks for her hand; and despatches her into the country where she at once finds an admirer of a very different kidney from Sir Batty Sellars. This is one Hercules Flood, who, after distinguishing himself in the defeat of the Armada, and roving the seas as a privateer, has returned to his West Country and settled down there in the nick of time for our purposes. He is one of your plain blunt herculean persons with a heart of gold and a pocketful of the same. Mistress Clarenda, for want of better sport, presently undertakes to trifle with him, whereupon he carries her off to a castle and threatens to keep her there until she promises to be his wife. She thereupon, for the first time, tells him of her betrothal to the ancient benevolent Godalming, but that does not worry Hercules. He says it is all wrong, that she ought not to marry an old man, but a young and strong one, namely, one Hercules Flood. There follow excursions and alarums, ending in what looks like a rescue of the distressed maiden by Lord Godalming himself. But at this point, naturally, Clarenda relents, discovers that she loves Hercules alone, and is preparing to fly with him when Godalming appears on the scene and very cheerfully wishes them well. It is hardly more than a costume romance, but it is a good one. The doughty Flood is all that the most old-fashioned maiden could require in the way of lusty overbearing male. His feats of physical prowess are only equalled by his supreme self-satisfaction, and his knack of always coming out on top. To him the fair Clarenda, with her coquetries and her beauty and her predestined female helplessness, makes a pretty foil, if not precisely a document for feminism.

A book of uncommon beauty in form and content is *The King of Ireland's Son,* by one of the most original writers connected with the modern Irish literary revival. It belongs to the order of folk-romance, and costume romance is a secondary and sophisticated affair beside it. All of the magic and glamour of Celtic folk-literature are here, in little. It is a sort of prose epic. The central figures are the King of Ireland's Son and Fedelma, daughter of a magician. The King of Ireland's Son has to win her by performing, with her secret aid, three amazing feats. This is of course one of the prime situations in folk-legend, recurring again and again in the Grimm tales, and, for example, in Hans Andersen's "The Travelling Companion." But its fresh savour here fairly renews an old charm. The King of Ireland's Son and Fedelma set forth together in the general direction for home and matrimony, but are destined to have many adventures by the way, and all along the road there is story-telling, "sphere within sphere," a nest of marvels. The remarkable thing about this writer, in contrast with many of his associates in the Irish Revival, is his genuine simplicity. With them—with W. B. Yeats, not least of them—one feels the simplicity of artifice, a studied childlikeness. Mr. Colum seems to strain for nothing; as he writes, he *has* the heart and tongue of a child or a peasant. His prose is Irish in feeling rather than surface: it displays few of those quaintnesses and mannerisms which Yeats and Synge and the rest have made familiar. A rhythm here, a subtle turn of phrase there, give the racial mark to a sound prose: but no signboards. Such matters can only be guessed at, but this book has to my eye the look of a permanent if slender beauty. Only time can seal it as a classic, but I almost expect that much of time. To the physical beauty of the volume, the pictures and decorations of Willy Pogany add much.

The Tutor's Story is of our own time neither in theme nor in source. But it

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is far more than a relic or a fragment, thanks to the piety and skill of Mrs. Harrison. Her Prefatory Note gives the interesting history of the book. Kingsley's note-books and manuscripts came nominally into his daughter's hands a quarter of a century ago; but she was never able to examine them thoroughly till within a year or so. She knew that her father had left, partly done, two novels, one about the suppression of English monasteries under Henry VIII., the other a tale of French refugees in the New Forest after The Terror. But of *The Tutor's Story,* involving one hundred and fifty pages of manuscript—finished chapters and notes—she knew nothing. From internal evidence she judges that it was "written before and probably put aside in favour of *The Water Babies,* which was published in 1863." Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") found the story so well begun and so thoroughly blocked out as to offer a good opportunity for completion. We have had plenty of instances of this kind of experiment (the current *Enoch Crane,* for instance, of F. Hopkinson Smith, completed, under similar conditions, by his son), few of which have been happy in the outcome. Mrs. Harrison, whose own style is quite different, has had extraordinary success in maintaining her father's manner throughout, so that it would be difficult even for the reader who had been warned to detect points of break in the narrative. She has succeeded, moreover, in her attempt "to maintain, further, a certain freshness and simplicity of outlook which has the rather pathetic charm of a 'day that is dead.'" By this and by that, it is a story well worth reading for its own sake as it stands. The tutor who tells the story and plays a not inconsiderable part in the action, is, one may say, a sort of male Jane Eyre—a creature destined to dwell among those who are admittedly his superiors, by virtue of birth and wealth, but to make as good a showing as such a creature may. Our Brownlow is a sort of faithful lame dog, who from his very devotion for his master develops, now and again, an amazing prowess. In fact, he does most of the deeds of daring recorded here—saves the sacred County Pack, at the risk of his own neck, rescues the maiden from the burning building, and in general performs prodigies of cunning and valour for the sake of his adored pupil and protegé, Lord Hartover. Hartover is a fine example of the young noble who may so easily go the primrose way if he chooses. And in this instance certain other persons choose—his wickedly charming step-mother, and her lover who stands next in succession to the family title and estates. It is a very handsome coil of intrigue and youthful passion from which the good Brownlow and Fate at last disentangle this Hyathincine lovable hero. To him, as a final sacrifice, Brownlow piously commits the woman of his own worthy but relatively ineligible heart. It is all quaint, of course, but admirable of its vintage and kind.

The other romances which are before us at the moment are very much in the modern mode. Mr. Bennett's *The Lion's Share* plays with suffragism and other matters of "timely" appeal. It must be owned, however, that he is not of those who exult in the present as something like a final goal of progress. However strictly he may tie himself down to facts of the moment (not that he does that in the present story, which is more in the tone of *Buried Alive* than of *The Old Wives' Tale*), it is plain that he is always interested in human nature not only as the main thing, but as a pretty stable thing, fundamentally the same as the generations pass. Miss Ingate and Audrey and Madame Piriac represent for him that eternal feminine which is not to be suddenly metamorphosed by the militance of the Jane Foleys and the Rosamunds who make so brave and public a display for Woman as she ought to be. Sweet Audrey has her hour of passionate independence, her fling at militancy even. But she is only experimenting, and is not to find herself in that direction. Her best of life, her

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"lion's share" is not to be won, she discovers, through the championship or success of any public Cause. Subtle Madame Piriac perceives the truth about Audrey long before the girl is ready to see it—and puts it forcibly: "You ask me if I sympathise with suffragism. You might as well ask me if I sympathise with a storm or with an earthquake. Perhaps I do. But perhaps I do not. That has no importance. Feminism is a natural phenomenon; it was unavoidable. You Englishwomen will get your vote. Even we in France will get it one day. It cannot be denied. . . . Sympathy is not required. But let us suppose that all women joined the struggle. What would happen to women? What would happen to the world? Just as nunneries were a necessity of other ages, so even in this age women must meditate. Far more than men they need to understand themselves. Until they understand themselves, how can they understand men? The function of women is to understand. Their function is also to preserve. All the beautiful and luxurious things in the world are in the custody of women. Men would never of themselves keep a tradition. If there is anything on earth worth keeping, women must keep it. And the tradition will be lost if every woman listens to Madame Rosamund. That is what she cannot see." If Audrey also fails to see this with her mind, she presently sees it with her instinct, and confesses, by her need of union with Musa, the truth of Madame Piriac's estimate of her personality: "I see that you are in a high degree what all women are to a greater extent than men—an individualist. . . . With you, above all, the individual should count. Unless you use your youth and your freedom and your money for some individual, you will never be content." But Mr. Bennett meant this book to be an amusing trifle and not a document, and would rather see us look pleased with it than edified.

"E. Nesbit" is an experienced compounder of modern romances. In *The Incredible Honeymoon* she has applied her skill to the discreet handling of one of the staple themes—the adventures together of a young pair concerning whose legal relations there is some doubt. Edward Basingstoke (like Mr. Bennett's Audrey Moze) is a young person abruptly released from humdrum by sudden inheritance of wealth, and hastening to prove his freedom. Basingstoke takes blithely to the road, with the intention of being carefree forever. But in a very short time he has tied himself up, first with a dog which he deliberately buys, and a little later with a girl whom he acquires on more chivalrous terms. She is, in fact, the Audrey kind of girl, half stifled by relatives and conventions, and longing for freedom without being in the least capable of license. It falls to Basingstoke to rescue her, at her innocent request, and thereby hangs a series of blamelessly piquant adventures through urban and rural England, a supposed mock marriage which keeps them at arms' length for a considerable time, and the eventual and not unforeseen discovery that it was not a mock marriage at all, but a very real and satisfactory one. This business of the marriage is pretty fishy, since it is quite clear that our lovely girl would not have been capable, on the grounds alleged, of consenting to anything of the sort, far less of urging it, if the author, for her own ends, had not been very insistent. But every romance is built upon an absurd premise or two, and if we cannot accept them we may as well admit our unworthiness of this form of literary art. "E. Nesbit" has been wont to deal with the hearts of children, and of such is the kingdom of romance. Her story, as usual, is told gracefully and with a free flow of feminine humour.

The Unknown Mr. Kent is a lively variation upon a still more familiar theme. It is also a very modern variation. The theme is the Zenda-theme—a little European kingdom with its intrigues, its out-of-date ways, its glitter, its rhetoric,—above all its beautiful princess; and a Western youth coming to dominate it, and her. It is, to be sure,

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the Zenda-theme as we have Americanised it. For the unknown Mr. Kent is one of our pushing fellows, and comes to the Kingdom of Marken quite as much in the name of efficiency as in the name of sentiment. He is understood to be the agent of a great American financier named Rhodes. Rhodes has disappeared upon a private vacation of unpredicted length, and, for some reason not explained until the event explains it, this appears to Kent a proper time for a holiday on his own account. Rhodes has lent five millions to the Kingdom of Marken, and Kent happening to be in that neighbourhood at the moment when a revolution breaks out, takes a hand, primarily in the interest of those millions. The King is a good-natured but inefficient young man, and Kent tells him so. So Kent, with the King's consent, takes everything over except the nominal authority, and proceeds to apply the principles of efficiency to the government and affairs of Marken. In no time at all he straightens things out, confounding the King's enemies, achieving an industrial conscription, converting the people from discontented idleness to contented labour, and so on. He gets back Rhodes's five millions, and after having procured an invaluable concession in manganese, returns it magnanimously to the King and Marken. By this time he has won the haughty Princess, by virtue of his sterling worth and manly charm ("virile," the word should have been); and it is then in order for us to discover that Kent is none other than Rhodes himself, which is no more than the Princess deserves.

This is a brisk and capable, but tolerably raw and magazinish performance. *The Far Cry* has far greater merit, from the literary point of view—by which I do not at all mean that it is prettily written, but that it is more solidly made, rings truer as a work of fancy in contrast with ingenuity. But it is not free from artifice. The writer has always puzzled me. Ten years ago he published his first book of fiction, *Beached Keels,* a group of tales which showed perhaps some over-consciousness of the "realistic" influence, but had a good deal of intensity and power. Since that volume, Mr. Rideout has issued book after book of romantic adventure, often of a rather flimsy sort. It is all well enough to conclude that the *Beached Keels* may not have paid, and that *White Tiger* and *Dragon's Blood* may have paid; but it is hard to see how a man who was capable of doing the earlier thing could have been content to drop it outright. *The Far Cry* is an episode of adventure of certain shipwrecked Anglo-Americans on an islet in the Southern seas. There dwells an aging Englishman, Fraye, with his granddaughter, surrounded by affectionate and cowardly natives. Their peace and their possession of the islet are menaced by the neighbourhood of another white adventurer, one Mace, who has designs upon both the girl and the property. To them, at a critical moment, come the three shipwrecked ones. They are all young men, two of them gentlemen, the other a common sailor. It is Godbolt, the seaman, who shows the other two their duty, leads them in taking sides with the Frayes against Mace. That villain is duly frustrated, and dies by act of God in order that Godbolt's hands may be clean in the eyes of his lady. Here, I think, Mr. Rideout has rested his action upon an unstable support. The Frayes are English, and it is hardly credible that beautiful Katherine would have loved and chosen him for her mate without a qualm. He has a heart of gold, nobody can deny that, but he has the breeding and speech of a navvy, and this, if our reading of English fiction is any sort of guide, would have disposed of him, for a Katherine, at the outset.

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THE POETS ENLIST UNDER MARS*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE poets have had their baptism of fire, some of them in reality and others only in the spirit and afar off. But nearly all of those who write verses in the English tongue have enlisted under Mars and either in the body or in imagination have marched up to the very muzzle of the big guns and looked upon the fields of slaughter. What is the result? How has war affected them? What new strain has it put into their song? Mankind has been prone always to look upon the servers of Apollo as being seers also, able to interpret for it the puzzles of life and straighten somewhat the tangled and baffling threads of destiny, so that men may understand a little better the meaning of the things that seem intolerable. So now, these poets that are tuning their measures to the thunder of the guns, what have they to tell us of the significance of the awful struggle? Do their spirits beat upward "above the battle" and from that vantage point of the seer do they send back to the rest of us, aghast and anguished, some message of comfort and hope and reassurance?

So far as the half dozen volumes of verse reviewed here are concerned, who turns to the poets represented in them for hope, for assurance, for renewal of faith, for glimpse of light above and beyond the smoke of battle, will be disappointed. They have little to tell us upon which our souls can lean. They bring us no message that would give strength through understanding. In spirit or in body they have marched up to the muzzle of the guns and they have heard the guns thunder, and have seen blood and tears—but little else.

One curious effect the war has had upon some of the poets has been to send them to the cave-man for inspiration. Military observers say that, no matter how averse a soldier may be to the business of killing his fellow-man, when once he has plunged his bayonet into the flesh of his adversary and heard the squeal as of a stuck pig he becomes a changed man and a new light shines in his eyes. Doubtless his transformation is a part of that refining and ennobling result of war of which we have heard much during the last two years. That thrill of the stained cold steel seems to have touched the war poetry. Perhaps the consequent verses are photographic of war's emotions. But can the poetry of a world war, declared to be a titanic struggle for liberty and justice and the freedom of the nations, give us nothing better than psychological photography? The extent to which the war poets—and nearly a hundred and fifty of them are represented in these volumes—are concerned with the portrayal of personal emotion of many varied kinds gives one an appalling sense of the spiritual bankruptcy of the age.

"POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR"

Selected with admirable taste and judgment by Professor Cunliffe of Co-

*Poems of the Great War. Selected by J. W. Cunliffe. On Behalf of the Belgian Scholarship Committee. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. By Robert W. Service. New York: Barse and Hopkins.

Ballads of Battle. By Corporal Joseph Lee, 4th Black Watch. Illustrated by the author. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

Poems. By Alan Seeger. Introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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lumbia University from the great mass of war poetry written in English during the last two years, this volume of nearly three hundred pages enables the reader to study the varied moods in which the poets have written of the great war and the wide variety of their product. It contains more than a hundred and forty poems by as many different authors and in its pages are represented writers of Australia, Canada, India, the United Kingdom and the United States. Professor Cunliffe explains in a brief preface that while poetic merit has been the paramount consideration governing his selections, he has endeavoured to exercise a catholic judgment and to give representation to various schools of thought and expression as well as to the various phases of the war. Therefore it may be taken for granted that the volume fairly sets forth the best that the English speaking world can do when it endeavours to voice in poesy its imaginative and spiritual reaction to the most stupendous war in history.

In their poetic technique, as the literary expression of emotion, the contents of the volume are of surprisingly high and uniform excellence. One is struck by the fine poetic quality of many of the poems whose authors are making apparently their first—and sometimes, alas, their last essay in verse. There are quite as many unfamiliar names as of those more or less well known. Nearly all the best known living poets of the British Empire and the United States are represented among the selections, although one notes wonderingly the absence of Mr. Kipling.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the book is the extent to which its authors have been engaged, as I mentioned above, with the concerns of the individual. They run pretty nearly the whole gamut of the emotions felt by the soldier before and after he enlists, at the front, in battle, and afterward, and also by his loved ones left at home. Sometimes these leap out into a flashing white light burning with that nobility and universality of emotion that makes a great poem. Of that sort is Rupert Brooke's sonnet, "The Soldier," beginning

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England

whose passion of patriotism is likely to set it among the great poems of the English people. It would be difficult also to excel the stark, bitter irony of the four stanzas in which Florence Kiper Frank's "Jewish Conscript" voices his thoughts when sent "bravely forth to shoot my own in a foreign land," ending thus:

> We are the mock and the sport of time!
> Yet why should I complain!—
> For a Jew that they hung on the bloody cross,
> He also died in vain.

But, although so many of the poems are concerned with personal reactions, to the facts of the war as to make that quality seem the outstanding characteristic of the collection, one finds some that attempt philosophic discussion of the reasons for the existence of war, such as the long quotation from Lincoln Colcord's "Vision of War," or write a vivid, lilting description, such as Wilfrid Campbell's ballad, "Langemarck," or voice a glowing wrath, or burn with indignation. An especially fine and noble note is struck by Alfred Noyes in "The Searchlights," having for its text Bernhardi's declaration that the state is above moral considerations.

"BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS"

Only a small part, forty pages out of two hundred, of Mr. Gibson's book is devoted to poems of the war. Of the rest another small section contains short poems on a variety of themes while more than half the work is filled with seven playlets, or dramatic poems, written, a footnote says, ten years ago.

The war poems, all of them very brief, are notable for the naked simplicity with which each one presents its picture or its idea. Startlingly vivid are

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the pictures he makes in ten or a dozen lines, with just the essentials in each one. With equal economy of material he goes straight to the heart of an emotion and sets it out bare and uncomplicated, but by its own living force able to bring forth a swarm of ideas in the reader's mind. "The Return," a little poem of only eight lines, carries in its last stanza a world of implications of a mother's vision of war:

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What he will say if I'm reported dead

There is a hint also of a vast stretch of soul land waiting for psychological exploration in the ten-line poem entitled "Back" in which the returned soldier is puzzled by what seems to him a difference in identity between himself at home and the himself who had "killed men in foreign lands." There is grim humour in several of the poems, as in "His Father," in which a young soldier at the front who when leaving home had forgotten to put the spigot in a beer keg wonders how "jumping-mad" his father was and

would give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

"RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN"

Robert W. Service is known for a certain Kiplingesque flavour, as of free winds and wide horizons and untrammelled, divining spirit, that he has put into several volumes of Canadian verse. These "songs from out the slaughter mill" show the qualities of lilting rhythm, vivid description, vigour of spirit, and understanding of human nature that won for him a wide audience in times of peace. It is all spirited verse and it gives many a picture of battle fields and trenches and of the inside of men's souls when they are fighting, or have lately been fighting, well worth reading. Mostly the poems present only individual reaction, personal feeling about personal emotions and experiences, whether of stay-at-homes or of gutter-rats become men by the simple operation of killing their fellow-men, or of cockney clerks risen to nobility of soul by reason of courage and self-sacrifice. But now and then Mr. Service makes an interesting excursion into psychology, as when he questions the effect of prolonged warfare upon the men who take part in it, in "The Revelation," wherein "scornful men who have diced with death under the naked skies" wonder whether or not they will be able to "stick it" when they go home after "the Great Adventure:"

We've bidden good-bye to life in a cage,
We're finished with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of rebellious rage,
They're showing us how to be men;
We're only beginning to find ourselves;
We're wonders of brawn and thew,
But when we go back to our Cissy jobs,
Oh, what are we going to do?

"BALLADS OF BATTLE"

Soldier, poet and artist, Corporal Joseph Lee acquits himself well of two of his three occupations in this little volume whose poems for the most part deal with the experiences and emotions of the soldier in his varied duties. In one of the poems, however, he wonders over that dual nature of man that impels him to be cruel and merciless as well as soft and tender—that enables him, in short, to be at the same time a soldier and a fellow-man. There is a lilting tribute to the value to marching soldiers of a humble musical instrument which deserves the quotation of a stanza:

He has a twist upon his mouth,
A twinkle in his e'e,
A roguish air,
A deil-may-care,
Like the Piper o' Dundee;
Faith! we would dance thro' half o' France,
And a' the trenches carry,
If Jimmy Morgan
On his old mouth organ,
Did but give us "Annie Laurie"!

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"WAR AND LAUGHTER"

Only a few pages of Mr. Oppenheim's new volume are given to verse of war, but those few pages are worth much. For he, almost alone of all the poets, tries to rise "above the battle," to see something besides the slaughter, the blood and the tears, to hear the still small voice speaking above the thunder of the guns. From hilltops of vision afar off he tries to divine why war is and then with creative imagination to foresee how mankind can rid itself of so horrible a companion. Crying out against war the poet looks into his own breast and in that mirror of mankind sees the poisons, the hates, the contending armies that breed the world slaughter of wars. But, instead of being "crushed by the horror of blood and carrion" he would have man arise with hope and determination, to create for himself a new vision of peace that should mean also justice and hope and joy.

Would you end war?
Create great Peace . . .
The Peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child;

. . . .

Give him a hard Peace, a Peace of discipline and justice,
Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure,
Set him to work, not to create *things*
But to create *men,*
Yea, himself.

Mr. Oppenheim handles the forms of *vers libre* with exceptional skill and reveals in a masterly way its possibilities of music and of beauty.

"POEMS BY ALAN SEEGER"

Alan Seeger was one of forty or more young Americans who at the beginning of the war enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. He was killed on the evening of July Fourth, 1916, at Belloy-en-Santerre, as the Legion charged to drive the Germans out of that village. Only twenty-eight years old he had some years before chosen literature as his profession and this volume of nearly two hundred pages is filled with poems he had already produced. Some thirty pages of the work have been inspired by the war and these breathe pleasure in the adventure, belief in the glory, delight in the companionship of war. Perhaps the strongest note in them is a fatalistic philosophy as to the necessity, the inevitability, of war and, after that, belief in the glory and the exaltation of the soldier's life. Imaginative beauty and much nobility of expression mark all of these poems, but their viewpoint is always that of the conventionally romantic and, fine in spirit and pleasing in form although the poems are, one looks in them in vain for any glimpse of forward shining light. Representative of the quality and the spirit of the war poems are these lines from an "Ode" which Mr. Seeger had purposed to read in Paris on last Decoration Day and in which, while paying tribute to those Americans who have fallen in France, he rebukes the United States because it is not fighting beside France in the European war:

And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant, charge expires,
Where the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers;
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

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THE GOSPEL OF LITERARY MUSH

BY JAMES L. FORD

IF THE passing moods of a nation could leave their enduring marks on its history, like rings in a forest tree, the present era would be revealed to the future investigator as one of absurd, mushy sentimentality. If the chronicler working in days to come, will consult the files of that tree of literary knowledge, THE BOOKMAN, he will find in its records of best-selling fiction, satisfying proof of this assertion. He will find it difficult, however, to determine exactly how much this taste for sentimentality has influenced public thought or what passes with us for thought, and what effect it has had on our country's growth.

Our book counters are laden with mush of every variety, suited to every age and every condition of ignorance and bad taste. Much of it is designed for children and finds a ready market, as the modern parent is notoriously indifferent to the reading habits of its offspring. There is also adult mush which appeals powerfully to persons of mature age whose reasoning faculties are insufficiently developed.

I think it was pious little Eva of ante-bellum days, who led the long procession of sentimental infants. Generations of playgoers have wept over this pantelletted heroine of evangelistic mush. I myself have watched her final passing scores of times and heard the doleful jubilee singers intone her requiem, while the hounds, but recently employed in chasing Eliza across the ice, uttered faint, sympathetic growls from their place of confinement beneath the stage. Eva was a product of the era of Sunday School literature, a distinct brand of juvenile fiction that in ante-bellum days and even later, commanded a wide sale. In tales of this class, it was generally some child of physical malformation who furnished the motive power. *Little Sore-Eyed Billy and How He Found the Lord, A Twisted Knee as a Means to Grace* were justly favourites then. The children of fiction who preceded these infant reformers, were all thoroughly repressed, as in *Harry and Lucy* and *The Fairchild Family,* who did exactly as they were told and served as "feeders" to the elders of the family, by endless strings of questions. At the present day, we have a race of self-assertive brats, who dominate their respective environments, and never ask questions, because they are shown to know more than their elders.

Pollyanna is a leading figure in the school that exists for the dissemination of juvenile mush. She has been billed as the "glad child" and the term is not misplaced, for she is always glad no matter what happens. She is glad when she comes to live with her cross and tedious aunt, and glad when she has nothing but bread and milk for her supper. She is glad when her father dies because she knows that he has gone to Heaven; glad when she meets the virtuous because they are so good, and glad when she meets sinners because she can convert them. She would be glad if she saw a submarine show its periscope near a steamer on which she was sailing. At present her "gladness" threatens to spread over the entire country for her appearance on the stage has given her a new lease of life.

Another disseminator of mush is *Daddy Longlegs,* in which an orphan girl, impersonated by a young woman remarkable for her lack of dramatic talent, has delighted thousands of the thoughtless and caused the judicious to weep. I have also encountered in my reading at least two musical brats, each

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one of whom played on the fiddle and one of whom, at least, *Just David,* deserves a place on the contemporary stage.

The making of one of these sloppy books seems to me quite a simple matter. The leading character must be a combination of kindliness and misfortune, and if possible, blessed with some infirmity like the Sunday School children of old. Self-sacrifice, to the point of reckless idiocy, must play a prominent part in the unfolding of the tale. The hero or heroine must always contribute to the support of somebody of even less opulence. Hovering in the background, we always find that *rara avis* of real life, the benevolent banker, whose mission it is to set everything right in the end. Sometimes he does this by educating the mushy child or remaking his will in its favour and in certain extreme cases he goes to the length of adoption, declaring that it is for the purpose of bringing a little sunshine into his home. In my own opinion, locks are placed on doors for the express purpose of keeping these snivelling infants out in the cold.

Curiously enough, these books find their most enthusiastic readers among the meanest classes. The husband who never gives his wife a dollar without compelling her to account for it, will sob like a child over the recital of how a washerwoman brought up two families or how a one-legged newsboy called a trained nurse "the Joy Lady." The woman whose tongue is the terror of her vicinage, will read *Pollyanna* till tears from her eyelids start. And both are just as mean as ever when they have reached the end of the final chapter.

In books designed for children of a larger physical growth, crime and extreme poverty offer the most secure and popular foundation for mendacious romance. A favourite character in recent fiction is the young man who goes down to one of the lower wards of New York to "live among the poor and share their sorrows" as his admiring feminine friends phrase it, and who eventually becomes a power in politics and marries a girl as sentimental as himself and much stronger in purse. The Honourable Peter Stirling was the first of this breed of reformers and I well recall his virtuous East Side saloon-keeper, whose only aim in life was to prevent his customers from drinking too much. I also recall the fact that not once in the whole course of the story did the author allude to the handling of the "labour tickets," which are the real source of the machine politician's power over the men who must look to him for their bread and butter. Nor do I find any allusion to this system in any of the other books on the same subject. The successors of Peter Stirling copy him in another respect, and that is in the matter of lodgings. These are always luxurious and tastefully decorated, in order that the hero may entertain a great many charming women and thus advance his own social position. Indeed, to read one of these works of adult mush is to realise that the congested district can be utilised by pushers as a broad gateway into society.

As to the manner in which the occupant of these delightful rooms acquires political influence in the lower wards, it is so absurd that it seems incredible to me that any one should be fooled by it. Such an organisation as the Sullivan clan of recent years, would have made short work of such an invader had it deemed his efforts worthy of notice.

The female of this living-among-the-poor species, is usually a settlement worker and feels that her mission in life is to rescue erring girls and convert hardened criminals. In this adventurous philanthropy she meets a noble-minded Socialist who always is keenly alive to his own interests, or in some cases, one of those reporters of fiction, who is let loose on the town every morning with instructions to "show up" any form of iniquity that he encounters in his rambles.

My chief objection to this school of mendacious and mushy fiction is, that

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it does harm by portraying life as it might be rather than as it is. A burglar might be moved to tears by seeing his mother's picture, but it will take more than that to make him stop stealing. Unfortunately, however, this kind of sentimentality which has a powerful appeal for the idle mind, has served to awaken among those who might well be better employed, a morbid interest in crime and criminals—an interest that has not done a particle of good for it is the product of sentimentality and not of reason or benevolence. To those who are swayed by surface emotions rather than by the sterling qualities of heart and brain, the question of giving prisoners two kinds of pie for dinner outranks in importance that of helping the proud and deserving poor. A great deal of what I may venture to call "college-settlementality" is the direct fruit of the school of thought engendered by constant perusal of this mush. It is the disciples of this school who rejoice in evil, who love to free their minds by the discussion of what they call "subjects of vital interest concerning the primal facts of life," and who have at times caused the Night Court to smell like a sachet bag.

In certain cases sentimentality of the kind that feeds on literary mush, has had serious results. The white slave agitation, begun in a widely read magazine some years ago, raged like a forest fire among the sentimental classes and spread a slime of mendacity over the whole country. It resulted in an hysterical appeal to our legislators which they had not the courage to resist and the consequence was the Mann Act conceived of ignorance and passed in haste, and now known as the greatest incentive to blackmail that the country has ever known.

I do not, of course, say that we owe this Act directly to mushy literature, but I do assert of my own knowledge, that books of this class fed the maudlin emotions to which it owes its existence. And I may add, that the peculiar form of cowardice known as pacificism finds its chief support among those who are the most eager devourers of literary mush.

But whatever its effect on politics or on national intelligence—and I admit that this may be a disputed point—there is no question about the deleterious influence of mush on our literature. Again I advise my readers to consult THE BOOKMAN'S list of best-sellers. They will not only find mush triumphant but will be forced to realise the extent to which it has literally crowded from the book-counters the very best kind of fiction.

Another school of mushy fiction, written exclusively by women, to the delight of their own sex, is responsible for a novel called *The Man in Lonely-Land,* which deals with a New York bachelor who possesses wealth, health, good looks, breeding, friends—almost everything, in fact, that makes life desirable. And yet he is lonely. Why he should be lonely with the variety of companionship that the town affords to men in his circumstances, can be accounted for only on the supposition that it is necessary to the making of the novel. A young woman whose charm and beauty are described by the author rather than revealed by what she herself says and does, comes to New York from her southern home. The lonely one, at first indifferent, soon loses his heart, but finds his wooing no easy matter. The beauty, who is quite adept in the manifold arts of "pulling on" suitors, always has "letters to write" when this one calls and it is not until he follows her to her home, thus enabling the author to introduce that novelty, the "old-fashioned southern Christmas," that the engagement, which any reader could have predicted from the first chapter, is announced. I may add that I doubt if marriage to an exacting beauty will add to the happiness of this lonely man.

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SUCCESS

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

A TREE there stands by the dead, dead sea
And it bears a fruit of gold,
And the shimmering sheen of its shifting leaves
Mocks at the air so cold,
And its root is fixed in the bitter earth,
While its top to the sky doth hold.

There's never a breeze that ruffles the tree
But rives the soul apart,
And there's never a sound that comes from the sea
But the sob of a breaking heart,
And the silence is so terrible
That it makes the senses start.

Now, should you win to the shimmering tree
In the land of fear and frost,
And find the shore of the sobbing sea
With its black waves shoreward tossed,
Grasp quick and eat the golden fruit
And forget the fearful cost.

For it gets its gold from the sky above
As it splendidly shineth there
But its strength it draws from the bitter earth
Of silent, dank despair,
And the billows of the dead, dead sea
Bear sorrow from everywhere.

POE'S STUDENT DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

NINETY years ago Edgar Allan Poe became a student in the University of Virginia. His entire sojourn here lies between St. Valentine's Day and Christmas, while his connection with the University covered exactly ten months and a day. There was at the time nothing strange, surprising, or even exceptional in his career, which would readily have been merged into hundreds of others equally uneventful and been forgotten but for his subsequent fame. But this renown has carried the University's name to remote lands and made every incident of his student days, however insignificant in itself, of universal interest. Indeed, any fact in Poe's life is of value in enabling us to determine his erratic orbit and in furnishing us substantial material out of which imagination may make real the full picture of his perplexing life.

There was displayed by his earliest biographers a singular and perverse fa-

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cility in creating for him an incongruous and impossible University experience, but the later students of his life here have striven zealously to discover and to disclose every fact. This they have done frankly, but not always with a due appreciation of the significance of these facts, and certainly not always with full sympathy for Poe himself.

Among the investigators of his University period Mr. Douglas Shirley (*University of Virginia Magazine,* March and April, 1880) and Mr. Schuyler Poitevent (*idem,* December, 1897) were most successful in adding to our limited store of knowledge. The facts furnished by them and by earlier students have, as far as possible, been verified as a basis for this sketch, which, however, contains other material, procured by a minute examination of all University records and by personal interviews.

The University of Virginia, for many years lingering an unfinished creation in the fruitful brain of its prescient founder, Thomas Jefferson, was so far completed in 1825 that on Monday, March 7th, the first session began, but without ceremony or celebration. There were fifty students present on that day, and during the whole session, which closed on December 15th, there were one hundred and sixteen students.

The session was peculiarly stormy. The professors, who were mainly English, and seem to have been unpopular because of that fact, were the victims of unpardonable disrespect. The faculty-meetings in the first session, when so many matters of policy should have engaged the attention of those called to direct aright the infant University, were largely given up to disciplining students guilty of the use of ardent and vinous liquors, or of gambling. There were open outbreaks as well as personal rebellion against rules. The University seemed in imminent peril from within, because of the unrestrained wildness, rampant disrespect, and obstreperous conduct of a body of immature young men, who mistook this new liberty for license.

The second session began on February 1, 1826. On that day thirty-four students matriculated. After that they came in day by day, until by Tuesday, February 14th, one hundred and thirty-one students had matriculated. On the 14th five students entered, among them Edgar Allan Poe, who was No. 136 out of a total enrolment for the session of one hundred and seventy-seven.

In the matriculation book, at the very bottom of the page, as shown in the cut, the line runs:

				Long	*Blätter*	*Remarks*
Edgar A. Poe	19 Jan: 1809	John Allen	Richmond	1	1	

Unfortunately this is not in Poe's handwriting. The lists of students for both 1825 and 1826 were neatly copied out by the same hand that wrote the formal pledge required of all students in 1827 and since that day. Presumably the copyist was Mr. Brockenborough, the Proctor. The blank space under Remarks is itself of interest, and is *prima facie* evidence that Poe did not at any time during the session sever his connection with the University; for comments in this column show that of the one hundred and seventy-seven students of the session six withdrew, three were suspended, three dismissed, and three expelled, but no one of these records stands against Poe.

According to the unimpeached testi-

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mony of a college mate and warm personal friend, Thomas Goode Tucker, Poe roomed at first on the Lawn with Miles George, of Richmond. There is no evidence of any kind to show the location of this Lawn room. Miles George (born September 17, 1807), the son of Bird George, of Richmond, Virginia, matriculated on February 3, 1826, entering the classes of Professors Long and Key, and remained at the University two sessions. While he does not seem to have been engaged in any of the disturbances or guilty of any misdemeanours, he was not reported by any of his professors among those who excelled in their examinations. He afterward graduated from the Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Early in the session Poe and George had some difficulty. The cause of this youthful disagreement is unknown, and in all probability was not at all serious. The result, however, of the discord was a fisticuff in a field near the University, after which the participants shook hands and parted in peace. George remained in possession of the Lawn room and Poe moved to West Range.

If remaining in possession of the territory formerly occupied is good ground for inference as to the victor, then Poe was probably whipped by his older companion. Perhaps, however, Poe's withdrawal was merely one of the conditions of their amicable settlement and does not point to his defeat.

It is true that Poe was just past seventeen, but his athletic record was already well established. He was "rather short of stature, thick and somewhat compactly set, but very active, being quite an expert in athletic and gymnastic arts." It may spoil a poetic illusion to add that "he was bow-legged and walked rapidly, with a certain jerkiness in his hurried movements." His greatest athletic achievement dates from June, 1825, when he swam, under a hot sun, from Ludlam's Wharf (Richmond) to Warwick, a distance of six miles, against a very strong tide. "Any swimmer in the Falls in my days," says Poe, "would have swum the Hellespont and thought nothing of the matter." This feat on the James, which is duly attested, was indeed remarkable for a boy, and in a measure justifies his boast that he could swim the English Channel from Dover to Calais. But Poe's prowess was not confined to swimming. He had the reputation of being the best young boxer in Richmond; and if in fights he ever had to exercise the valourous discretion of flight, he could readily have outstripped most contestants, for his swiftness in running was noted among his companions. His athletic record in field sports, however, would have been made in the running broad jump, for during his early life, probably here at the University, he jumped twenty-one feet six inches on a level, with a running start of twenty yards. His chief competitor in athletic contests here was one of the Labranche brothers, of New Orleans, who had been educated in France and trained in physical exercise. But the sad-faced Poe took his sports seriously, and exhibited little boyish enthusiasm or spirit in his triumphs.

On April 29, 1826, William Matthews, formerly a cadet of West Point, was "allowed the use of the Gymnasium [then where the chairman's office now is] for the purpose of giving instruction upon military tactics to such of the students as may choose to be drilled. Mr. Matthews is held responsible to the faculty for all riots or other disturbances of the peace happening during his attendance upon the students composing his class." The first physical director proved worthy of his appointment, and so commended himself to the faculty that later in the session he was assigned one of the elliptical rooms in the Rotunda. Still later in the session, when his name was mentioned in connection with a local scandal, he was not only completely exonerated, but the faculty took occasion, officially, to commend him. As his class was not officially recognised, there is extant no list of his students and no account of their progress, but it is natural to suppose that among those who took

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particular interest in his course was the ex-lieutenant of the Junior Volunteers of Richmond.

But we have wandered too far from his matriculation and the early experiences of the session. Poe, after the difficulty with George, moved to West Range. There was for some while a tradition here that his room was No. 17, but no evidence of any kind can be found for this number. On the other hand, Mr. Tucker's confident assertion that it was 13 is in part confirmed by the memory of Mr. Jesse Maury. Mr. Maury's memory goes back some years prior to 1826, and still holds securely the important events of that year. During that session young Maury, who was never a student at the University, was put in charge of his father's teamsters, who were frequently employed in hauling wood to Conway's boarding-house. The wood-pile was just back of the block on West Range, containing rooms 5 to 15 (odd numbers). This block was then known as Rowdy Row. It was in this row, beyond any doubt in Mr. Maury's mind, that Poe roomed. Mr. Maury recalls vividly the charcoal decorations on his walls and his marvellous penmanship, of which Poe was then so proud. Poe used to entertain himself and his friends by writing on a bit of paper of fixed size the largest possible number of words. These independent reminiscences of Mr. Maury are themselves confirmed, for John Willis tells of Poe's talent for drawing and of the crayon sketches on his walls; and Thomas Bolling relates that he once found Poe engaged in copying on the ceiling of his dormitory an interesting plate from an English edition of Byron's poems.

With Poe now domiciled for the session in 13 West Range, we can turn to his occupations. The round of lectures —lectures—lectures, of which Dr. Emmet complained, had begun, and Poe, on the day he entered, had to elect what courses of lectures he would attend. Poe had shown at Stoke-Newington, in England, as well as under Masters Clarke and Burke in Richmond, not only an aptitude and fondness for literary and linguistic studies, but also an unusual skill in construing Latin and in "capping" Latin verses. In addition, he had exhibited a marked facility in French conversation. It was natural, then, that Latin and French should be among the subjects elected. The matriculation book shows that he took the classes of Professors Long and Blaetterman. The announcement for 1826 thus outlines these courses: "In the school of Antient Languages are to be taught the higher grade of the Latin and Greek languages, the Hebrew, rhetoric, belles-lettres, antient history and antient geography. In the school of Modern Languages are to be taught French, Spanish, Italian, German, and the English language, in its Anglo-Saxon form; also modern history and modern geography." It seems almost preposterous to suppose that any student would be required to pursue work in all these branches, yet we find that Henry Tutwiler at the end of the session is reported as having excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish and mathematics, while Gessner Harrison, whom Mr. Tucker mentions with Tutwiler among the "hard students," excelled in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German and medicine. It may, then, be true that Poe was a member of the classes in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian, though there is no mention of him in connection with Greek.

Of his class-room career we know little except that Mr. Wertenbaker, a fellow-student and librarian, avers that Poe was tolerably regular in his attendance upon the French, Italian and Spanish classes, and was a successful student. He was publicly commended for a verse translation from Tasso. It is easy to believe that, with his previous training, he had little difficulty in keeping up with classes composed of young men, for the most part, with far less preparation than his. And, even if he were not a close student, he possessed, in addition to his training, a quick eye and an alert mind that made the perilous process of "read-

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ing ahead" less hazardous for him. According to the schedule of lectures made out by Mr. Jefferson in his own handwriting, Poe's classes came between 7.30 and 9.30 each day of the week, including Saturday. After the lectures were over there was the long day and the evening hours at his disposal. How did he pass his time?

To proceed gradually from studies to practices far removed therefrom, it is in place to mention first that he spent much time in the library. Mr. Tucker, who enjoyed his intimate friendship, gives a pleasing account of their reading together Lingard and Hume, their favourite historians. In view of the fact that Poe's writings have been declared not immoral, but *un*moral, it is interesting to note that Lingard had encountered the censure of strict Protestants, and Hume, by his philosophy, fallen under the temporary obloquy of all Christians. But these young readers turned willingly from history to English poetry, from Chaucer to Scott. From their chosen poets each copied for the other his own favourite passages.

During the early part of the session Central college building (Pavilion VII., West Lawn, later occupied by Professor Noah K. Davis) was used as a meeting-place of the Board of Visitors, and for a library and reading-room. The library was in the front room upstairs. But the Rotunda had been begun in the spring of 1823, and on November 5, 1824, was under roof and so far advanced that it was used for the famous entertainment given Lafayette. In October, 1825, Jefferson reports that the circular room, destined for the receipt of books, had been pressed forward, and "we trust will be ready for them." In October, 1826, Madison, the rector, says: "The library room in the Rotunda has been nearly completed and the books put in it." Exactly when this transfer of the books was made it is impossible to ascertain, and so we are forced into some uncertainty in picturing Poe in the library. He may have read in the somewhat restricted quarters of the upper room in the "Old Library," as Pavilion VII. was called as late as the forties, and he was certainly a frequenter of the large and meagrely supplied circular room in the Rotunda as it existed before the fire of 1895.

Poe not only used the books in the library, but, according to Mr. Wertenbaker, the librarian, borrowed during the session the following books: Rollin, *Histoire Ancienne;* Robertson's *America;* Marshall's *Washington;* Voltaire, *Histoire Particulière;* Dufief, *Nature Displayed.*

The class-room and the library could not fully meet the requirements of his retiring and reflective nature. Love of moody solitude led him on long and lonesome walks in the Ragged Mountains, where he was surely a "first adventurer" in many a secluded dell. From these long walks, or rather on them, he found material for weird tales, written out and read to some boon companions, and, if favourably received, repeated perhaps to a larger audience, spellbound but somewhat irreverent toward art. His sensitive nature, so exacting of his own work as to destroy these college efforts, recoiled from harsh or jeering criticism. For example, the good-natured taunt that gave Poe the nickname of "Gaffy," because a character of that name was so prominent in one of his stories, cost the world this tale, for the author petulantly tossed the manuscript into the flames.

In the invention and elaboration of these stories Poe served his apprenticeship as a short-story writer, and enrolled himself as perhaps first in time, as he certainly became one of the first in importance in this art. It could hardly fail to be true, though it is now no longer capable of demonstration, that Poe, who was so frugal of his themes and so disposed to use his material over and over, has embodied the substance of some of these college stories in his famous tales.

Poe began to write verse at an early age, and kept up the practice during his student days. Bolling recalls that sometimes while Poe was taking part in con-

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versation he would also write verse, training himself to listen and think of something else at the same time. This rhyming, pronounced creditable, was after all but a sign of his skill in versification, which was also shown in his translation from the Italian. There is good reason for believing that during the session he was seriously busied with poetry. His first volume of poetry was published prior to August, 1827; it probably went to press prior to May, 1827, when he enlisted in the United States army as a private under the name of Edgar A. Perry.* Between December 20, 1826, and May 26, 1827, there was not very much time for writing poetry, because he was first in a Richmond counting house, then on a visit to Baltimore, then on his journeying to Boston. But Poe says that the contents of this volume were written in 1821-22, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. Very little credence can be given to this claim, for many of these poems show unexpected maturity of mind for a youth of seventeen, and could hardly have been written by a boy of twelve; and some of them were distinctly influenced by Byron, in whom Poe was especially interested during his University days. As this volume of 1827 was not, in all probability, written in the troublous months succeeding his University career, and could not have been written at a very early age, it is fair to conclude that some of the poems in this volume were written, and perhaps all of them, with a single exception ("The Song"), were revised while he was a student in the University of Virginia. His alma mater may justly claim him as her poet, though with his unique disregard of time and location he nowhere pays her a passing tribute.

Athlete, student, saunterer, story-teller and poet, he aspired also to another honour, and became very much interested in the debating society organised that year and named after the University's founder. Is it worth while now to prove that a boy of seventeen, so multifariously busy, could not have found time to be a habitual drunkard or an untiring gambler? There is no attempt to gloss over Poe's failings, but he is entitled to justice.

The students divided themselves into two classes; those like Gessner Harrison, Henry Tutwiler, and others who were noted for their quiet, studious habits, and those like the Brunswick County group, Dunn, Creighton, Gholson, and Tucker, who gave their studies a small share of their time. But in this large number who were not altogether studious there were all varieties of delinquents. There were the confirmed gamblers, who met over Jones's book-store, or in one of the rooms clearly designated in the faculty minutes, to play loo or all-fours, at from one to ten dollars a game. There were those who played occasionally for large stakes, but more frequently played whist or seven-up for small amounts, or indulged in the forbidden game of backgammon. In the faculty minutes, filled in that year with trials of students, we read of visits to Mosby's and Daffan's confectioneries, where all manner of drinks, such as mint-sling, mixed and unmixed wine, toddy, Madeira, eggnog, peach and honey, and ardent and vinous liquors, might be had; and we learn further of dormitory entertainments, where such beverages were known. But in all these records we nowhere find any mention of the name of Edgar Poe; and when a long list of students summoned to appear before the Albemarle grand jury was made out Poe was not included, though many of his boon companions were. Poe was not, then, among the offenders known to University or civil law, but from the private testimony of his college mates it is evident that he did sometimes play seven-up and loo, his favourite games, for money. That he was not so expert as Tucker considered him and his companions, would seem to be established by his considerable losses.

*Just a few names above Poe's in the matriculation book (see Appendix 2) is that of Sidney A. Perry. Does this not suggest the source of his borrowed name?

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His partner, afterward a devout clergyman, and his adversaries, including frequently two friends, who became respectively a well-known divine and a pious judge, were far better known to the University sporting circle than was Poe.

That there was much gambling at the University in the first sessions is, unfortunately, true. At one of the numerous trials conducted by the Faculty a certain witness deposed that there were not fifty students at the University who did not play cards. With as much readiness and no less accuracy he might have affirmed that not fifty of the fathers of these students were free from the same vice. The sentiments against it in the Faculty could not have been unyielding, for in 1825 three out of seven of the members wished gambling removed from the infractions punished seriously and transferred to the list of minor offences punishable by insignificant fines. It is no excuse for gaming that it was common, and but little extenuation that sentiment against it was not strong, but when gaming was both common and but mildly condemned, it is uncharitable to select one out of many and pronounce him the arch-criminal. It is unreasonable and unjust to select as this arch-criminal Edgar Poe, who, when others were tried and expelled for this offence, never at any time fell under any kind of official censure.

In the scurrilous and irresponsible indictment drawn up by Griswold in his notorious *Memoir of Poe* is the count that at the University of Virginia Poe "led a very dissipated life," and "was known as the wildest and most reckless student of his class." Mr. Wertenbaker, on the contrary, who as librarian and class-mate saw him perhaps every day, says: "He certainly was not habitually intemperate, but he may occasionally have entered into a frolic. I often saw him in the lecture-room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors." Mr. Wertenbaker evidently did not know of his own knowledge that Poe even occasionally entered into a frolic, but presumed this to be true because there was later a rumour to that effect. The rumour was true, but it does not seem to have been substantiated until Mr. Tucker wrote to Mr. Shirley in 1880, and his account probably states the whole case against Poe. "Poe's passion for strong drink was as marked and as peculiar as that for cards. It was not the taste of the beverage that influenced him; without a sip or smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without water or sugar, and send it home at a single gulp. This frequently used him up; but, if not, he rarely returned to the charge."* "He was very mercurial in his disposition and exceedingly fond of peach and honey," adds Mr. Tucker. There is nothing astonishing in this account of Poe's drinking. As a tiny tot he had been trained to stand on a chair at dinner parties, and with a glass of wine pledge the brilliant company in Richmond or at the Old White Sulphur Springs. He lived in a land veritably flowing with peach and honey, where every sideboard held its full weight of inviting decanters. Drinking habits then prevailing in the homes were naturally transferred in part to the University, and Poe did not entirely escape the temptation. Nor need we be surprised that Poe was so easily affected. He was a nervous, sensitive boy, and a full glass might, according to his physical condition, readily excite him to "wild and fascinating conversation," or render him unfit for any companionship.

Filled for Poe with the duties, diversions, and occasional dissipations, the session passed with but one event of public moment and few of local interest. The faculty in June passed this resolution: "That the students be permitted to celebrate the Fourth of July next by an oration and by a dinner within the Gymnasium." But before this day came Mr. Jefferson was seriously ill, and it took all the skill of Dr. Dunglison (then chairman of the faculty) to prolong his illus-

*Thomas Goode Tucker to Douglas Shirley, April 5, 1880. Printed in Woodberry's *Poe* (American Men of Letters Series).

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trious patient's life until July 4th, a date for which he anxiously inquired. There is nothing more said of the celebration, which presumably was given up. On July 5th the faculty passed most appropriate resolutions drafted by Professor Tucker, and determined to wear mourning on the left arm for the space of two months and to attend individually the interment at the family burying place. This decision on the part of the faculty was no doubt operative among the students, who were probably present on the same sorrowful occasion.

The summer, as hot then as now, if we may judge from the complaints of the students of 1825, soon yielded to the golden autumn days, when rambles in the Ragged Mountains must have been a genuine delight. As December approached there was doubtless then as now the somewhat feverish preparations for the final examinations. In the previous session the Board of Visitors had decreed that there should be public examinations, which they themselves would attend, but at which by faculty resolution no strangers should be present unless specially invited. In issuing invitations, preference was to be given parents and guardians (of the male sex). These public examinations began on Monday, December 4th, in the elliptical room of the Rotunda, and were attended during that week by Madison (rector), and Monroe, Joseph Cabell, and General John H. Cocke. The examination in modern languages was held on Tuesday, December 5th; presumably ancient languages came on the previous day. If so, then Poe stood all of his examinations in the presence of these four distinguished men. There is no record of the length of the examinations, which were oral, but in July, 1827, they were either two or three hours long and began at the very unseasonable, if not unreasonable, hour of 5 A.M. They could hardly in midwinter have begun earlier than the usual lecture hour, 7.30.

The examinations were over on December 13th or 14th, and on the next day December 15th, the Faculty met. The very first resolution offered indicates that the method of examination had not proved satisfactory, and provides for material changes next session. It was further resolved "that, for publishing the result of the examinations, a brief statement from each professor be subjected to the Faculty." The reports of the several professors were then submitted. "Mr. Long made a report of the examination of the classes belonging to the school of ancient languages and the names of the students who excelled at the examination of these classes." For the first time in the Faculty minutes for 1826 the name of Edgar Allan Poe appears, as fourth in a list of nineteen who excelled in Senior Latin. These distinguished students are divided into groups, and Poe is third in the second group, Gessner Harrison standing alone in the first group. At the same meeting "the names of the students who excelled in the Senior French class" were reported by Professor Blaetterman. The eight names are arranged alphabetically, so Poe's stands sixth in the list. Mr. Wertenbaker says that under regulations existing in 1869 Poe would have been entitled to diplomas as a graduate in these two languages. This is not to be reconciled with the fact that Gessner Harrison, who heads the list in 1826, is again reported as excelling in Senior Latin in July, 1827. In other words, Poe was not necessarily a graduate in these languages, but he had excelled in the examinations, and this was a high honour.

At the Faculty meeting on December 20, 1826, "the Chairman presented to the Faculty a letter from the proctor giving information that certain hotel-keepers during the last session had been in the habit of playing at games of chance with the students in their dormitories; he also gave the names of the following persons, who, he had been informed, had some knowledge of the facts." Then follows a list of nine, including Edgar Poe. Except in the official lists of those who excelled in examinations, this is the very first time Poe's name had ever been before the Faculty and this time it was

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merely as a witness. The proctor, however, seems to have been misinformed as to the knowledge possessed by some of the witnesses summoned, for several have no information in point. Among these is Poe, for "Edgar Poe never heard until now of any hotel-keepers playing cards or drinking with students." It is not at all necessary to suspect this clear and explicit statement, for Poe's circle of gaming friends was perhaps select and was almost certainly small.

In his reminiscences Mr. Wertenbaker says: "As librarian I had frequent official intercourse with Mr. Poe, but it was at or near the close of the session before I met him in the social circle. After spending an evening together at a private house [could this possibly have been the evening when Professor Long led to the altar the beautiful Widow Seldon?] he invited me on our return into his room. It was a cold night in December, and, his fire having gone pretty nearly out, by the aid of some tallow candles and the fragments of a small table, which he broke up for the purpose, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted and of the debts he had contracted during the session. If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at $2,000, and, though they were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honour to pay at the earliest opportunity every cent of them. . . . I think it probable that the night I visited him was the last he spent here. I draw this inference not from memory, but from the fact that, having no further use for his candles and table, he made fuel of them."

Whether Mr. Wertenbaker's inference is sound or not, Poe's confession to him contains the real reason why he never returned to the University. Edgar Allan Poe was not expelled, nor dismissed, nor suspended, nor required to withdraw, nor forbidden to return, nor disciplined in any wise whatsoever at the University of Virginia; but Mr. Allan was shocked and incensed at the extent of his dishonourable "debts of honour" —which he at first refused to consider, but finally settled—and determined to put his extravagant foster son in his counting-room.

Like Hawthorne, Poe may have been guilty of "doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for him," but it is too late now to expel him for vices then undetected, or disgrace him for faults long ago outlived by his former college-mates and companions—the respected planter, the upright judge, the saintly clergyman.

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OF LITERARY FORGERS

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY

THE forgery of literary documents is a trade that commends itself to certain limited talents on more than one ground: it may be pursued anywhere, and, as the newspapers say, "without detriment to previous employment." The knowledge required is neither deep nor wide; the reward is often wealth and always notoriety. The enterprise of the literary forger, moreover, is spiced with a splendid uncertainty; he is never quite sure when or how he will be found out, and since his crime is seldom visited with a heavy penalty, he may enjoy all the excitement of the uncaught criminal without fearing the boredom of a trial and the pain of a long imprisonment. True, the most ingenious forger of modern times—Vrain Lucas—was rewarded by two years of enforced inaction; but he was foolish enough to mix himself up in a scientific scandal, and did not pursue his art for its own sake. Of the rest, there is scarce one that has not been openly flattered by scholars and courted by the great. To recognise a brilliant discovery before one's fellows is to share the glory of the discoverer, and the clumsiest forgery has never failed to win the adherence of half a dozen reputable enthusiasts. In other words, the seeds of deception always fall upon some small patch of fertile ground, and he is a bad husbandman indeed who does not gather a rich harvest.

Consider, for instance, George Psalmanazar, a soldier of fortune, who could boast no humour and little learning. Yet this Frenchman not only forged books; he forged a religion, he forged a language, he forged himself. Born in the neighbourhood of Avignon, he left his native city to seek his fortune, and, finding that the door of common success opened only at the knock of industry, he speedily resolved upon a course of what in less happy days he called "pride, folly, and stupid villainy." Tired of carrying a musket now for the Dutch, now for the Germans, he proclaimed himself a native of Formosa, got himself converted to Christianity by Mr. Innes, as fine an artist in forgery as himself, and enjoyed such a career of honoured ease as falls to the lot of few. He came to England, duly heralded, was petted by the clergy, interviewed the Archbishop of Canterbury, who could not understand his Latin, and finished at Oxford the studies which he had begun in a French monastery. It is difficult to say which got the greater glory, the pious Formosan, or the devout clergyman, who had shown him the error of his savage faith; but they both prospered exceedingly, and were wise enough to play their part with gravity and thoroughness. Psalmanazar, that no touch of realism should be wanting, lived upon raw meat, roots and herbs, and was soon used to this savage diet, though the fragrant cookery of the south should have given him a delicate palate. But while he pretended to live upon Formosan fare, he did not neglect the weightier matters. With Innes's aid, he had already sketched the language of his Eastern home, and he submitted specimens of the dialect to the scholars of England. "By means of his unhappy readiness at inventing of characters, languages, etc."—to quote his own words—he translated into pure Formosan a passage from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum,* and thus aroused the curiosity of the philologists. Then, that the historians also might profit by his experience, he composed a treatise upon Formosa, which, translated from the Latin, had an immediate and triumphant success. Now, Psalmanazar, having a thorough knowl-

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edge of his public, was at no pains to make his treatise reasonable or consistent. Its facts, he tells us, were borrowed from Varenius's description of Japan, and the booksellers were so loudly impatient that he could only devote to its composition the leisure snatched from two months' dissipation. It was, therefore, "crude, imperfect and absurd," but it answered its purpose perfectly. It set London in a blaze of curiosity; it procured its author a convenient apartment in one of the most considerable colleges at Oxford, and made him "a great favourite with the fair sex." What more could an adventurer desire? And he won it all by a fraud which ten minutes' candid criticism might have exposed.

But if his erudition was small, his cunning was great. At Oxford he lived a life of gossip and laziness, while he was awake, and let a burning candle demonstrate his industry while he slept. He feigned a limp, that he might be thought to have contracted gout by overwork, and still escaped suspicion. In fact, had he not foolishly lent his name to an obvious imposition, called "white Formosan ware," he might have continued his chicanery without let or hindrance. Such success as he attained he owed, no doubt, to a gift of persuasion, which enabled him not only to deceive the many eminent clerics who believed what they hoped to be true, but to win the admiration of Samuel Johnson, a critic not usually tolerant of charlatans. Of course, it was Psalmanazar's affected piety which disturbed the lexicographer's judgment, who declared that he would as soon contradict a bishop as the repentant Formosan. But Johnson loved the man's company for its own sake. Of all the men he had known he sought George Psalmanazar the most. "I used to go and sit with him," said he, "at an ale-house in the city," and one would gladly give up all the specimens of the Formosan tongue if only Boswell had been present for an hour.

Yet, expert as he was in adapting his slender means to a great end, Psalmanazar was no sooner detected than he lost all pride in his exploits. The *Memoirs,* published after his death, are a long and wearisome apology for the only enterprise which he was capable of conducting to success. Throughout this lachrymose performance the note of hypocrisy is loud and clear. Psalmanazar was a forger from his cradle, and had he not called himself a Formosan he would have masqueraded as an Irishman—he did for a while—or a Hottentot. But whether or not this candid confession of "youthful follies" and "shameful imposture" be a mere forgery like the rest, we admire him least in the guise of a penitent, which becomes him not half so well as the taste for raw meat, the leg lamed by study, and the candle which burned all night in his room at Oxford. In defence of William Ireland, the nearest rival to Psalmanazar, it may be said that he never stooped to so nonsensical an apology. Detection did not diminish his pride, and his confession is as cynical as his forgery. He was, as it were, dedicated to the craft from his childhood, and Chatterton was at once his hero and his example. In his scrapbook, which still exists, snippets relating to the author of Thomas Rowley's poems are piously treasured, and he himself has described a visit reverentially paid to the shrine of Chatterton at Bristol. While he was delighted at the tumult of applause which greeted the exhibition of his famous relics and manuscripts, his delight burned just as brightly when all men knew him for an impostor as when royalty itself chattered of his valuable discovery. The shout of laughter which greeted Kemble's delivery of the famous line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," saddened the author, but did not shake his vanity. No vile penitence for him! He would not whine, like the wretched Psalmanazar, in sorrow at a misspent youth. He did but confess the forgery, when deception was no longer possible, and bragged of his conquests, as well he might. Great scholars had signed a profession of faith; the ingenious Mr. Boswell, after a tumbler of

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warm brandy-and-water, had declared, "Well, I shall now die contented since I have lived to witness the present day," and knelt down "to kiss the invaluable relics of our bard." Such was the forger's triumph, and he recorded it with satisfaction. But nothing reveals the arrogant character of William Ireland so clearly as the indignation which he felt and expressed at Malone's ruthless criticism. It was Malone who pilloried him without pity, inviting the world to pelt him with what missiles they chose, and he retorted with a lofty indictment of Malone's scholarship. He made no pretence that his documents were genuine, but he would not admit the grounds of condemnation. It is truly a noble spectacle: the detected forger proudly contemptuous of friends and foes alike. Those who accepted his documents were no better than fools; those who rejected them were poisoned by the venom of jealousy. In brief, Ireland played the game at all points with perfect skill. His forgeries were just bad enough to escape the sanguine eye of the people, and he presented them in such a manner as may justly be styled heroic.

The other forgers who displayed their talent in England during the last century had neither Ireland's skill nor Ireland's luck. Of course the gentleman who persuaded Moxon to publish and Robert Browning to introduce the sham letters of Shelley enjoyed his little jest; and it is certain that Simonides's great attainments fitted him to deceive the great librarians. But even Simonides met with a sharp rebuff at the Bodleian when he showed a masterpiece to Mr. Coxe with the question, "To what period does that belong?" and was told offhand, "To the middle of the nineteenth century." For the rest, George Gordon Byron was a clumsy botcher, and the clerk who, ten years since, forged letters of Burns and Scott to gratify the patriotism of Scottish-Americans, deserved no more than he got—a term of imprisonment. Yet, if the art has languished in England since the time of Ireland, the France of the nineteenth century may boast a literary forger of admirable skill and unexampled success. That the name of Vrain Lucas should be forgotten already is an untoward accident of fate, for he completely mystified the Academicians of France and set the professors of Europe by the ears. Moreover, he may be taken as a model of his kind. He possessed all the qualities, good and bad, which go to the making of a successful forger—facile half-knowledge, industry, courage, optimism. Above all, he had the tact to find a victim perfectly suited to his talent, whom he humoured with remarkable address, and he has left such a record of artistic achievement as is still unrivalled.

Vrain—Denis Lucas—or, as he was commonly known, Vrain Lucas—was born at Lanneray, in the department of the Eure-et-Loir, some three years after the battle of Waterloo. Like many another great man, he was of narrow circumstances and humble parentage. His father followed the ungrateful trade of a day labourer in the fields; and there is reason to believe that the son, unmindful of the distinction which awaited him, also handled the spade. But the country could not long hold captive so fine a spirit, and Vrain Lucas soon left home to seek his fortune in the great world which lay outside Lanneray. At first his poverty compelled him to take menial service in a gentleman's family; but this was a mere incident in a life of adventure, and had no other influence upon our hero than to give his manners the polish which made him famous. Far more congenial was an employment which he found in a notary's office at Châteaudun, where he was presently promoted to be clerk in the law court. Many a useful hint did he gather from the parchments which he conned or copied here; but what was of greater import to the future, he devoted his scanty leisure to a serious course of study. While his colleagues sunned themselves on the boulevard, sipped absinthe, or rattled the dominoes on the marble table of a café, he read in the public library or composed poems, which

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gave him the same sort of reputation at Châteaudun as Lucien de Rubempré enjoyed at Angoulême. Though his education had been sadly neglected, he had an unmistakable taste for polite letters, and when once he had found encouragement he wasted no time in the idle pursuit of vain fiction or vainer journalism. Historical research was his passion, and day after day his slim figure, bent with study, might be seen flitting among the shelves of the public library. The *History of the Academy,* the *Library of Authors Who Have Written History*—such were the tomes which engrossed his leisure; and so highly was he esteemed, that when he left Châteaudun, a librarian wrote upon his *registre de prêt* these words: "The industrious M. Lucas is going to live in Paris. He deserves to succeed. A young man from Lanneray, self-educated." And succeed he did, far beyond the expectation of the sympathetic librarian.

In 1851, then, Vrain Lucas arrived in Paris, with no baggage save a bundle of poems, and an ambition fixed upon antiquarian pursuits. He was not precisely a youth—he had passed his thirty-third birthday. But precocity is no virtue; and as that fruit is sweetest which ripens slowly, so the finest talents come late to efflorescence. His poems, as their titles—"La Guirlande de Flore" and "Ce que j'aime à voir"—suggest, were too classic for the taste of the time. He could not hope to challenge the supremacy of Victor Hugo. Moreover, as the librarian confessed, he was self-educated. No kindly monk had taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, as they taught the youthful Psalmanazar, whose quick precocity and quicker extinction make him a striking contrast to his ingenious compatriot. Like Shakespeare, Vrain Lucas had no Greek and little Latin:

> On ne m'a, grâce au destin,
> Appris ni grec, ni latin.

Thus he wrote in his elegant verse; and this ignorance of the classic tongues, as will presently be seen, profoundly influenced his art. At the outset he knew not what to do in Paris; he had neither friends to aid him nor such genius as could be readily turned into gold. His one resource was to take what work offered itself; and by great good luck he found employment in the *cabinet généalogique* of a certain Letellier. Here at last was proper scope for the antiquarian zeal which burned within him. For Letellier was ready at a moment's notice to invent a pedigree or sketch a coat-of-arms. His office was a factory of false titles and forged documents; old parchments, curious inks, fantastic names and phrases were his stock-in-trade; and Vrain Lucas learned under his tutelage many a secret contrivance which he afterward turned to good account. Above all, he plumbed the depths of human vanity. He saw with what ease a man may be deceived who wishes to believe in falsehood, and he acquired a keen insight into the credulous character upon which a literary forger must work. So while he performed the duties of Letellier's tout he practised himself in the subtle arts of deception, and was able, when the time came, to gull M. Chasles as he chose.

Meanwhile, though Paris and the office of Letellier gave him every opportunity for the historical research which he loved, he was not content. He was not satisfied even with a ready access to all the biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias of what was then called the Bibliothèque Impériale. Vain as his victims, he sighed for the wealth and notoriety which seldom come to the humble inventor of pedigrees. His election, as a corresponding member, to the Société Archéologique du Département d'Eure-et-Loir was a momentary triumph, and so well cultivated was his faculty of persuasion that soon afterward he was appointed head of a provincial library. But none knew better than Vrain Lucas what he could and could not do. He dared not attempt to catalogue a library on the very scanty Latin that was his, and, rather than expose himself to failure, he remained in

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Paris, living among old books, old manuscripts, and autographs of all ages.

His real chance came when he met M. Chasles, the celebrated mathematician, for in M. Chasles he found precisely the victim which his ingenuity demanded. Now, M. Chasles, though he was a distinguished member of the Académie des Sciences, and had been honoured by our own Royal Society, was a man of simple faith and exquisite trustfulness. Moreover, he was a zealous collector of autographs and old books, and he accepted with enthusiasm whatever was brought him by Vrain Lucas. The few real treasures that he possessed he gladly sold, in order to buy the most impudent forgeries ever devised by the wit of man. His confidence in Vrain Lucas was unshakable. "We are of the same country," he said pathetically, "and I thought him incapable of deceiving me." Such is always the attitude of the pigeon who soon grows to love the friendly rook. Nor was Vrain Lucas the man to lose the most brilliant opportunity which ever came to a literary forger. His materials were ready to his hand; he had not served his apprenticeship in Letellier's workshop for nothing; and his knowledge was not so deep as to destroy his faith in that which his own hand created. So he fabricated letters from the great men of all ages, and sold them as fast as he could turn them out to the trusting mathematician. The story told of their origin was ingenious and convincing: they came, said he, from the famous cabinet of the Chevalier Blondeau de Charnage, whose collection, made in the middle of the eighteenth century, was still remembered by scholars. At the Revolution the cabinet was purchased by M. le Comte de Boisjourdain, who during the Terror emigrated to America and took his treasures with him. The adventures of these precious papers, however, did not end with their arrival in America. On their homeward voyage they suffered shipwreck, and were one and all stained by salt water. Their present possessor, whom Vrain Lucas always called with air of mystery *le vieux monsieur,* loved them like his life, and they were wrung out of him one by one by the stress of poverty. Whatever money was paid for the priceless letters was, of course, handed over to *le vieux monsieur,* and the forger kept no more for his pains than twenty-five per cent. It is but natural, then, that sometimes he was hard up, and asked the confiding M. Chasles for a small sum, which should come to him alone. Nor was *le vieux monsieur* too easy to manage. Now and again he was tortured by remorse that priceless relics should be lost to his family, and his remorse was acuter when a fire-eating relative, called in the secret correspondence *le vieux militaire,* angrily protested that they should be repurchased. It was the prettiest comedy to all concerned, save M. Chasles, who in his anxiety was more than once inclined to have the forger arrested, not because he had been swindled, but because he feared that these valuable papers should be sold and sent out of France, whose chief ornament they were.

Thus, in the course of a few years, Vrain Lucas sold to M. Chasles 27,472 forgeries for the comfortable price of 150,000 francs. To give the names of the correspondents would be to exhaust the roll of fame. They belonged to all countries and all ages. The letters of Sappho, Thales, Virgil, Julius Cæsar, Zeno, St. Luke, Lazarus, Montaigne, Rabelais, the Cid, Molière, Newton, Galileo, Pascal, Louis XIV., and countless others jostled each other in the ample chests of M. le Comte de Boisjourdain. The impartiality of Vrain Lucas was unique; he neglected nobody who had a place in the *Biographie Universelle,* and when he professed a doubt as to a signature which he had devised himself, he would ask M. Chasles, with an ingenuous smile, to consult that repertory of useful knowledge. But whether they came from Greece or Italy or from modern France, they were all written upon paper of the same age and the same quality, pleasantly stained by time or travel, and water-marked with a *fleur-*

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de-lis. Of this paper the forger was very sparing. The great correspondents wrote always upon half sheets and curbed their eloquence. But not only was the paper uniform; the letters, one and all, were written in French. And here, I think, Vrain Lucas showed his real grandeur. Latin and Greek had been denied him at school, and so he cheerfully made the best of it. Having precisely gauged the credulity of his victim, he harmonised his means to his end like a true artist. He made one concession to antiquity: the letters of Sappho and Julius Cæsar, to name but two, are written in what he thought was old French, and in a bold handwriting which evidently betokened age. Besides, if the paper were suspicious, if the language would have made any other than M. Chasles roar with laughter, the ink was impeccable. How it was made remains the secret of Vrain Lucas, but true it is that it resisted all the tests which commonly expose the ink of modern fabrication, and won over many an expert to the forger's side.

The style of the letters is simple and impartial. There was no nonsense about Vrain Lucas; he had no more ambition to mimic the manner than to reproduce the handwriting of his august correspondents. He was quite content if the writer of a masterpiece was contemporary with its recipient, and what was good enough for him was obviously good enough for M. Chasles. A specimen will best illustrate his method, and no better specimen can be chosen than the following letter, addressed by Sappho to Phaon: "Sapho à son tres amé Phaon Salut. Très chier amé pres de ces bords charmans où la veue admire en s'egarant une immense estendue, où la pleine des mers et la vouste des cieux semblent dans la lointaing se confondre, non loin d'icelle rive est un lit de verture qu'ombrage un orme épais et qu'une onde pure arrose," and the rest. Wherever you turn in this astounding correspondence, you find the same exquisite commonness of thought, the same superb absurdity of language. After Sappho comes Thales with a letter to the "très illustre et très redouté prince Ambigat, roy des Gaules," in which the "très puissant prince" is informed that water is "le principe de toutes choses." In like manner Archimedes salutes his beloved Hiero, Alexander Rex offers a few words of comfort to his "très amé Aristote," Vercingetorix grants a safe-conduct to "Trogue Pompée." More amazing still, "Magdeleine" sends greeting "à son très amé Lazare," whom she addresses as her brother, which proves that Vrain Lucas knew the *Biographie Universelle* better than the Bible. "Mon très amé frère," writes Magdeleine, "ce que me mandez de Petrus de nostre doux Jesus me fait esperer que bien tot le verrons icy et me dispose l'y bien recevoir, nostre seur Marthe sen rejouit aussy. Sa santé est fort chancelante et je crains son trespas," and so on. Grotesque as it is, it was sufficient at once to delight the heart of M. Chasles and to fill the pocket of Vrain Lucas.

Still more curious is the praise of France, which is the excuse for most of these astounding letters. M. Chasles had a strenuous love of his country, and Vrain Lucas played on his patriotism as on a pipe. Greek and Roman, Egyptian and Hebrew agree in hymning the glory of France, and, oddly enough, they all display a guilty knowledge of the vast correspondence brought to light by Vrain Lucas. When Aristotle writes to Alexander, it is to request that he may visit Gaul, and there study the science of the Druids. Alexander affably replies that he could not be better employed. Cleopatra, in addressing "son très amé Jules Cesar impereur," declares that when "nostre fils Cesarion" is old enough to bear the voyage, she will send him to Marseilles, that he may receive his education at the centre of the universe. Not even Lazarus, quaintly styled by himself "Lazare le ressuscité," can escape this passion for Gaul, and in writing to his "très amé Petrus" he professes his agreement with Cæsar and Cicero, who assert that "the Druids indulge in human sacrifice." All this, of course, was highly

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flattering to M. Chasles's national pride, and doubtless he took pleasure also in the opinion of Charlemagne (confided to his "très docte et très amé Alcuin") that the Celtic tongue was the mother of all languages. Such was the supreme cleverness of Vrain Lucas: he discovered previously what his client wanted, and found it for him. No difficulty baffled his research. For instance, the letters of Charles Quint are no less rare than those of Rabelais, yet M. Chasles possessed a considerable correspondence which had passed between these two distinguished men. Again, La Bruyère put pen to paper as seldom as might be; the united collections of the world can only discover a poor score of his letters; yet Vrain Lucas obtained from *le vieux monsieur* no less than seven hundred and thirty-nine specimens of La Bruyère's penmanship!

But at last the tardy foot of retribution overtook the ingenious author. M Chasles could no longer control his pride; he could no longer forbear to trumpet his triumph abroad. On July 6, 1867, the learned mathematician communicated to the Académie des Sciences two letters addressed by Rotrou to Richelieu, proposing the foundation of an academy in Paris such as Clémence Isaure had established at Toulouse, and dated some thirty years earlier than the birth of that institution. Paris was still agog with interest in a rewritten chapter of history, when (a week later) M. Chasles laid before the same Academy two letters from Blaise Pascal to Robert Boyle, and four notes, signed "Pascal," which proved conclusively that Pascal had forestalled Newton's great discovery. The pride of France was aflame in a moment. Once more, it was said, perfidious Albion had filched the honour which belonged to another. M. Chasles woke up to find himself a national hero, and the lightest word spoken in contempt of his documents was accepted as a plain proof of treachery. MM. Duhamel and Fougère, who threw doubt upon the letters of Pascal, were denounced as enemies of their fatherland; and every objection which pedantry could raise was instantly controverted by new letters drawn from the endless store of *le vieux monsieur*. During the anxious weeks which followed, Vrain Lucas worked with unceasing energy. A set of letters which passed between the aged Pascal and the boy Newton convinced some waverers, and Galileo, suddenly introduced (with a sheaf of documents) into the discussion, proved a welcome diversion. But meanwhile Sir David Brewster and other men of science on our side of the Channel denounced the letters as clumsy forgeries. M. Chasles answered them by a new sheaf of letters from Pascal, Kepler, anybody, and thought the matter settled. Why, indeed, should he trouble to confute a mob of Britons, impervious to argument, when their pride was wounded? The discussion endured for two years, until in 1869 the Académie, through its perpetual secretary, declared that M. Chasles had proved his point, and that the letters were genuine. It was decided that no impostor could imitate "the noble simplicity" of Louis XIV., whose opinion of Galileo was held sacred. Had the letters been forged, said the Abbé Moigno, the forger must have been a demi-god. Paris was jubilant, M. Thiers embraced the Academician in the name of patriotism, and patriots cheered Blaise Pascal in the streets with an enthusiasm which would have delighted that master of irony. Truly the love of country has been responsible for many follies, but never for a greater folly than that which put poor, well-meaning M. Chasles upon a pinnacle of glory.

Then came ruin. On April 12, 1869 —a belated All Fools' Day—M. Chasles received the formal approval of France. A week later, M. Breton, an official of the Observatory, discovered sixteen of the forged letters from Pascal and one of Galileo's in M. Saverien's *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes* (1761). M. Chasles was unabashed; he declared that M. Saverien had stolen his originals without acknowledgment,

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and promptly produced a letter from Montesquieu to Saverien recommending him to Madame de Pompadour, who, as is known, possessed a vast collection of autographs. At every fresh step taken by M. Breton and his friends, Vrain Lucas was ready with a fresh letter. The innocent M. Chasles told him what he desired to prove, and the forger instantly obliged his patron. How long this see-saw of proof and counter-proof would have lasted is uncertain; but after two months of idle discussian Le Verrier summed up the case with pitiless logic. He tore the fabric of M. Chasles's patriotism to shreds, and at last that amiable philosopher was forced to confess that he had been duped. But even in the act of confession he still expressed a wavering belief in the man who had befooled him. "La collection s'étend," said he, with a pensive naïveté, "aux premiers temps, et même au-delà." *Même au-delà* is a charming revelation of implicit trust, and one almost regrets that it was ever disturbed. Justice, however, claimed her victim, and Vrain Denis Lucas was duly arraigned. To prove his guilt was easy enough: he had defrauded the poor old mathematician of some six thousand pounds, and the most interesting problem offered for solution was, what did he do with the money? He was a man of simplicity and refinement; the most diligent inquiry revealed no more than the good order and regularity of his life. He lived quietly in the Rue St. Georges with an amiable mistress. He received no company, and sought none, save that of M. Chasles. When he was well off, he dined at the Café Riche, for he was of those who prefer a cutlet with elegance to a Gargantuan feast ill-served. If for the moment he lacked money, he was content with a *crêmerie*. Examined by the magistrate, he preserved a dignified reticence where his private life was touched, but he justified his public actions with eloquence and ingenuity.

In face of the jury he once more beat the drum of patriotism. "Whatever is said or done," said he, "my conscience is calm. I have the conviction that I never did any man a wrong. If to reach my end I did not act with perfect discretion, if I sometimes followed a tortuous path, if I used a trick to strike the attention and to arouse the curiosity of the public, it was merely to recall certain historical facts which are easily forgotten or unknown even to the learned. . . . I blended instruction with amusement. . . . M. Chasles had never before been listened to so patiently. . . . Yes, whatever happens, I shall always be conscious that I acted, if not with discretion, at least with uprightness and patriotism." There is a directness in this oration worthy a hero of old Rome; but the jury was unmoved, caring, it is evident, no more for science than for patriotism. The forger was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and it was only after his condemnation that the worst piece of luck befell him. He was sentenced in February, 1870; five months later war was declared against Germany, and Paris was packed with soldiers eagerly shouting "À Berlin!" Thus in a moment he lost the hope of glory. His marvellous achievements were forgotten in the misery which settled upon Paris when the outburst of military enthusiasm was spent. M. de Goncourt complained that one of his masterpieces missed the chance of a triumphant success by the declaration of war; but poor Vrain Lucas suffered more deeply than the author of *Charles Demailly* from the German invasion. Though his ingenious forgeries brought him a comfortable income, he could not be content without notoriety, and he forfeited all chance of immediate fame by a foolish turn of the political wheel. But the war is now docketed in the pigeon-holes of history, and it is time to remember those who have distinguished themselves in the arts of peace. Not while patriotism beats in the breast of a single Frenchman should the humble antiquarian be forgotten, who, for the glory of France, persuaded Sappho to address Phaon in the French tongue, and who restored to Blaise Pascal, their true discoverer, the laws of gravity.

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Vrain Lucas was, like all of his kind, half-educated. His natural wits travelled faster than his knowledge, and no course of painful research had dulled his fancy. Too facile to be critical, he allowed himself such freedoms as would be impossible for a schoolboy; yet he never lost faith in himself, he never shook the confidence of his dupe. But one gift he shared with others of his kind—a gift higher and rarer than mere erudition—eloquent persuasiveness. His manners, one is sure, were irresistible, and even had poor M. Chasles attempted to resist, it would have been useless. For successful forgery is a species of hypnotism. As the Indian juggler persuades the spectators that he disappears at the end of a rope flung into the air, or that he brandishes a sword red with an infant's blood, so the forger induces his willing victim to believe that a letter written yesterday in ill-spelt French is the true Greek of Sappho. M. Chasles was, during the eight years of fraud, completely hypnotised. He believed what he hoped and what he was told. Yet it should be remembered that a forgery only succeeds when the credulity of the victim keeps pace with the forger's skill. The victim, in truth, is of the rarer clay, and assuredly the world will match Vrain Lucas a dozen times before it again encounters so simple, credulous, and kindly an old gentleman as M. Michel Chasles.

THE FABIANS

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

THE Fabian Society has made its great impression upon social conditions in England because it had dominant personalities motivated by a serious purpose. Setting out courageously with only a few members, the Society has, in thirty years, lived to see its name indelibly stamped upon legislation and itself to be hailed as one of the most potent educational forces of the decades. A casual observer may easily think it merely an organisation of radical men and women gifted with a keen sense of publicity and a faculty of stirring up unfavourable comment from the established order. But a reading of Mr. Pease's *History of the Fabian Society** will soon disillusionise him. In fact, its genial former Secretary has gathered together such a record of endeavour and accomplishment that one feels the Fabians were and still are one of the most healthy forces in the Empire. It was their intention to form an association "whose ultimate aim shall be the reconstruction of Society in accordance with the highest moral possibilities." How much they have accomplished toward that defiant task may be deduced from the last chapter of this absorbingly interesting record. The spell of Marxism was definitely broken; English socialism was taken from that intellectual bondage. We must bear in mind, too, that the Fabians very early stated that their intention was not revolution but evolution, and it was through their efforts that the German's "fantastic creed" was lessened in its destructive effect before their more constructive effort of legislation *via* education. The Fabians have never become crystallised into an orthodoxy because no one was ever the authorised spokesman of the faith. Freedom of thought was their collateral intention and one senses that the percolating value of new ideas, even when formal converts were not made, has been their greatest contribution. The mere record of the *Fabian Essays* as well as the hundreds of pamphlets is sufficient testimony of this.

But quite aside from the history of

*The History of the Fabian Society. By Edward R. Pease. New York: Dutton and Company.

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the Society and this careful compilation of its achievements one is never forgetful of the remarkable personalities which from time to time have worn its label. Mr. Pease has in many instances been careful to avoid comment and much remains unsaid, but there are glimpses here and there which serve to excite our curiosity. Certainly few associations gave opportunity for the more gifted to step into fame. It is indeed a question whether the Society made them or they made the Society.

In the early days, for example, Mrs. Besant was perhaps the best known in the outer world. Already a famous speaker and organiser, she was also "notorious as an advocate of Atheism and Malthusianism, the heroine of several law cases, and a friend and colleague of Charles Bradlaugh." She belonged, in a sense, to an earlier generation. Though an active member for several years and one of the original essayists, she soon became converted to theosophy, "which at that time accepted the Buddhist doctrine that spiritual conditions alone mattered, and that spiritual life would flourish as well in the slum amidst dirt and starvation as in a comfortable cottage."[1] Naturally this new belief lead to her resignation, though later she gave some lectures for the Society and attended the dinner celebrating its thirtieth anniversary. Aside from Mrs. Pankhurst, later to gain fame in Suffrage, Mrs. Sidney Webb is perhaps the most conspicuous woman on its muster. It is difficult to speak of her without mentioning her remarkable husband, so intimate and correlated are their thought and social outlook. A friend of the present writer tells of a dinner at the Webb's during which Mr. Webb was giving some information of a highly statistical nature. In the midst of one very complicated maze of figures he was called to the phone. Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. Webb finished the figures and took up the line of argument at the exact place in which it had been broken off. So far as the actual achievements in the Society are concerned many of the reports are collaborations of these two striking mentalities. On many occasions Mrs. Webb has lectured from notes furnished by her husband—possibly because her own handwriting is indecipherable even to herself. Though elected a member of the Fabians in 1893 she really took little part in the proceedings till 1906. The transformation from a "socialist of the chair" into an active propagandist originated when she became a member of the Commission on the Poor Law. Without examining this in detail it is interesting to note that the fight Mrs. Webb made for her minority report, also signed by George Landsbury, caused her to discover her own powers as a speaker and organiser. To-day she is without doubt the strongest personality in the Council of the Society. Her twenty years' membership and intimate private acquaintance with its members made her familiar with its possibilities —but she was free from past failures.

The greatest Fabian of them all is of course the indomitable Shaw. Somehow many Americans have the impression that he was the whole society—and judging from its most conspicuous tracts he might have seemed its Master of Words. Mr. Pease has the greatest admiration for him, even if at times he feels a bit perplexed. The first record of his appearance at one of the meetings is the Irishman's own pencilled comment upon the minutes: "This meeting was made memorable by the first appearance of Bernard Shaw." As Mr. Pease comments: "The influence of his intellectual outlook was immediate and already the era of 'highest moral possibilities' seems remote." He immediately began to publish tracts, the first characteristically being *On Burglars*. Here, in this speech, is one of the first glimpses of the future satirist:

> It was the desire of the President that nothing should be said that might give pain to particular classes. He was about to refer to a modern class, the burglars, but if there was a burglar present he begged him

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to believe that he cast no reflection upon his profession, and that he was not unmindful of his great skill and enterprise: his risks—so much greater than those of the most speculative capitalists, extending as they did to risk of liberty and life—or finally of the great number of people to whom he gave employment, including criminal attorneys, policemen, turnkey, builders of gaols, and it might be the hangman. He did not wish to hurt the feelings of shareholders—or of landlords—any more than he wished to pain burglars. He would merely point out that all three inflicted on the community an injury of precisely the same nature.

Shortly after this Shaw became the Editor of the *Fabian Essays*. Mr. Pease says that Shaw did not take to editorial duties lightly since he "corrects his own writings elaborately and repeatedly, and he does as much for everything which comes into his care." It may be interesting here to mention that the first edition of these *Essays,* which was a modest thousand, was immediately exhausted, much to Fabian astonishment. A second edition was immediately followed by a shilling edition. In fact in all nearly forty-six thousand copies have been sold of this remarkable collection in England alone. Much of the success of this was due to Shaw and Sidney Webb. The list of lectures which Shaw contributed is too long for mention, though Mr. Pease notes that after *The Quintessence of Ibsenism,* discussion was asked "but it seemed as out of place as a debate after an oratorio." When later it became necessary for the Fabians to adopt some attitude toward the Boer War Bernard Shaw was selected for the delicate task.

Bernard Shaw is fond of posing as the most conceited of persons, but those who had had to do with him in literary matters are aware at no pose was ever more pre- pos' hen he has acted as the lit- f the Fabian Society he has y criticism with unruffled lt with the many fools who way into extreme parties, heir folly, but with the careful consideration properly accorded to eminent wisdom. The business of examining over a hundred marked proofs of a document of 20,000 words, every line of which was more or less controversial, was an immense one, but the author gave every criticism, its proper weight, and accepted every useful amendment. . . . He has accomplished many difficult tasks, but none of them, in my opinion, excels that of drafting for the Society and carrying through the manifesto called "Fabianism and the Empire."

Shortly after his controversy with Wells he retired from the Executive though still retaining membership.

His freedom from office does not always make the task of his successors easier. The loyalist of colleagues, he has always defended their policies, whether or not it was exactly of his own choice; but in his capacity of private member his unrivalled influence is occasionally somewhat of a difficulty. If he does not happen to approve of what the Executive proposes he can generally persuade a Business meeting to vote for something else.

The first mention of H. G. Wells is typical. One of the mottoes on an early tract mentioned an alleged historical utterance:

For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain, and fruitless.

Mr. Wells called attention to the fact that Fabius never did strike hard. This attitude on the part of Wells was somewhat indicative of his contribution to the Society, for some years later he began his effort to reform it. The substance of this controversy was whether the members "desired to hand over their Society to be managed by Mr. Wells alone, or whether they preferred to retain their old leaders and only to accept Mr. Wells as one amongst the rest." Without going into this episode in detail it is amusing because of the sidelights thrown upon the author by Mr. Pease.

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Mr. Wells at that time was apparently not an effective public speaker. His efforts to broaden the scope of the Society lead to his appointment on a committee and rumour says that "the meetings were anything but dull."

Mr. Wells himself, then as always mercurial in his opinions, but none the less intensely opinionated, and unable to believe that aybody could honestly differ with him, was by himself, sufficient to disturb the harmony of any committee. . . . We knew by this time that he was a masterful person, very fond of his own way, very uncertain what that way was, and quite unaware whither it necessarily lead. In any position except as leader Mr. Wells was invaluable, as long as he kept it. As leader we felt he would be impossible. . . . He is a man of outstanding genius, and in so far as he used his powers appropriately, his work was of enormous value to Socialism; and his energy and attractive personality added radiance to the Society only equalled in the early days when the seven Essayists were all in the field and all fighting at their bravest. . . . For us Mr. Wells was the spur which goaded us on, and though at the time we were often forced to resent his want of tact, his difficult public manners, and his constant shiftings of policy, we recognised then, and we remember still, how much of permanent value he achieved.

When one recalls many other names which adorn the pages of this record—names like Graham Wallas, Havelock Ellis, Mrs. Constance Garnett, Hubert Bland, Mrs. Blatch, Granville Barker, Frank Podmore, Mrs. Philip Snowden—one senses how much personality played its part in driving home the reforms to which their fine spirits have been dedicated.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Mechanisms of Character Formation: An Introduction to Psychoanalysis. By William A. White. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A general introduction to psychology based on the theories of Dr. Sigmund Freud, the noted psychiatrist of Vienna.

Philosophy

The Creative Will: Studies in the Philosophy and the Syntax of Æesthetics. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

An explanation of art in its numerous manifestations. Contents: "Art and Life," "Problems of Æsthetics," "Art and the Artist," and "Art and the Individual."

A History of Mediæval Jewish Philosophy. By Isaac Husik. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

An interpretation of Jewish thought of the middle ages based for the most part on a study of original sources.

Religion and Theology

A Book of Family Worship. Philadelphia: The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 50 cents.

Suggestions for Bible reading and prayers for family worship.

The Conflict of Jesus. By George Shaw. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.

An attempt to show the true spirit of Christ's teachings as against the dogmatism of the Pharisees. In the *Library of Religious Thought.*

God's Minute. A Book of 365 Daily Prayers Sixty Seconds Long for Home Worship. By 365 Eminent Clergymen and Laymen. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Company. 35 cents net.

Jesus and the Christian Religion. By Francis A. Henry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00 net.

The author contends that religion to Jesus was personal, that his followers failed to grasp the inwardness of his teachings, and that the early Church was alien in origin and antagonistic in spirit to the Gospel.

The Juniors: How to Teach and Train Them. By Maud Junkin Baldwin. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 45 cents.

A book of suggestions for the teacher in what is known as the "Junior Department" of the Sunday School, in which are

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grouped children of from nine to twelve years of age.

Main Questions in Religion: A Study of Fundamentals. The Crane Theological School Lectures and Other Essays. By Willard Chamberlain Sellect. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

Discusses such questions as "What Is the Great Reality in Religion?" "What Can We Know of God?" "Traditional Christianity and Essential Christianity," etc. In the *Library of Religious Thought.*

One Hundredth Annual Report of the American Bible Society. 1916. Together with a List of Auxiliary Societies, Their Officers, and an Appendix. New York: American Bible Society.

A report of the work done by the society during 1916.

Vision and Restraint. By Robert L. Jackson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

The author asserts that the malady of the age is immoderation, and that because of this men have lost their vision. He suggests as a remedy a return to prayer, the study of the Bible, and public worship. In the *Library of Religious Thought.*

Sociology and Economics

Distributive Justice. The Right and Wrong of Our Present Distribution of Wealth. By John A. Ryan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A discussion of the justice of the processes by which the product of industry is distributed. The author is Associate Professor of the Catholic University of America.

The Hope of the Great Community. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

Essays written during the last year of the author's life. Among the topics discussed are "The Duties of Americans in the Present War," "The Destruction of the *Lusitania,*" "The Possibility of International Insurance," and "The Hope of the Great Community."

How the World Makes Its Living. By Logan Grant McPherson. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.

A popular exposition of the economic life of society.

Property and Society. By Andrew Alexander Bruce. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.

A discussion of the right to private property. In the *National Social Science* series.

Slavery of Prostitution: A Plea for Emancipation. By Maude E. Miner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Facts bearing on one of the greatest problems of modern society. The work is based on the author's experience as Probation Officer in the Night Court.

The War

Gallipoli. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The Dardanelles Campaign described by the English poet.

My-Man: Letters from a Wife to a Husband "Somewhere in France." By C. E. L. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Letters of sympathy and cheer written by an English woman to her husband at the front.

The Possible Peace. A Forecast of World Politics After the Great War. By Roland Hugins. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

An analysis of the international situation. The author argues that a stable peace between the nations is possible, but shows the difficulties that must be surmounted.

Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea-Dogs. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Stories of the exploits of the British navy during the war.

The Story of the Great War. New York: F. P. Collier & Son. Illustrated. 10 volumes.

An historical record of events to date. The work is edited by Francis J. Reynolds, Allen L. Churchill, and Francis Trevelyan Miller; and prefaced by articles on "What the War Means to America," by Major General Leonard Wood; "Naval Lessons of the War," by Rear Admiral Austin M. Knight; "The World's War," by Frederick Palmer; "Theatres of the War's Campaigns," by F. H. Simons; "The War Correspondent," by Arthur Ruhl. Illustrated by drawings, maps and photographs.

Their Spirit. Some Impressions of the English and French During the Summer of 1916. By Robert Grant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

A little book describing for the most part the everyday and unspectacular conditions at the front. Contributed originally to the *Boston Evening Transcript.*

Understanding Germany: The Only Way to End the War, and Other Essays. By Max Eastman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Essays on the war by the editor of *The Masses.* Most of the essays have appeared in various magazines.

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The War and Humanity: A Further Discussion of the Ethics of the World War and the Attitude and Duty of the United States. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Some of the topics discussed are "The Submarine Controversy," "The Case of Edith Cavell," "The Foreign Policy of President Washington," "America and the Allies," "Appeal of the Belgian Bishops," etc.

War Bread: A Personal Narrative of the War and Relief in Belgium. Ey Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The author is American Delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in charge of the Province of Antwerp. His book tells what America has done for Belgium.

With a Field Ambulance at Ypres. Being Letters Written March 7 to August 15, 1915. By William Boyd. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A diary of the author's personal experiences and impressions.

With the Flying Squadron: Being the War Letters of the Late Harold Rosher to His Family. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The letters were written between August, 1914, and February, 1916, by Flight-Lieut. Harold Rosher. They give a picture of an airman's life in war.

Domestic Science

The Art of Interior Decoration. By Emily Burbank and Grace Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A book which sets forth many of the practical results achieved by the author, as well as the artistic principles underlying her work.

Eat Your Way to Health. By Robert Hugh Rose. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.00 net.

A discussion of food values.

Feeding the Family. By Mary Swartz Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.10.

An account of the way in which modern knowledge of the science of nutrition may be applied in ordinary life. The food needs of men, women, children, and infants are discussed in separate chapters, and there is a chapter on the feeding of the sick.

Fine Arts

The Art of Looking at Pictures. An Introduction to the Old Masters. By Carl H. P. Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A guide to the study of old paintings.

The Blue-China Book: Early American Scenes and History Pictured in the Pottery of the Time. With a Supplementary Chapter Describing the Celebrated Collection of Presidential China in the White House at Washington, D. C., and a Complete Checking List of Known Examples of Anglo-American Pottery. By Ada Walker Camehl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

Famous Sculpture. By Charles L. Barstow. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A handbook intended to awaken appreciation and to provide material for a general elementary knowledge of the art and its history.

Gibson: New Cartoons. A Book of Charles Dana Gibson's Latest Drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Drawings which have appeared in *Life*.

A History of Ornament. By A. D. F. Hamlin. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A history of the development of decorative styles during the ancient and mediæval periods. The work is profusely illustrated.

Raemaekers' Cartoons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $5.00 net.

A collection of one hundred and fifty cartoons, constituting a history of the war. There is an appreciation by Herbert H. Asquith, and notes by Eden Phillpotts, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, and others.

Music

A History of Music. By Charles Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The work is designed to supply students and amateurs with a complete history of music from the earliest times to the present day.

Music and Bad Manners. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

Essays on various phases of music. Contents: "Music and Bad Manners," "Music for the Movies," "Spain and Music," "Shall We Realise Wagner's Ideals?" "The Bridge Burners," "A New Principle in Music," "Leo Ornstein."

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Nature Books

The Indigenous Trees of the Hawaiian Islands. By Joseph F. Rock. Honolulu, Hawaii: E. Herrick Brown. Illustrated. $6.00 net.

The work includes descriptions of two hundred and twenty-five species of trees which are natives of the Hawaiian Islands. The book was issued in 1913.

The Moose Book. Facts and Stories from Northern Forests. By Samuel Merrill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A book having to do with the sport of moose-hunting. The work is divided into two parts dealing with I—The American Moose, and II—The Old-World Elk.

My Garden. By Louise Beebe Wilder. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Informal talks on matters pertaining to the garden.

Our Field and Forest Trees. By Maud Going. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A study of trees, beginning with the sowing of the seed, and taking the reader through the various stages of tree growth and tree life.

Studies in Animal Behaviour. By S. J. Holmes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.50 net.

Studies based on investigations covering a number of years. The author is Associate Professor of Zoology at the University of California.

Studies in Gardening. By A. Clutton-Brock. With a Preface and Notes by Mrs. Francis King. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Articles on the theory and practice of gardening.

General Literature, Essays

Are You Human? By William DeWitt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Short essays on what the author calls "the twelve humanites,"—athletics, society, science, art, history, philosophy, business, politics, wealth, love, morals, religion.

Boy of My Heart: A True Book. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A mother's story of her son from his infancy to his early death at the front.

Dante. By G. H. Grandgent. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of the life of Dante Alighieri and of the period in which he lived. The first volume in a series called *Master Spirits of Literature.*

Everyman's World. By Joseph Anthony Milburn. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.50 net.

Essays on the "philosophy of life." Some of the titles are: "Personality," "A Fine Egotism," "Larger Vision," "Playing the Game," "The Sacrament of Love," etc.

Fellow Captains. By Sarah N. Cleghorn and Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

A little book of home philosophy, in prose and verse, written out of the authors' own experiences.

Hawaiian Legends of Volcanoes. (Mythology.) Collected and Translated from the Hawaiian. By W. D. Westervelt. Boston: Ellis Press.

Folklore of Hawaii, with an introduction and notes.

How to Read. By J. B. Kerfoot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Essays on the art of reading. Contents: "Learning to Read," "Muckraking the Dictionary," "Watching the Wheels Go Round," "What's the Use," "A Sense of Direction," "The World Outside Us and the World Within," "Intellectual Digestion," "How to Read a Novel," "The Cosmos of à la Carte."

It's All in the Day's Work. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An essay analyzing five different and common attitudes towards life, by the President of Oberlin College.

Motives in Education and Other Essays. By D. F. K. Bertolette. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.

Three essays: "Motives in Education," "The French Huguenots in Early Florida," and "Trees as a Means for Beautifying Our Cities."

The New Reservation of Time, and Other Articles Contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* During the Occupancy of the Period Described. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A collection of papers by the former president of Dartmouth College on such topics as "The Progress of the Social Conscience," "The Crux of the Peace Problem," "On the Control of Modern Civilisation," etc.

Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

An analytical essay on literature.

Pepys on the Restoration Stage. Edited by Helen McAfee. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

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A compilation of material which aims to show how remarkable was Pepys' familiarity with the Restoration stage, actors, playwrights and audiences.

The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord, and Other Essays. By Samuel McChrod Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.
A new collection of the author's whimsical essays. Besides the title essay, the volume includes "Protective Colouring in Education," "Concerning the Liberty of Teaching: Epaphroditus to Epictetus; Epictetus to Epaphroditus," "The Charm of Seventeenth-Century Prose," "Thomas Fuller and His 'Worthies,'" "A Literary Clinic," "The Alphabetical Mind," "The Gregariousness of Minor Poets," "The Taming of Leviathan," "The Strategy of Peace."

Tannhauser and the Mountain of Venus. A Study in the Legend of the Germanic Paradise. By Philip Stephan Barto. New York: Oxford University Press. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A volume in the series published under the title *Germanic Literature and Culture: A Series of Monographs,* edited by Julius Goebel, Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Illinois.

The Triumph of the Man Who Acts and Other Papers. By Edward Earle Purinton. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.
A number of essays on various problems of life. Some of the titles are: "Daily Guides to Success," "The Efficient Optimist," "Causes of Unhappiness," "The Boon of Concentration," "Efficiency Is Service," "Save Your Nerves," etc.

The Uses of Adversity and Other Essays. By Charles W. Collins. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company.
Essays on a variety of themes, among them being "The Blessing of Necessity," "The Futility of Bitterness," "Great and Little Men," "Ignorance and Education," "Acrobats," "Childhood."

John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama. By Rupert Brooke. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.
An essay on John Webster, the Elizabethan dramatist. This is the "dissertation" with which the author won his Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1913.

Poetry and Drama

Amores. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses.

The Arcades. By Lollie Belle Wylie. Atlanta: A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company. Frontispiece.
A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Brand: A Dramatic Poem. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated Into English Verse, Rhymed, and in the Original Metre. By Miles Menander Dawson. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.50.

The Chicago Anthology. A Collection of Verse from the Work of Chicago Poets. Selected and Arranged by Charles G. Blanden and Minna Mathison. With an Introduction by Llewellyn Jones. Chicago: The Roadside Press.

The Collected Poems of William H. Davies. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
A collection of verse representing the author's own selection from all of his work, and some new poems that have not before been published.

The Complete Poetical Works of John Hay. Including Many Poems Now First Collected. With an Introduction by Clarence L. Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $5.00 net.
A limited edition.

The Cycle's Rim. Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.
A volume of sonnets.

Dust of Stars. By Danford Barney. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of verse.

Four Short Plays. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Contents: "Big Kate, a Diplomatic Tragedy," "The Real People," a Sawdust Tragedy," "Aren't They Wonders? a Holiday Tragedy," and "Look After Louise, an Everyday Tragedy."

Friendship and Other Poems. By B. H. Nadal. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.00 net.
A collection of poems, mostly of a humourous nature.

From the Hidden Way: Being Seventy-five Adaptations in Verse. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verse.

Fruit Gathering. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of new poems by the Bengali poet.

The Great Valley. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A new collection of verse by the author of *Spoon River Anthology.*

Harvest Moon. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

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A volume of poems revealing war in a new spirit.

The Inspector-General: A Comedy in Five Acts Translated by Thomas Seltzer from the Russian of Nicolay Gogol. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00 net.
The translation of a Russian comedy written in 1835. Volume IV. in *The Borzoi Plays.*

Lamp of Poor Souls and Other Poems. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
A volume of verse including the poems that appeared in *The Drift of Pinions,* and a number of new poems.

Loves and Losses of Pierrot. By William Griffith. New York: Robert J. Shores. With frontispiece and decorations. $1.00 net.
A small volume of lyrics.

"Moral." A Comedy in Three Acts Translated by Charles Recht from the German of Ludwig Thoma. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00 net.
Described by the translator as a "polemic against the 'men higher up,'" churchmen, reformers, and social hypocrites. Volume III. of *The Borzoi Plays.*

Mountain Interval. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.
Verses of rural New England.

Pilgrim's Joy. Verses. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 90 cents net.
A book of religious verses.

Play Production in America. By Arthur Edwin Krows. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A book about the theatre. It follows the course of a play from its acceptance at a big theatre to its last nights in rural stock.

The Port O' Calabar and College Verse. By Vale Downie. Cumberland, Maryland: The Eddy Press Corporation. $1.00 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses.

The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus. Translated by Marion Clyde Wier. New York: The Century Company. 65 cents net.
Translated from the Greek with notes.

The Quest. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A collection which brings together some of the poet's earlier published work, as well as his latest contributions.

Read-Aloud Plays. By Horace Holley. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.
Nine short plays intended for reading rather than production. The titles are "Her Happiness," "A Modern Prodigal," "The Incompatibles," "The Genius," "Survival," "The Telegram," "Rain," "Pictures," "His Luck."

Responsibilities and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A collection of some of the author's latest poems.

Screencraft. By Louis Reeves Harrison. New York: Chalmers Publishing Company. Illustrated. $2.00.
A study of the art of the photoplay.

Smoky Roses. By Lyman Bryson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A collection of some of the best of the author's poetical work, most of which has appeared in various periodicals.

Songs of Childhood. By Walter de la Mare (Walter Ramal). New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents net.
A new edition of a volume of verse first published in 1902. One or two poems which appeared in the former edition have been omitted and a few new ones added.

Spoon River Anthology. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.
A new edition with some new poems, with illustrations and decorations by Oliver Herford.

The Story of Eleusis. A Lyrical Drama. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A dramatic poem dealing with the story of Persephone.

Swords for Life. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.
A collection of verses.

The Sunlit Hours. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.00 net.
A volume of love-songs.

Things As They Are. Ballads by Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of verses, most of which have appeared in various periodicals.

Wild Earth and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.
A book of Irish verse.

Fiction

The Agony Column. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

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The story of a romance which began in an advertisement in the "Personal Notices" column of an English newspaper.

Belle Jones. By Allan Meacham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents.
A short story telling how a woman achieved a spiritual victory despite her sordid surroundings.

A Circuit Rider's Widow. By Corra Harris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The amusing experiences of a Methodist preacher's widow in a little country community in the south.

The Darling and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. With an Introduction by Edward Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A group of short stories dealing with Russian life including "The Darling," with "Tolstoi's Criticism on "The Darling;" "Ariadne," "Polinka," "Anyuta," "The Two Volodyas," "The Trousseau," "The Helpmate," "Talent," "An Artist's Story," "Three Years."

The Delight Makers. By Adolf F. Bandelier. With an Introduction by Charles Lummis and a Prefatory Note by F. W. Hodge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.
A story of the Pueblo Indians.

The Eternal Feminine and Other Stories. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A group of short stories. Contents: "Her Fling," "The Eternal Feminine," "Coals of Fire," "The Very Lilac One," "A Play to the Gallery," "The Fifth of October," "A Political Tip," "The Healer," "The Fugitive," "Taki's Career."

The Far Cry. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.
A tale of romance and strange adventures among the South Sea Islands.

Fibble, D. D.! By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.
A satire on a certain type of clergyman. Written in the form of a diary, it tells of a young curate's experiences when he tries to shepherd a boy's camp, chaperone a group of young ladies through Europe and teach the giggling students of a young ladies' seminary.

The Five-Barred Gate. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.40 net.
A story of the tangles and readjustments of married life.

Frederica Dennison, Spinster. By Elizabeth Price. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
The story of the influence of a young woman who is a genius at making friends and helping her companions over hard places.

The Genius of Elizabeth Anne. By Mabel H. Robbins. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
A tale of humble life in a crowded city.

A Gilded Vanity. By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40 net.
A story of English society life.

Hatchways. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.40 net.
A novel of modern English social life.

Helen. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.
The story of the wooing of a beautiful girl by two men, one an American, the other a Frenchman, set against the background of Parisian diplomatic and social life.

Her Father's Share. By Edith M. Power. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of a young Irish girl's visit to relatives in Portugal. The interest centres in a mystery.

Her Golden Hours. The Confidences of a Modern Girl. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The diary of a debutante.

The Incredible Honeymoon. By E. Nesbit. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A tale of a happy summer spent in wandering through England.

In Spacious Times. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.
A romance of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Introducing William Allison. By William Hewlett. New York: Duffield & Company.
The story of a young man's career in London.

The Invisible Balance Sheet. By Katrina Trask. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40 net.
A novel of New York society life, the interest centring about a young man who has to choose between the woman he loves and an immense fortune.

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Kinsmen. By Percival J. Cooney. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

A romantic novel with scenes set in Canada in the year 1837. Tells the story of a Scotch chieftain and his loyal clansmen.

King of the Khyber Rifles: A Romance of Adventure. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of romance and perilous adventures with India for a background.

The Klondike Clan: A Tale of the Great Stampede. By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of the North, centring about the rush to the gold fields of the Yukon.

The Last Ditch. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A novel of love, peril and adventure in the Far East.

The Lion's Share. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

The story of a girl who wanted the "lion's share," and got it after a series of amusing and startling experiences with suffragists, detectives, Paris artists, and others.

Local Colour. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A volume of short stories. Besides the title story there are: "Field of Honour," "The Smart Aleck," "Blacker Than Sin," "The Eyes of the World," "The Great Auk," "First Corinthians: Chap. XIII, v. 4," "Enter the Villain," "Persona Au Gratin," "Smooth Crossing."

A Man of Athens. By Julia D. Dragoumis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A romance picturing life in the highest social and diplomatic circles of modern Athens.

Mary 'Gusta. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Comany. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Another of the author's Cape Cod romances, this one telling of the little girl who "mothered" her guardians in spite of their attempt to bring her up.

Men, Women and Guns. By "Sapper." New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

Humourous and dramatic stories of the men and women affected by the war.

The Mysterious Stranger. A Romance. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A story of the supernatural, with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth.

The New Fraternity. A Novel of University Life. By George Frederick Gundelfinger. Sewickley, Pennsylvania: The New Fraternity. $1.35 net.

Penrod and Sam. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A new volume of the author's humourous stories of boyhood.

The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan. By Alfred Tressidder Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

Tells the story of the career of a man who failed.

The Secret Trails. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

Stories of out-of-door life in which wild beasts and birds are the principal actors.

The Shining Adventure. By Dana Burnet. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

A fanciful tale telling how the youthful Knight of Gramercy Park set out in search of adventure, and what he found.

The Snow-Burner. By Henry Oyen. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of a northern lumber camp.

Tales of the Labrador. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

Short tales of shipwreck, peril and adventure among the fishermen of Labrador. Contents: "That Christmas in Peace Haven," "Sainte Anne de Beaupre," "The Christmas Voyage of the Handy Lass," "The Gifts of Poverty," "Paingo, the Longely One," "The Northern Chief," "Uncle 'Lige's Story," "White Fox," "Three Eyes," "The Luck of the Little Rover," and "Kommak the Innuk."

The Taming of Calinga. By C. L. Carlsen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

A romance of the Philippine Island under the rule of Spain.

The Vermilion Box. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A novel woven about the confidences of a London letter-box.

The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

A volume of short Irish fables and tales.

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When the Yule Log Burns: A Christmas Story. By Leona Dalrymple. New York: Robert A. McBride & Company. Frontispiece. 60 cents.
A short Christmas tale.

The Whirlpool. By Victoria Morton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
A story of criminals and law-courts, and of a woman's redemption. The scenes are laid in New York and in Maine.

The Wishing Moon. By Louise Dutton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A love story set in an old New England village.

Juvenile Books

About Harriet. By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of the doings of a little city girl through the days of the week.

The Allies' Fairy Book. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
Fairy tales selected from the literature of the different allied countries. The illustrations are by Arthur Rackham.

Amateur Circus Life. A New Method of Physical Development for Boys and Girls. Based on the Ten Elements of Simple Tumbling and Adapted from the Practice of Professional Acrobats. By Ernest Balch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Around the "circus" idea the author builds up a system of physical training aimed to be of special benefit to the growing lad.

Arabian Nights' Entertainment. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

Aunt Sadie's Rhymes and Rhyme-Stories. By Aunt Sadie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Rhymes and pictures for children of kindergarten age.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Frank Woodworth Pine. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
With illustrations by E. Boyd Smith and some reproductions of Franklin's work.

Baby Reindeer and Silver Fox. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.
An animal story for young children.

Baldy of Nome. By Esther Birdsall Darling. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
The story of an Alaska dog, leader of a racing sled team.

Betty's Beautiful Nights. By Marian Warner Wildman Fenner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
Nature and fairy stories, telling how a little girl helped the fairies in their work of changing the seasons.

Blithe McBride. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.25.
The story of a brave little girl of the seventeenth century.

Bobby of the Labrador. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of adventure in the Far North.

The Boy with the U. S. Mail. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
Tells in story form of the romance of the United States Mail Service. The latest volume in the *U. S. Service* series.

Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Stories relating deeds of personal daring by the "Men in Gray."

The Clan of Munes. By Frederick J. Waugh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The story of a new tribe of fairies. Illustrated by forty-seven full-page pictures in colour and black and white.

Dorothy Dainty's New Friends. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothdrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00.
The latest volume in the *Dorothy Dainty* series telling of the little heroine's public school experiences.

Fairy Tale Plays. By Marguerite Merington. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
"Little Red Riding Hood," "Cinderella," and "Blue Beard" arranged for acting by children.

Favourites of a Nursery of Seventy Years Ago, and Some Others of Later Date. Compiled by Edith Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Reproductions of quaint, old rhymes, stories and pictures.

Good-Night Stories. By Clara Ingram Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Short animal stories for little children.

Historic Events of Colonial Days. By Rupert S. Holland. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Stories of some of the most dramatic events of Colonial history.

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Jane Stuart, Comrade. By Grace M. Remick. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The latest volume in the *Jane Stuart* series.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Mallory. Edited by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
A new edition of an old favourite edited for young people from ten to fifteen years of age.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A romance based on the folklore and traditions of Ireland.

The Know About Library: A Toy Book of Universal Knowledge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 10 cents per volume.
A series of twenty booklets, each treating of some one subject of interest to children. Each volume is accompanied by twelve picture pasters which illustrate the text. Subjects included in the series are Mother Goose rhymes, fairy tales, flowers, birds, babies of the different nations, Indians, animals, ships, etc.

Letty's Springtime. By Helen Sherman Griffith. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A new volume in the *Letty* series telling of Letty's visit to a university town.

Little Folks in Busy-Land. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A book for children of kindergarten age. It tells the story of Clara Clay on her journeys through Shadow-Land, Paper-Land, Colour-Country, etc., and gives instructions for making the various articles which are described in the story.

A Little Maid of Bunker Hill. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents net.
A story for girls. The heroine is a little girl who lived in Charlestown at the outbreak of the Revolution.

The Lure of the Black Hills. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A story of the Sioux Indians in the Black Hills and Bad Lands regions of South Dakota.

Mark Tidd's Citadel. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.
The story of an ingenious fat boy and his friends.

Miss Anne and Jimmy. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents net.
The story of a small boy "hustler" and a kind-hearted woman who helped him.

The Memoirs of a White Elephant. By Judith Gautier. Translated from the French by S. A. B. Harvey. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The story of the Great White Elephant of Siam and a little princess.

Morning Face. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Nature studies in prose and verse written for the author's granddaughter. The illustrations are from photographs made by the author.

The Owlet Library of Art and Wisdom. Things Every Child Wants to Know Shown in Paster Stamps. New York: Picture Paster Publishing Company. 10 cents each.
A series of twelve instructive booklets, illustrated with picture pasters. Subjects treated are Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales, birds, animals, flowers, ships, etc.

Pictured Knowledge: Visual Instruction Practically Applied for the Home and School. Editor-in-Chief; Calvin N. Kendall; Associate Editor, Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson: Director of Visual Instruction, A. W. Abrams; Managing Editor, Francis B. Atkinson; Art Editor, Seymour Jones. Chicago: Compton-Johnson Company. Two volumes.
Articles and pictures intended to supplement the ordinary school work in Nature Study, Geography, Science, Civics, etc.

Pilot and Other Stories. By Harry Plunket Greene. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.
The title story has to do with a roguish dog. Other tales in the collection are "Bluebells," "The Pariah," "'One at a Time,'" "Iron-Blue," and "The Birthday."

Polly Trotter, Patriot. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
An historical tale for girls, telling of the important part played by a little girl in the Revolutionary cause.

The Princess Pocahontas. By Virginia Watson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
One of the notable romances of American history told in story form for children.

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The Rambler Club in Panama. By W. Crispin Sheppard. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.
A new story in *The Rambler Club* series, telling of the adventures of five boys in Panama.

Paul Revere. The Torch Bearer of the Revolution. By Belle Moses. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The story of Paul Revere's boyhood and youth for younger readers.

The Ruby Story Book. Tales of Courage and Heroism. Retold by Penrhyn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.
The third book in the *Jewel* series. A collection of short tales relating to courage and chivalry.

A Russian Garland of Fairy Tales. Being Russian Folk Legends. Translated from a Collection of Chap-books Made in Moscow. Edited by Robert Steele. New York: Robert H. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones. By Sara Cone Bryant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Stories, finger plays and songs for very young children. The illustrations are by Willy Pogany.

The Story of Glass. By Sara War Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
The book tells in story form how most kinds of glass are made. Other books in the series tell the stories of cotton, gold and silver, lumber, wool, iron, and leather.

The Three Gays at Merryton. By Ethel C. Brown. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 90 cents.
A sequel to *The Three Gays,* telling of the children's summer vacation spent on a New England farm.

Tom Anderson: Dare-Devil. A Young Virginian in the Revolution. By Edward Mostyn Lloyd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The story of the adventures of a young lad who served as scout for General Sumter.

This Way to the House of Santa Claus. A Christmas Story for Very Small Boys in Which Every Little Reader Is the Hero of a Big Adventure. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A story book for young children.

Uncle Sam's Outdoor Magic. Bobby Cullen with the Reclamation Workers. By Percy Keese Fitzhugh. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Telling in story form for younger readers the romance and adventure of reclamation in desert and forest.

Wonder Box Stories. By Will Bradley. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Ten original fairy tales with illustrations by the author.

Wonderdays and Wonderways Through Flowerland. A Summer Adventure of Once Upon a Time. By Grace Tabor. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The story of the adventures of some children in an old garden, written with the aim of interesting children in gardening.

The Woodcraft Manual. The Fifteenth Birch Bark Roll. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, for The Woodcraft League of America. Illustrated.
The official manual of the Woodcraft League for 1916, giving full information as to the carrying on of the work of the Woodcraft Girls.

The Young Folks' Book of Ideals. By William Byron Forbush. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A book of general culture for young people. The work is divided into four parts under the headings "The Sturdy Body," "The Alert Mind," "Good-Fellowship," and "The Awakened Self."

History

A Brief History of Poland. By Julia Swift Orvis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Maps. $1.50 net.

The Death of a Nation or, The Ever Persecuted Nestorians or Assyrian Christians. By Abraham Yohannan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrations and Maps. $2.00 net.
A brief history of the Nestorians or Assyrian Christians and of the persecutions, past and present, which they have endured. The work includes an account of the sufferings as a result of the present war.

France: Her People and Her Spirit. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
A book on France—her history, geography, politics, people, society, etc.

History of the Mediæval Jews. From the Moslem Conquest of Spain to the Discovery of America. By Maurice H. Harris. New York: Bloch Publishing

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Company. With Illustrations, Maps and Notes.

A second edition, revised, enlarged, and indexed.

The New Map of Africa (1900-1916). A History of European Colonial Expansion and Colonial Diplomacy. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. With maps. $2.00 net.

Poland's Case for Independence, Being a Series of Essays Illustrating the Continuance of Her National Life. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3.00 net.

A collection of articles on the various aspects of Polish social, political and economic development, by eminent Polish writers.

The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. By Florence Howe Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

The history of the song written by the daughter of its author.

The Vampire of the Continent. By Ernst Zu Reventlow. Translated from the German, with a Preface by George Chatterton-Hill. New York: The Jackson Press. $1.25 net.

An interpretation of European political history, in which the author denounces England's "insatiable greed, in her limitless craving for the riches of this world."

Travel and Description

The Gateway to China: Pictures of Shanghai. By Mary Ninde Camewell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A book dealing with the manners, customs, people, politics and enterprises of the Far East.

A Hoosier Holiday. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

An account of an automobile tour through Indiana where the author was born and spent most of his youth. A book of travel and reminiscence.

More Wanderings in London. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Chatty descriptions of places of interest in London. This volume supplements the work brought out in 1906 under the title of *A Wanderer in London.*

Old Seaport Towns of New England. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A chronicle of the author's trip through some old towns of New England—Portland, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Marblehead, New London, New Haven, and others—with emphasis placed on their quaint and picturesque aspects.

A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A description of the well-known naturalist's walk from Indiana to Florida, in 1867, his trip thence to Cuba, and finally to California. The work is edited by William E. Badé.

Biography

The Heart of Washington: An Intimate Study of the Father of His Country from the Personal Human Side. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A series of anecdotes and reminiscences of Washington.

Andrew Johnson: Military Governor of Tennessee. By Clifton R. Hall. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

Traces the personality and career of Andrew Johnson through the years 1862-1865, when the burden of military government and reconstruction rested principally upon his shoulders.

Letters from My Home in India. By Mrs. George Churchill. Edited and Arranged by Grace McLeod Rogers. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The author's letters, covering a period of about fifty years, describing her life and work as a Baptist missionary at Bobbili, Central India.

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A new edition of the *Beacon Biography of Lincoln,* illustrated, corrected, and printed from new plates.

George Moore. By Susan L. Mitchell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.00 net.

A critical study of the personality and work of the Irish novelist, dramatist and critic.

Our Fellow Shakespeare. How Everyman May Enjoy His Works. By Horace J. Bridges. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of the life and works of Shakespeare.

Recollections of an Alienist. Personal and Professional. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

During his years as a physician in New York, and as a traveller in Japan, China, Africa, and Europe, the author has been

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continuously in contact with interesting people. His work includes anecdotes of such people and of his experiences as expert witness in the trials of Molineux, Thaw, Patrick, Robin, etc.

Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of Bernard Shaw as revealed in his plays, with an estimate of each of the plays. There are also chapters on "The Social Thinker," "The Poet and Mystic," "The Theatre Craftsman," and "Shaw's Place in Modern Drama." The work contains a bibliography and an index.

Stevenson: How to Know Him. By Richard Ashley Rice. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A study of the personality and work of the author.

Superwomen. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

Character studies of some notable women of history—Lola Montez, Ninon de l'Enclos, Peg Woffington, Helen of Troy, Madame Jumel, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Cleopatra, George Sand, Madame du Barry, Lady Blessington, Madame Recamier, Lady Hamilton.

Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilisation. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The authorised biography of the founder of Tuskegee Institute.

Years of My Youth. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00 net.

The facts and impressions of the author's life until the time when he went abroad as United States Consul.

General Works, Miscellaneous

A Book of Burlesques. By H. L. Mencken. New York. John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of satires and extravaganzas, chiefly with American Philistinism for their target.

City Types: A Book of Monologues Sketching the City Woman. By Marian Bowlan. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. $1.25.

A collection of twenty-one humourous monologues.

The Colour of Life: Being Rapid-Fire Impressions of People As They Are. By Emanuel Julius. Published by author at Girard, Kansas. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A collection of anecdotes, short stories and sketches.

A Dictionary of Similes. By Frank J. Wilstach. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $2.50 net.

A collection of more than fifteen thousand similes selected from a wide range of English and American literature.

Football days. Memories of the Game and of the Men Behind the Ball. By William H. Edwards. With an Introduction by Walter Camp. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A book of football reminiscence and anecdote.

Garden Ornaments. By Mary H. Northend. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A discussion of the various kinds of ornaments and furniture which add to the charm of a garden—pergolas, tea-houses, pools, sun-dials, steps, pottery, etc.—and how best to fit them into the garden scheme.

A History of English Literature for Students. By Robert H. Fletcher. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

A text-book for students in colleges and universities.

Maeterlinck: Poet and Mystic. A Handbook of Six Lectures. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

A guide to the study of Maeterlinck and his works.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary: Third Edition of the Merriam Series. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. With illustrations. $3.50, $5.00 and $6.00.

An abridgement of Webster's *New International Dictionary*. The appendix contains vocabularies of names, rhymes, and foreign words, tables of arbitrary signs, and a glossary of Scottish words and phrases.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Trufflers	Rainbow's End
New York City	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Further Side of Silence
Albany, N. Y	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Atlanta, Ga	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Casuals of the Sea
Boston, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Buffalo, N. Y	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Chicago, Ill	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	A Gilded Vanity
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Cleveland, Ohio	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Dallas, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Denver, Colo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Des Moines, Iowa	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Houston, Tex	When a Man's a Man	In Another Girl's Shoes
Indianapolis, Ind	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Kansas City, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Penrod and Sam
Louisville, Ky	The Sailor	Local Colour
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Leopard Woman
New Orleans, La	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Norfolk, Va	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Pittsburgh, Pa	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Portland, Me	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Ore	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Providence, R. I	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Rochester, N. Y	Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man
St. Louis, Mo	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
St. Paul, Minn	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Antonio, Tex	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal	The Wonderful Year	The Bent Twig
San Francisco, Cal	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man
Seattle, Wash	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Ont	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Waco, Tex	The Career of Katherine Bush	From the Housetops
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Worcester, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Second Choice	Penrod and Sam	The Lion's Share	Local Colour
Love's Inferno	The World for Sale	Xingu	Kingdom of the Blind
Mary 'Gusta	The Wonderful Year	The Lion's Share	The Dark Tower
When a Man's a Man	Bars of Iron	Romance of a Christmas Card	Seventeen
The Heart of Rachael	Bars of Iron	The World for Sale	The Way of All Flesh
The Dark Tower	The Wonderful Year	Romance of a Christmas Card	Lady Connie
The Wonderful Year	Lady Connie	The World for Sale	Watermeads
Mary 'Gusta	Romance of a Christmas Card	A Sheaf	The Wonderful Year
Just David	Penrod and Sam	Mary 'Gusta	Told in a French Garden.
When a Man's a Man	The Dark Tower	Just David	Seventeen
Dr. Nick	The Wonderful Year	Tish	Penrod and Sam
Seventeen	Under the Country Sky	Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam
Georgina of the Rainbows	Enoch Crane	Rainbow's End	The Wonderful Year
Seventeen	Fibble, D.D.!	Georgina of the Rainbows	Little Billy Bowlegs
The Wonderful Year	A Voice in the Wilderness	Chloe Malone	Penrod and Sam
When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Georgina of the Rainbows	Mary 'Gusta
The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale	Enoch Crane	The Worn Doorstep
Rainbow's End	Mary 'Gusta	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Leatherwood God
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	Kildares of Storm	Penrod and Sam
The Short Cut	Mary 'Gusta	Kildares of Storm	The Wall Street God
When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	Chloe Malone
The Rising Tide	The Heart of Rachael	Lady Connie	The Sins of the Children
The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Rising Tide	The Wonderful Year
Happy Valley	Rainbow's End	Cappy Ricks	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Penrod and Sam	The Rising Tide	The Lion's Share	The Wall Street Girl
The World for Sale	Penrod and Sam	The Wonderful Year	Richard, Richard
Marion	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows	Every Soul Hath Its Song
The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	The Worn Doorstep	Georgina of the Rainbows
Georgina of the Rainbows	Rainbow's End	Come Out of the Kitchen!	The World for Sale
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Kingdom of the Blind	When a Man's a Man	Green Mansions
Emmy Lou's Road to Grace	A Sheaf	The Thirteenth Commandment	A Strong Man's House
When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End	Tish	Just David
Just David	The Heart of Rachael	Rainbow's End	Georgina of the Rainbows
Lady Connie	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End	The Girl Philippa
Seventeen	Lady Connie	From the Housetops	The Wonderful Year
The Kingdom of the Blind	The Lion's Share	Casuals of the Sea	Penrod and Sam
When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows	In Another Girl's Shoes	Just David

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
The Wrack of the Storm. Maurice Maeterlinck.
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
My Home in the Field of Honour. Frances Wilson Huard.
The Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
Years of My Youth. William Dean Howells.
O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
Charles Frohman: Manager and Man. Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 550 and 551) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives		10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"		8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"		7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"		6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"		5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"		4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells (Macmillan.) $1.50	247
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	230
3. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) $1.40	117
4. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	115
5. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	83
6. Penrod and Sam. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	61

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Trufflers. Samuel Merwin.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
Second Choice. Will N. Harben.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
Local Colour. Irvin S. Cobb.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Further Side of Silence. Hugh Clifford.
Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
Xingu. Edith Wharton.
The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.
Bars of Iron. Ethel M. Dell.
The Romance of a Christmas Card. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
Casuals of the Sea. William McFee.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.
The Way of All Flesh. Samuel Butler.
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Watermeads. Archibald Marshall.
A Sheaf. John Galsworthy.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
A Gilded Vanity. Richard Dehan.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnston.
Dr. Nick. L. M. Steele.
Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Under the Country Sky. G. S. Richmond.
Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith.
Fibble, D.D.! Irvin S. Cobb.
Little Billy Bowlegs. Emilie B. Stapp.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.
A Voice in the Wilderness. G. L. H. Lutz.
Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Kildares of Storm. Eleanor Mercein Kelly.
The Leopard Woman. Stewart E. White.
The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
The Wall Street Girl. F. O. Bartlett.
The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton.
Happy Valley. A. S. Monroe.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
Richard, Richard. Hughes Mearns.
Marion. Anon.
Every Soul Hath Its Song. Fannie Hurst.
Emmy Lou's Road to Grace. George Madden Martin.
The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes.
A Strong Man's House. Francis Neilson.
The Career of Katherine Bush. Elinor Glyn.
From the Housetops. George Barr McCutcheon.
The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.

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